Nov. 5, 1984

THE NEW YORKER

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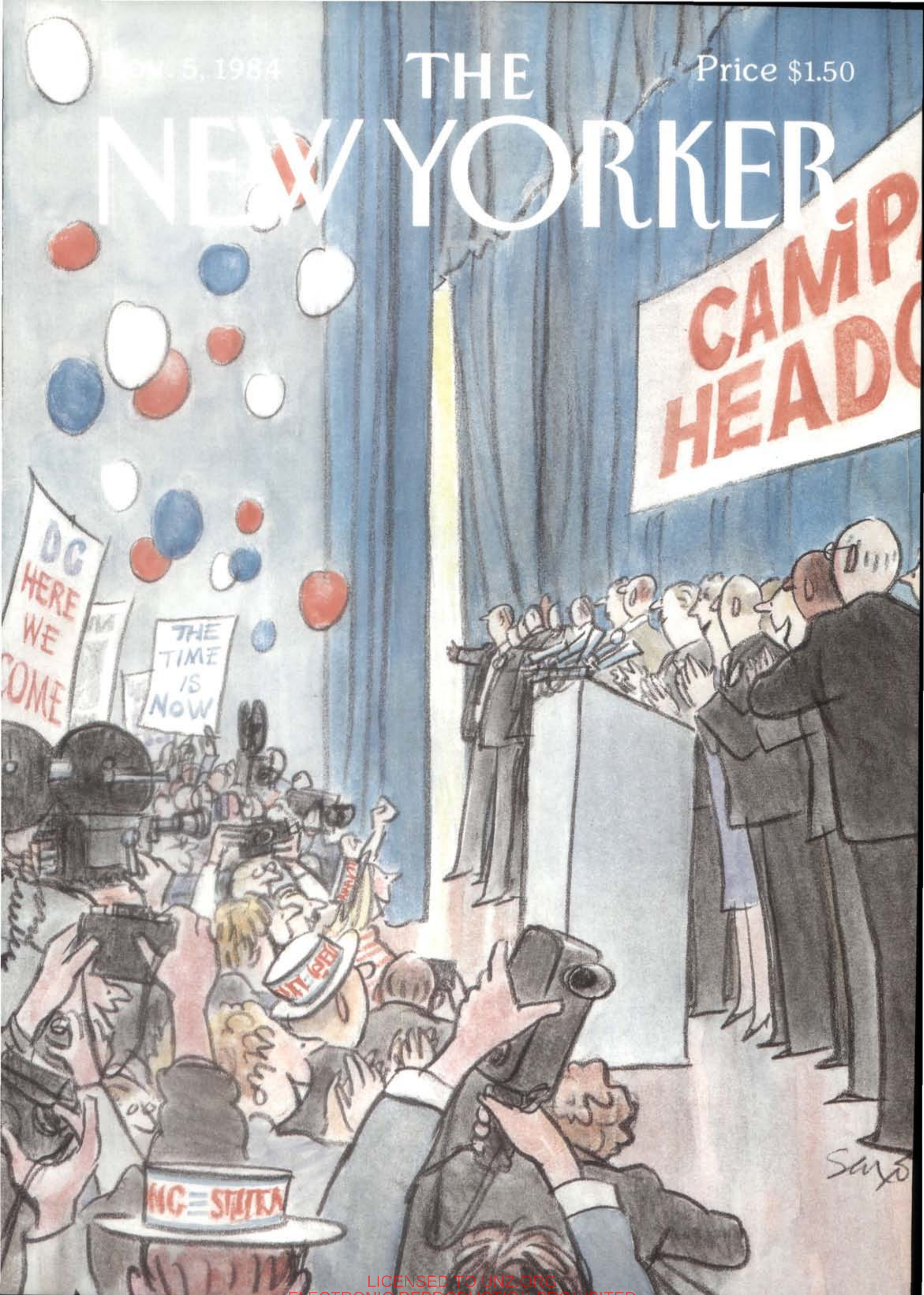
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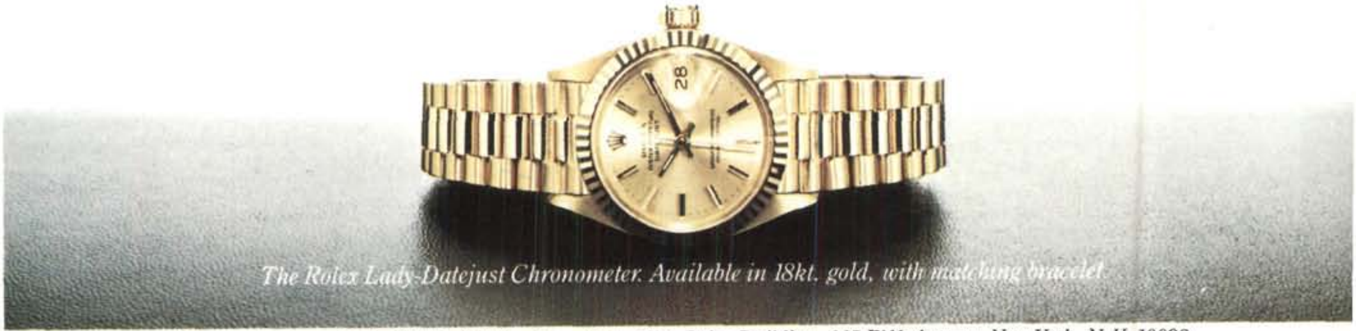

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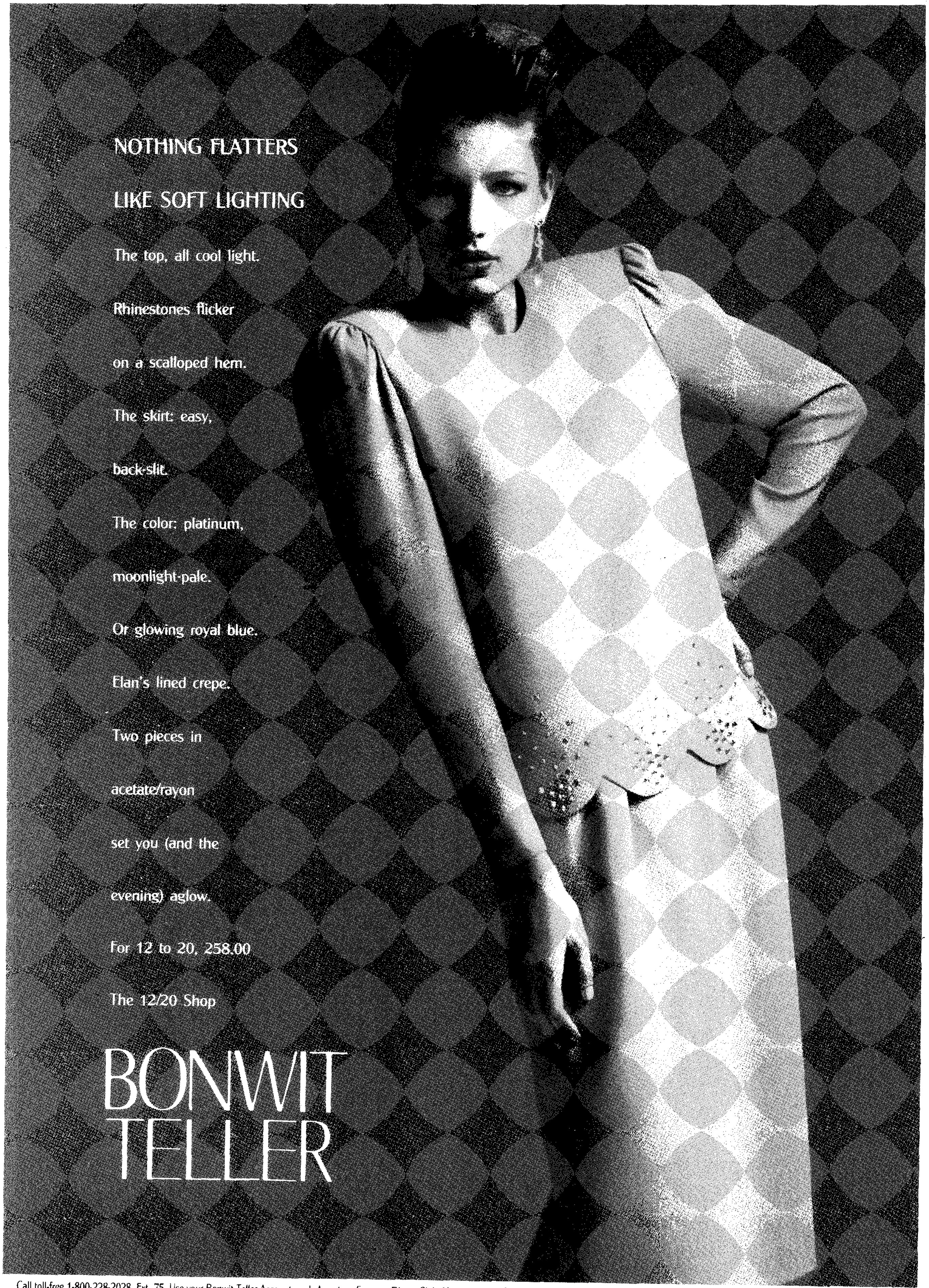

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

After the Fall—Even the performances of a number of distinguished actors, among them Frank Langella, Dianne Wiest, Henderson Forsythe, Mary-Joan Negro, and Laurie Kennedy, cannot rescue this revival of Arthur Miller's dull play about a guilt-ridden, introspective lawyer, much given to endless soliloquies. John Tillinger directed. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/15/84.) (Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Alone Together—Janis Paige and Kevin McCarthy lend their mingled charms and strengths to a vehicle that without them would be unable to budge. (10/29/84) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A... My Name Is Alice—A musical revue conceived and directed by Joan Micklin Silver and Julianne Boyd. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Balm in Gilead—This revival of a play that Lanford Wilson wrote in 1965 is a joint effort of the Steppenwolf Theatre Company of Chicago and the Circle Repertory Company of this city. There are twenty-nine characters—seedy denizens of an all-night coffee shop on upper Broadway. The script—good and bad—foreshadows much of Mr. Wilson's later work. The performance, under the direction of John Malkovich, is electric, to say the least. (6/11/84) (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Between Rails—In this monologue, Thelma Louise Carter is a black woman, aboard a train, returning to the South after many years as a domestic servant in New York. Under Hal Scott's direction, Miss Carter holds our attention, beginning to end. (10/22/84) (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Blue Window—Craig Lucas's engaging, plaintive comedy about a dinner party in this city, with an assortment of guests of assorted sexes, is well acted by The Production Company, under Norman René's direction. With Christine Estabrook, Matt Craven, and Randy Danson, among other good actors. (9/3/84) (Theatre Guinevere, 15 W. 28th St. 686-1470. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 4:30.)

Cap and Bells—A comedy by Luigi Pirandello, in an English translation by Norman Bailey. (Judith Anderson, 422 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Circle Repertory Company—This production of LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST is cloudy when it should sparkle, and the poetry goes for almost nothing. Nevertheless, Michael Higgins is very good as Holofernes and so is Edward Seamon as Boyet. (10/22/84) (99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 11.)

The Country Girl—Despite the presence of three excellent actors—Hal Holbrook, Christine Lahti, and Jeffrey DeMunn—this revival of Clifford Odets' play about backstage life never takes wing. (10/29/84) (Chelsea Playhouse, 519 W. 23rd St. 243-0992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3, and Saturdays at 2.)

Death of a Salesman—Arthur Miller's thirty-five-year-old play about a sorry little failed salesman from Brooklyn remains as affecting as ever in this admirable production. The big cast is headed by Dustin Hoffman and, yes, he is just as memorable as Lee J. Cobb in the role of Willy Loman. (4/9/84) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Design for Living—A highly successful revival of Noël Coward's comedy of bad manners and low morals, once played in by Coward and the Lunts and now starring Anne Swift, Raul Julia, and Frank Converse. The excellent direction is by George C. Scott. (7/2/84) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the 1956 musical BELLS ARE RINGING, with book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green and music by Jule Styne, is the second in this season's series of eight productions. (103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 18. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Feathertop—A musical with music and lyrics by Skip Kennon and a book by Bruce Peyton, based on Nathaniel Hawthorne's short story of the same name. (WPA Theatre, 138 Fifth Ave., at 18th St. 206-0523. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 18.)

The Foreigner—A comedy by Larry Shue, with Anthony Heald in the title role. Preview Wednesday, Oct. 31. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 1, at 6:30. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Glengarry Glen Ross—A well-written, eloquently scatological melodrama about some unscrupulous real-estate salesmen in Chicago. David Mamet is the author and what he knows about Chicago must make Chicagoans nervous. (4/2/84) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Hurlyburly—David Rabe's wry, brilliant

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CLINIQUE FOR MEN

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

comedy about la vie de bohème in Hollywood is very well performed under Mike Nichols' dynamic direction. William Hurt, Ron Silver, Judith Ivey, Candice Bergen, Jerry Stiller, Cynthia Nixon, and Harvey Keitel make up the first-rate cast. (7/2/84) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Kuni-Leml—A musical based on a Yiddish play written in 1880 by Avrom Goldfadn, with a book by Nahma Sandrow, lyrics by Richard Engquist, and music by Raphael Crystal. Performed in English. (Audrey Wood, 359 W. 48th St. 307-5452. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Wednesday, Oct. 31, at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Lambs Theatre Company—Jeffrey Sweet's play **PORCH,** with Jill Eikenberry, is the first in this season's series of four productions. (Little Theatre at the Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 11.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Sigmund Romberg's **THE NEW MOON.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Ma Rainey's Black Bottom—A rousing play from start to finish. The author is August Wilson, the director is Lloyd Richards, and the marvellous cast includes Charles S. Dutton and Theresa Merritt. (10/22/84) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Miss Firecracker Contest—Beth Henley's play about a beauty contest in a small Mississippi town hasn't quite the finesse of her "Crimes of the Heart," but it is just as original and humorous and talented. Holly Hunter gives a beguiling performance as the contestant. (6/11/84) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

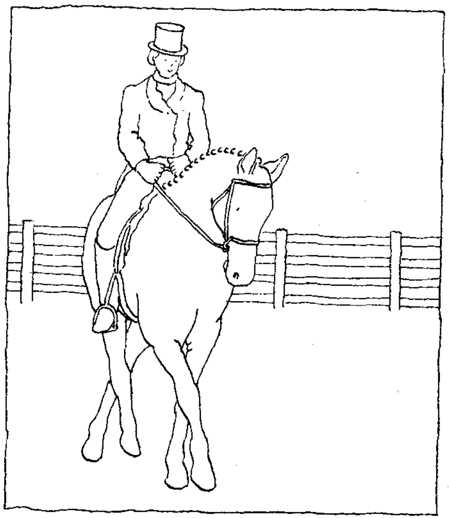
Outward Bound—A revival of Sutton Vane's 1924 play, with Imogene Coca, Farley Granger, and Henry Morgan. (Apple Corps Theatre, 336 W. 20th St. 929-2955. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 4.)

Pacific Overtures—This new, miniature edition of Stephen Sondheim's musical is, in many ways, an improvement on the original production of 1976. With Ernest Abuba, as the Reciter, and fourteen other good actors doubling and tripling effectively. Fran Soeder was the ingenious director, and the charming setting and costumes were by James Morgan and Mark Passerell. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Royal Shakespeare Company—Two plays in alternating repertory. **CYRANO DE BERGERAC:** An over-inflated version of the sentimental old melodrama by Edmond Rostand which comes within an ace of killing it in an attempt to make it seem young again. Wednesday, Oct. 31, at 2 and 8; Thursday, Nov. 1, at 8; Wednesday, Nov. 7, at 2 and 8; and Thursday, Nov. 8, at 8. . . . **MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING:** The R.S.C. is understandably on easy terms with the Bard, and this production of the wittiest of his comedies is well worth seeing. With Derek Jacobi and Sinead Cusack. Friday, Nov. 2, at 8; Saturday, Nov. 3, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Nov. 4, at 3; Friday, Nov. 9, at 8; and Saturday, Nov. 10, at 2 and 8. (10/29/84) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Through Sunday, Dec. 16.)

She Stoops to Conquer—A spirited and refreshing production of Goldsmith's comedy, under Daniel Gerroll's direction. Tovah Feldshuh is Kate Hardcastle, E. G. Marshall is her father, and Nathan Lane is Tony Lumpkin. (11/29/84) (Triplex, 199 Chambers St. 420-1360. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday, at 2. Closes Sunday, Nov. 4.)

Shlemiel the First—Isaac Bashevis Singer's comedy about a Jewish simpleton is pleasantly performed under Edward Cohen's direction. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Jewish Repertory Theatre, 344 E. 14th St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Thursdays and Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Nov. 18.)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Streetsongs—A return engagement of Geraldine Fitzgerald's one-woman show, originally seen in 1979. Previews through Thursday, Nov. 1. Opens officially on Friday, Nov. 2, at 7, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 9. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 4.)

Sunday in the Park with George—Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine have invented a highly entertaining musical about Georges Seurat and his celebrated painting of the island of La Grande Jatte. Robert Westenberg is Seurat and Bernadette Peters is Seurat's model and mistress. (5/14/84) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays, except Election Day, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance Monday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

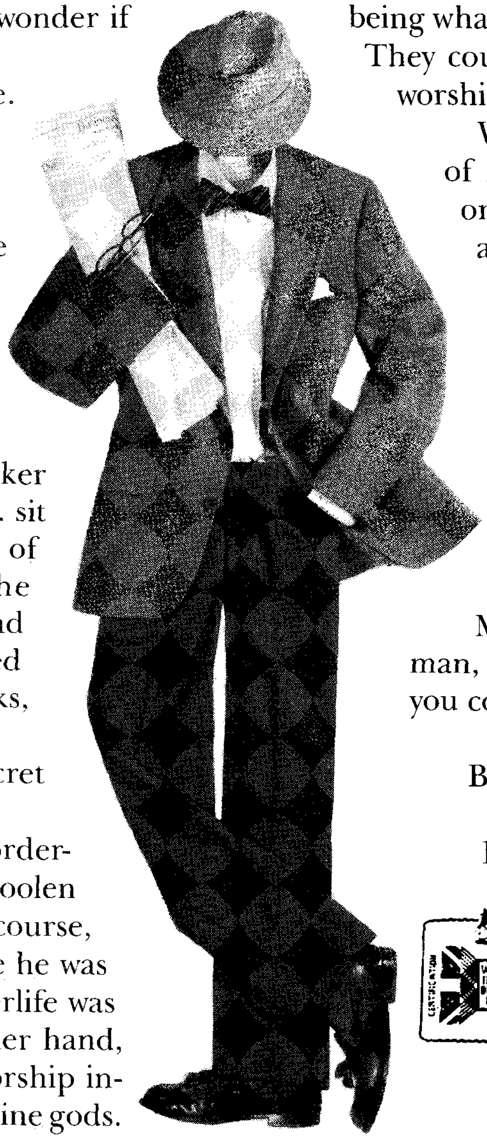
The Three Musketeers—A new version by Mark Bramble of the 1928 musical, for which William Anthony McGuire did the book based on the Dumas novel, Rudolf Friml composed the score, and P. G. Wodehouse and Clifford Grey turned out the lyrics. Staged by Tom O'Horgan. Previews through Saturday, Nov. 3. Opens officially on Sunday, Nov. 4. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Through the Leaves—A two-character play by Franz Xaver Kroetz, seen Off Off Broadway last season. Frederick Neumann and Ruth Maleczech re-create their original roles. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 11.)

What's a Nice Country Like You Still Doing in a State Like This—A revival of a little topical review that is just as merry and refreshing as its predecessor. (Reviewed in this issue.) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesdays through Fridays and Sundays at 7, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Zelda—A one-woman play by William Luce, based on the writings of Zelda Fitzgerald. With Olga Bellin. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 869-4731. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** A remembrance of things past, by Neil Simon. The hero is a sex-obsessed fifteen-year-old. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays, except Election Day, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance Monday, Nov. 5, at 8.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A dazzling production of a musical that has little wit and a lot of phony sentimentality about the tenderhearted family life of homosexuals. The music, by Jerry Herman, is Broadway-romantic. The two stars are Keith Michell and George Hearn. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CATS:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** The slickest possible production of a musical comedy whose book, music, and lyrics are almost totally lacking in character. If Michael Bennett, the director, had been a Union general, the Civil War would have lasted about twenty minutes. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,200 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOOL FOR LOVE:** Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Frances Fisher and David Andrews have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ISN'T IT ROMANTIC:** A spirited production of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **MY ONE AND ONLY:** A joyous keepsake of Gershwin songs, neatly tucked into a new book by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer. Twiggy and Tommy Tune head the superb cast. Starting Thursday, Nov. 1, Sandy Duncan and Don Correia will replace Miss Twiggy and Mr. Tune. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **NOISES OFF:** The funniest, fastest-moving farce in many a long year, written by a Martian named Michael Frayn. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give



British Woollens and The Idolatry Factor.

The English have been accused of idolatrously worshipping their own wool, and some of their rituals make one wonder if there's truth in the charge.

The woolsack, for instance. This is a bag of wool upon which the Lord Chancellor sits in the House of Lords. Perhaps he sits there because it's more comfortable than the chairs, or to keep it from being stolen, but there's a priestly overtone, a hint of altars that can't be ignored.

Indeed, back in 1586, J. Hooker wrote: "In the middle roome . . . sit the chiefe iustices and the iudges of the realme, the barons of the excheker, the kings sergeants, and all such as be of the kings learned councell . . . vpon great woollsacks, couered with red cloth."

The clumsy attempt at secret code arouses our suspicion.

And what about Charles II ordering everyone to be buried in woolen shrouds? (Not immediately, of course, but after they were dead.) Maybe he was just afraid the climate of the afterlife was similar to England's. On the other hand, there may be a touch of wool-worship involved; a flannel sacrifice to the ovine gods.

One ought to be shocked at these heathen customs but, British weather being what it is, who can blame them? They could scarcely be expected to worship suntan lotion.

Whether the development of British woolens was sacred or purely practical, the results are divine. Bill Blass, who does not concern himself with anthropology, finds them indispensable. The rich creaminess of the flannels, and their obedience to his touch. The valiant tweeds, their coloring evoking peat smoke, fog, and distant hills.

Mr. Blass, a broad-minded man, says,"As graven images go, you could do a lot worse."

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us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE REAL THING:** A very funny and yet unnerving comedy by Tom Stoppard. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays, except Election Day, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance Monday, Nov. 5, at 8.) . . . **THE TAP DANCE KID:** An attractive cast does much to brighten what is otherwise a curiously gloomy musical about a black family making good. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

WHOOPI GOLDBERG—A one-woman show, mostly about troubled blacks, portrayed with sympathy by the talented Miss Goldberg. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays, except Election Day, through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 11. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performance Monday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

AVNER THE ECCENTRIC—Avner Eisenberg is a merry, good-natured clown with the knack of making split-second feats of juggling and acrobatics look easy. A one-man show. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

RITHA DEVI—In a program of new and classical dances of India. (Lillie Blake School Theatre, 45 E. 81st St. Saturday, Nov. 3, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 988-7697.)

SANKAI JUKU—*A troupe from Japan presenting* Butoh-style dance. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 31-Nov. 2, at 8; Saturday, Nov. 3, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Nov. 4, at 2.)

BALLETFORE—"Les Sylphides," "Le Carnaval," and "The Firebird." (Triplex Theatre, 199 Chambers St. 420-1360. Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 1-3, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 4, at 3.)

BILL CRATTY DANCE THEATRE—"Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" and other works. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 7-9, at 8; Saturday, Nov. 10, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Nov. 11, at 2.)

JOYCE THEATRE—Performances by two companies. **PEGGY LYMAN DANCE COMPANY:** Thursday, Nov. 1, and Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 4, at 2. . . . **DAN WAGONER AND DANCERS:** Tuesday, Nov. 6, at 7:30; Wednesday, Nov. 7, and Friday, Nov. 9, at 8; Thursday, Nov. 8, at 8 (a benefit performance); Saturday, Nov. 10, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Nov. 11, at 2 and 7:30. (175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ *Musicians* and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**STEVE ROSS** sings songs from the era when melodies were melodies and lyrics were lyrics. He's at the piano in the Oak Room Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Buck Buchholz occupies the Rose Room Sundays *from five-thirty to eleven.* Dining.

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Small, narrow, chatty, and nautical. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 2-3, violinist **BERNIE CHARLES** will lead a trio, and Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 8-10, **DAKOTA STATON** will sing ballads and up-tempo blues numbers (which she does more satisfyingly) with *her* trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one. Dining.

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BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—**BILLY ECKSTINE,** still as personable as all getout, spends part of his fifty-first year in show business here, baritoning his way through Kenny Rogers, Stevie Wonder, Nat King Cole, and Duke Ellington tunes. Through Sunday, Nov. 4. On Monday, Nov. 5, the Brighter Moments Big Band will take over the stage. And on Tuesday, Nov. 6, **BETTY CARTER,** whose vocals soar, swoop, dip, stop, seemingly fall out of a tree, and then take off again, will come in. Music from nine. Trumpeter **TED CURSON** conducts after-hours (real late, after the last set) jam sessions every night but Monday. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The oh-so-varied lineup: Wednesday, Oct. 31, Robinson's Mysteries; Thursday and Friday, Nov. 1-2, **MAYNARD FERGUSON** (whose high-pitched trumpet solos may make you ask, "Is it Memorex or is it Maynard?") and his orchestra; Saturday, Nov. 3, Buskin & Batteau and singer **BONNIE KOLOC;** Sunday, Nov. 4, **JOHN CALE,** a co-godfather of punk along with Lou Reed; and Friday, Nov. 9, country folkies **JOHN HARTFORD** and **PETER ROWAN.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—The epitome of an intimate, dark-wood-panelled, sophisticated New York bar. The sophisticated New York piano-bass duos: **CEDAR WALTON** and **DAVID WILLIAMS** through Sunday, Nov. 4, and starting Monday, Nov. 5, **STANLEY COWELL** and **BOOTS MALESON.** Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

BROADWAY JOE'S, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The urbanely swinging **JIMMY LYON** plays piano here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, **BOBBY SHORT,** the ever-enthusiastic interpreter of Coward, Porter, Gershwin, Rodgers and Hart, and Coleman (Cy), is back, with his hands poised over the piano keys, his eyebrows raised, and his trusty sidekicks—bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT**—at the ready. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. **VINCE GIORDANO** & the Nighthawks play for dancing Sundays and Mondays from nine to one. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** is back, singing at the piano in the Bemelmans Bar from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ADAM MAKOWICZ,** the Polish jazz pianist inspired by Art Tatum and Fred Chopin, is back here nightly, except Sundays, from nine to midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

EDWARDIAN ROOM, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (759-3000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio on Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty until one-thirty. Dining and dancing.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Keyboard wizardess and National Public Radio star **MARIAN MC PARTLAND** performs with a trio through Sunday, Nov. 4, and on Tuesday, Nov. 6, **JOE PASS** will move in to wow guitar aficionados and learned members of the nonplaying laity. Mondays are claimed by guitarist and inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, who was once known as Rhubarb Red. No doubt his garage and household effects and recording-studio implements will someday be found in the Smithsonian. Sets begin after nine. Dining.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Considerably more musical than Tie City or Food City. Thursday, Nov. 1, Linda Tillery and Adrienne Torf; Saturday, Nov. 3, rock veteran **AL KOOPER;** Sunday, Nov. 4, Alicia, Mary Ellen Banish, Barry Smolin, and David Arthur Silva; Wednesday, Nov. 7, **OSCAR BRAND** and **ROSALIE SORRELLS;** Thursday, Nov. 8, the Battlefield Band; Friday, Nov. 9, Kokoku; and Saturday, Nov. 10, Ronee Blakley. Mondays are hootenanny nights. Shows are usually at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—**DAVID ALLYN** sings with the Scott Hardy trio Wednesdays through Sundays; on Mondays **BROOKS KERR** sings at the piano with aid from bassist John Belzaguy; and Tuesdays are given over to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE.** All these groups begin after ten. **BROOKS KERR** is also present on Sundays from five to ten.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) **ELLIS LARKINS,** whose solos are delicate and elegant and whose sets tend to be short and jewellike, is at the piano Tuesdays through Saturdays. The Sunday man is **JIMMY LYON,** and Mondays are claimed by **DICK HYMAN.** Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An authentic Texas hangout for expatriate Texans, for New Yorkers, and for French tourists. The music is usually good solid blues, rock, folk, or country, and it starts after eight-thirty. Wednesday, Oct. 31, *Pure Prairie League;* Sunday, Nov. 4, the Lounge Lizards; Monday, Nov. 5, blues-harp expert and Chicago-blues singer **JAMES COTTON** and his **BLUES BAND** and the Skip Castro Band; Tuesday, Nov. 6, guitarist **JORMA KAUKONEN** and Buddy Cage & Bad Dog; and Thursday, Nov. 8, country singer **DAVID FRIZZELL.** Dining.

LUSH LIFE, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—**SUN RA & THE OMNIVERSE JET SET ARKESTRA** are now orbiting the premises Tuesdays through Sundays. Monday, Nov. 5, will be claimed by Phyllis Weisbart. Sets begin at eight-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—English singer and actress **ANNIE ROSS,** a member of Lambert, Hendricks, and Ross twenty years ago, is here. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays beginning at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band, *with Woody Allen* usually on celebrity clarinet, occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—In spite of the gelati glut in the seventies and eighties, the coolest spot on Columbus Avenue is this club, which is known for the R. & B. and jazz bands that have been performing here for more than a decade. The music: Harry Burney III Wednesday, Oct. 31; Monday, Nov. 5, **JUMP STREET,** a crisp, precise, driving ten-piece band that works the blues gamut from Willie Dixon's "Wang Dang Doodle" to Lee Morgan's "The Sidewinder;" and Thursdays through Saturdays the influential pianist **MC COY TYNER.** Music from about ten until two. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935, when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from

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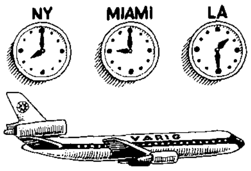

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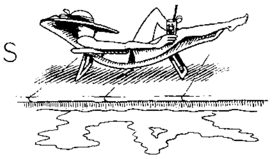

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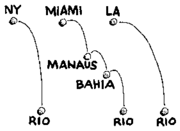

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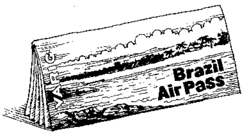

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1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties. Wednesday, Oct. 31, at seven and eleven, **SANTANA**; Thursday, Nov. 1, **HERBIE HANCOCK** & the Rockit *band; Friday, Nov. 2, Dino and Coup de Tat;* Saturday, Nov. 3, the Pe-dant-iks and the Winter Hours; Wednesday, Nov. 7, at ten-thirty, Zebra; Friday, Nov. 9, **JULUKA**, the South African pop-and-politics band, and Modern Clix; and Saturday, Nov. 10, Let's Active and the Hoodoo Gurus. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the King Cole Room, pianist and occasional singer **JOE BUSHKIN** and a worthy sextet salute Fats Waller Mondays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. The schedule: Wednesday, Oct. 31, bassist **JACO PASTORIUS**; Thursday, Nov. 1, singer Connie James; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 2-3, **ALIVE!**, the San Francisco-based ensemble; Sunday, Nov. 4, Tet Rabo; Monday, Nov. 5, Jens Wendelbole's New York Big Band; Tuesday, Nov. 6, Liquid Hips; Wednesday, Nov. 7, trumpeter Tex Allen; Thursday, Nov. 8, Two One Two; and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 9-10, lilting guitarist **DOC POWELL**. Music *from nine-thirty.*

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday, Oct. 31, and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 9-10, **PÉ-DE-BOI**; Thursday, Nov. 1, **MIKATA**; Sunday, Nov. 4, saxophonist **MARIO RIVERA & THE SALSA REFUGEES**; Wednesday, Nov. 7, Kalabash; and Thursday, Nov. 8, Talking Drums. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Pianist **JOHN HICKS** leads a sextet that includes in its ranks saxophonist **CHICO FREEMAN**, trombonist **CRAIG HARRIS**, and drummer **IDRIS MUHAMMED** *through* Sunday, Nov. 4. On Monday, Nov. 5, jazz and poetry, the meat and potatoes of **BLUE ARK**, a collective featuring poet **AMIRI BARAKA** and trombonist **GRACHAN MONCUR III**, will be served up. And on Tuesday, Nov. 6, drummer and headmaster **ART BLAKEY** and his Class of '84 **JAZZ MESSENGERS** will arrive. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Mondays after nine are salsa nights in the barnlike downstairs room. On Nov. 5, **ROBERTO BLADES Y IMENSDAD** and **BOBBY RODRIGUEZ Y LA NUEVA COMPANIA** will be present, as will tenor saxophonist **BRANFORD MARSALIS**, the guest jazz soloist. . . . ¶ Meanwhile out on the Terrace after nine-thirty, **KENNY BARRON** and **RAY DRUMMOND** play piano-bass duets through Sunday, Nov. 4. In addition, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** plays each Tuesday with her combo.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world are attracted to this basement. Wednesday, Oct. 31, the **WYNTON MARSALIS** quintet will be on the stand, and Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 1-4, the **RANDY BRECKER–JOHN ABERCROMBIE** quartet will perform. On Monday, Nov. 5, saxophonist and composer **FRANK FOSTER'S BIG BAND** will take charge, and on Tuesday, Nov. 6, altoist **SONNY FORTUNE**, who plays driving, hard-edged solos, will bring in his quartet. Music after ten.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food (Columbia University *is* just across Broadway), beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. Saxophonist **EDDIE CHAMBLEE** heads up a quintet, featuring **BENNY POWELL** on trombone, through Saturday, Nov. 3; Sunday and Monday, Nov. 4-5, saxophonist Haywood Henry will lead a quartet; and Tuesday through Sunday, Nov. 6-11, trumpeter **HARRY (SWEETS) EDISON**, one of the stars of the Basie band of the thirties, will perform with a quintet. Music from about nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious, airy passageway with tables and chairs and musicians in it. **HILTON RUIZ** and **MAJOR HOLLEY** perform piano-bass duets through Saturday, Nov. 3, and on Tuesday, Nov. 6, pianist **JOHN HICKS** will come in with bassist **RAY DRUMMOND**. Every Sunday, *guitarist* **GENE BERTONCINI** *and bassist* **MICHAEL MOORE** drop by. The Monday guys are pianist Jim Roberts and bassist Brian Torff. Music from eight.

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JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Barry Manilow—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesday, Oct. 31, through Thursday, Nov. 8. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8. Extra performance Saturday, Nov. 3, at midnight.

Gil Scott-Heron & Amere Facade and **Nona Hendryx**—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Saturday Nov. 3, at 8.

Jane Ira Bloom & David Mott—With Ratso Harris. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. Saturday, Nov. 3, at 9.)

Robert Dick & Ned Rothenberg—Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8.

Josephine Livoti—With Roland Hanna, Paul West, Frederick Waits, and Arnie Lawrence, in a benefit concert. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Sunday, Nov. 4, at 7. For tickets, call 362-7947.)

Tony Bennett and **Barbara Cook**—*In a benefit* concert. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Monday, Nov. 5, at 7:30.)

Kenny Burrell—New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, Nov. 9, at 6. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

Klezmorim—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday, Nov. 9, at 8.

Anne Murray—Radio City Music Hall. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 9-10, at 8.

Leroy Jenkins—Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7800. Saturday, Nov. 10, at 8:30.

Irving Plaza—Saturday, Nov. 3: Major Thinkers. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 8: Blue Riddim band and Pressure. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 9: Del Lords and Human Switchboard. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 10: Roomful of Blues and R. & B. Cadets. (17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728. *Shows start about 11:30.)*

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

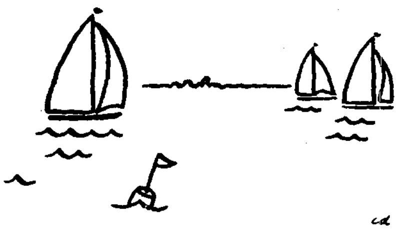
GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Boris Anisfeld (1879-1973)—Oils, watercolors, *and drawings, including set and costume* designs, executed in his native Russia in the early years of his career. Through Dec. 29. (Shepherd, 21 E. 84th St.)

Horst Antes—Recent paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 10. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. The Guggenheim Museum is currently showing sculptures by Antes.)

Hannelore Baron—Paper-and-cloth abstrac*tions (a figure is sometimes suggested) in two*-and three-dimensional versions. Through Nov. 29. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Michael Byron—Paintings on unstretched canvas, with altarlike arrangements of candles in front of them, plus a series of drawings borrowed from a tattoo artist's stylebook. Through Saturday, Nov. 10. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)



Robert Cronin—Tabletop-size stabiles made of painted tinplate and wire. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Michael David—Abstractions in oil. Through Nov. 15. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Michael Goldberg—Paintings from the fifties by a second-generation New York School Abstract Expressionist. Through Dec. 1. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

Luise Kaish—Collage paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Le Corbusier (1887-1965)—Two shows of paintings and works on paper. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon. Through Dec. 21. . . . ¶ Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. Through Nov. 24.)

Henry Moore—Two exhibits of drawings, sculp*tures, and paintings.* (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Through Friday, Nov. 9. . . . ¶ Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St. Through Dec. 1.)

Jules Pascin (1885-1930)—More than thirty paintings and drawings, ranging from portraits of prim little girls to his more characteristic bordello scenes. Through Nov. 17. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Max Pechstein (1881-1955)—Nearly thirty paintings, drawings, and prints dating from his connection with the German Expressionist Die Brücke group, some of whose work is also on view. Through Dec. 28. (La Boetie, 9 E. 82nd St.)

Cy Twombly—Transcendental doodling in paintings and drawings dated 1952 to 1983. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Herk Van Tongeren—Tabletop-size bronze sculptures made up mostly of cones, balls, and arches arranged on tilted planes. Through Saturday, Nov. 10. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

African Art—A hundred elegant examples of tribal African art and artifacts on loan from the Musée de l'Homme in Paris. Through Jan. 22. (Center for African Art, a new establishment at 54 E. 68th St. Open Sundays.)

Sculpture—Wood is the sole material for works that range from Marisol's carved family portrait to Budd Hopkins' architecturally inspired structures to Chris Griffin's small, intentionally primitive wall pieces. Through Nov. 27. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Josef Albers (1888-1976)—Sixty-five paintings and fifteen works on paper, all but one carrying the title "Homage to the Square." Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St.)

Arman—Life-size bronzes cast from badly charred Louis XV furniture that was set afire by the artist for this sobering installation entitled "The Day After." Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Robert Berlind—A painting of Leon Golub sitting in front of one of his own paintings, among other subjects. Through Nov. 24. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

Natvar Bhavsar—Color-field paintings on paper. Through Nov. 17. (Getler-Pall-Saper, 50 W. 57th St.)

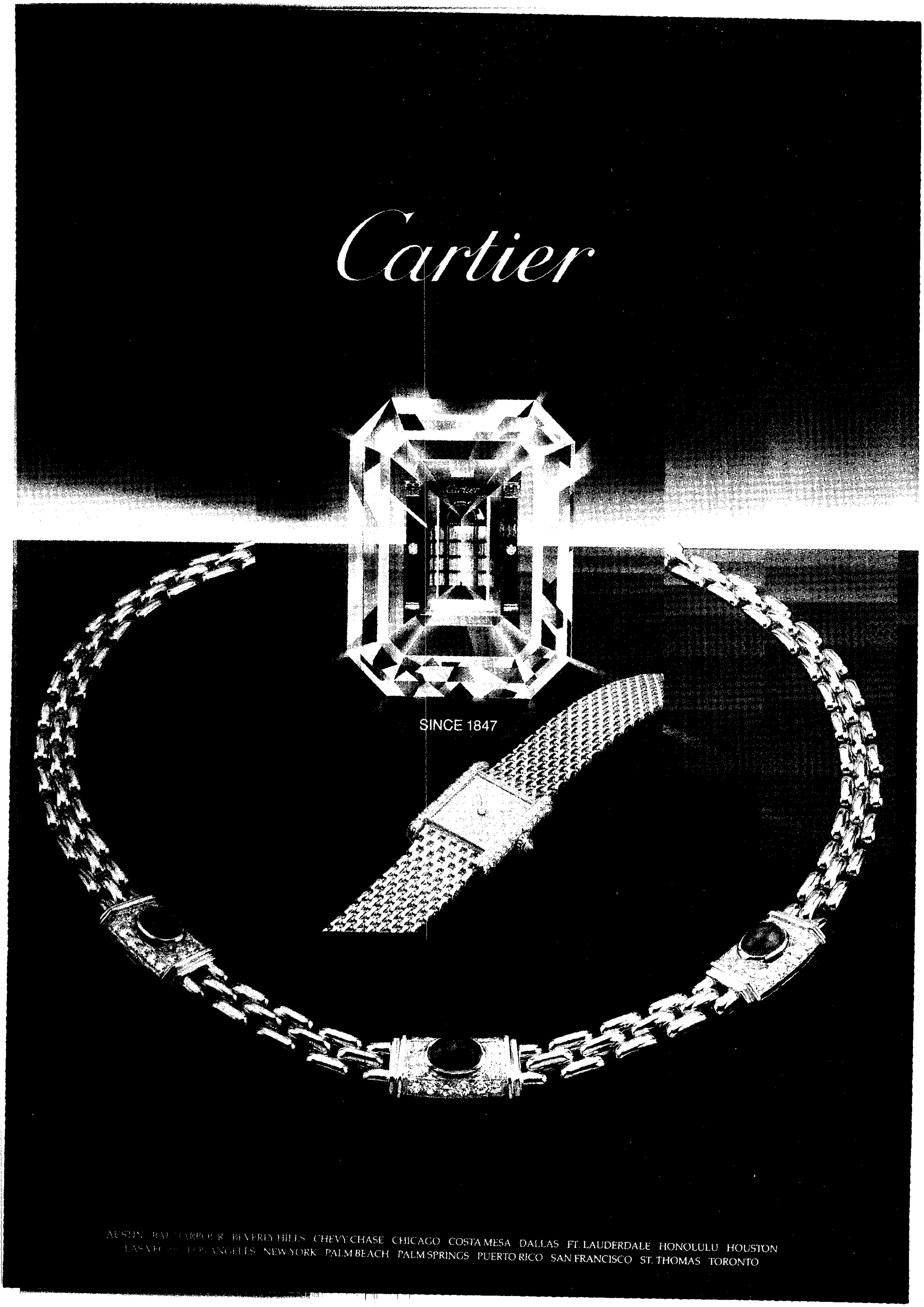
Richard Bosman—Paintings of people in desperate straits—tied to a stake, falling through space, swept away in a flood. Through Saturday, Nov. 10. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Tom Butter—Colored translucent fibre-glass sculptures with elongated shapes that run from six feet to twelve. Through Nov. 24. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Louise Fishman—Abstract paintings, drawings, woodcuts. Through Nov. 24. (Baskerville + Watson, 24 W. 57th St.)

Harold Gregor—Recent paintings of Illinois farm country, including a narrow one, nineteen feet long. Through Saturday, Nov. 10. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

David Hockney / Helen Frankenthaler—A huge panoramic view of Christopher Isherwood's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They are small products.
But they are no small achievements.
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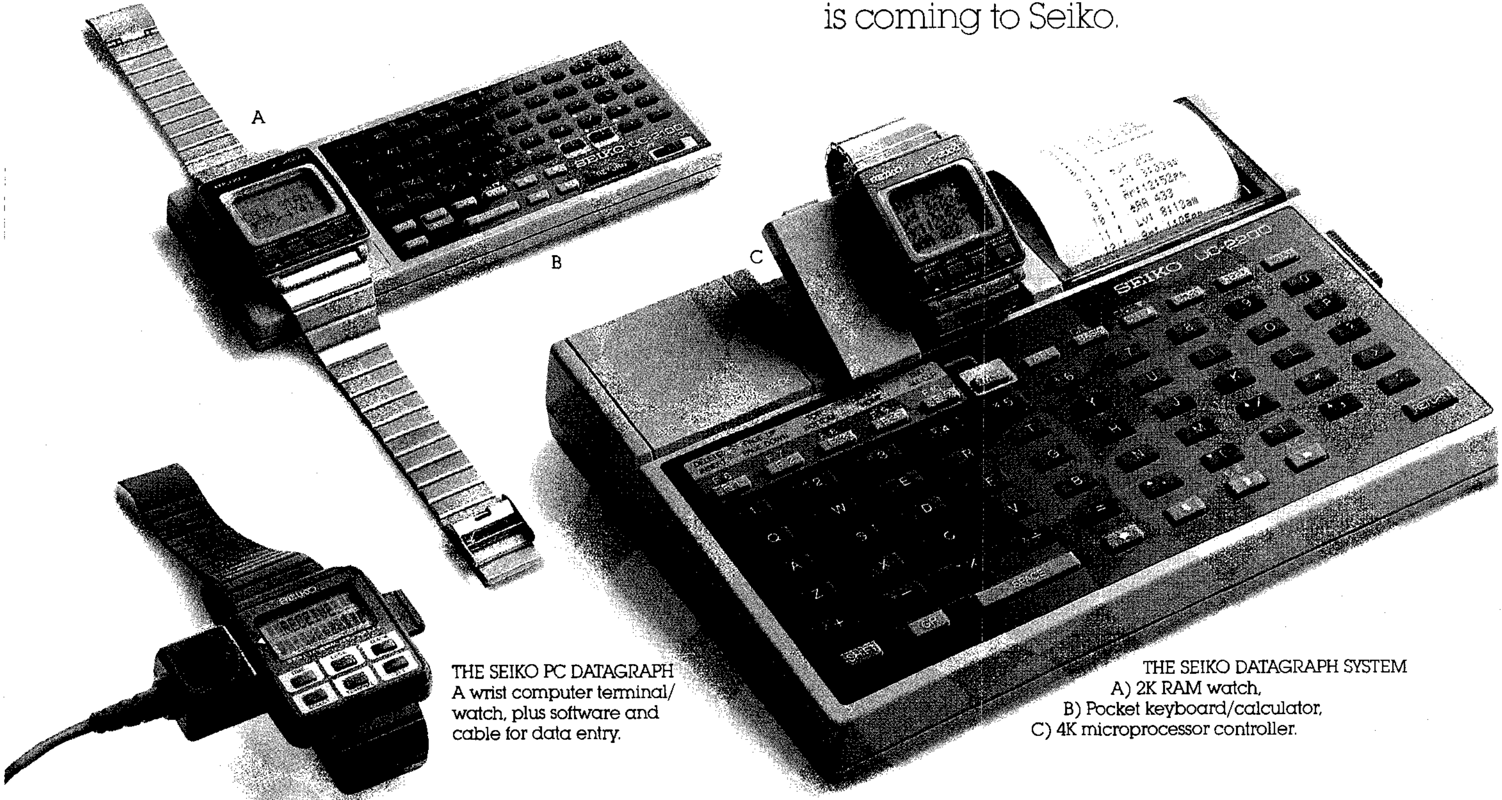

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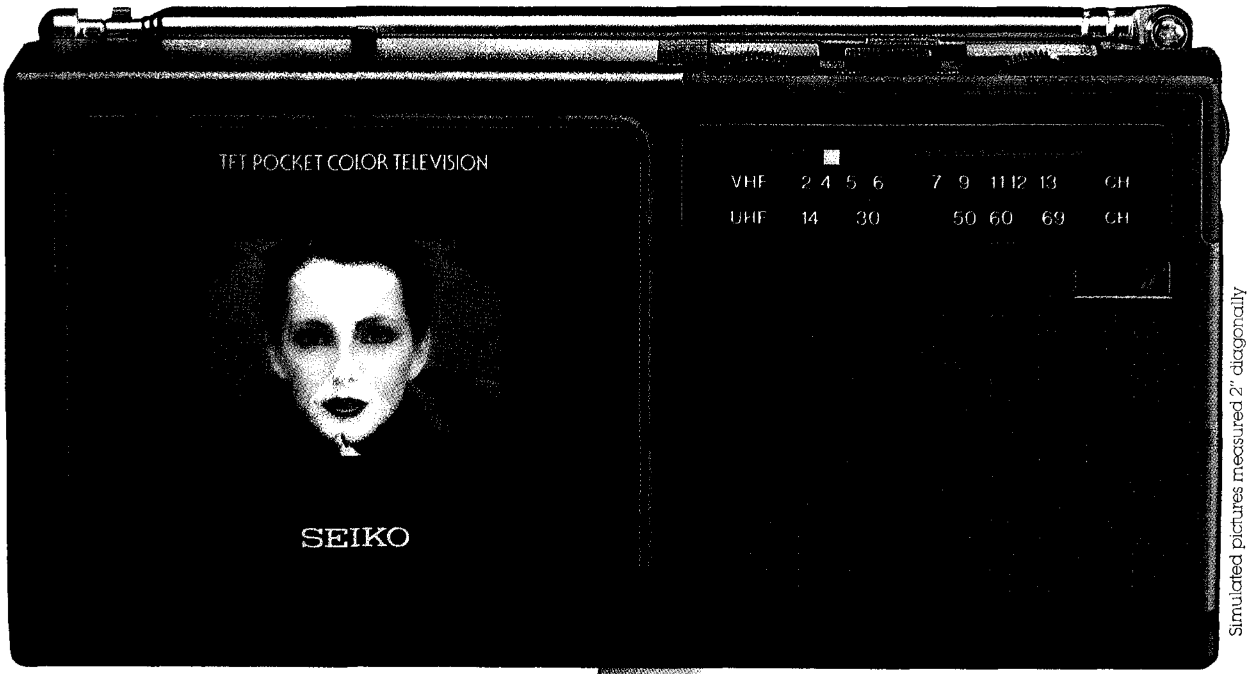
THE SEIKO DATAGRAPH SYSTEM
A) 2K RAM watch,
B) Pocket keyboard/calculator,
C) 4K microprocessor controller.

AGAIN.

AHEAD.



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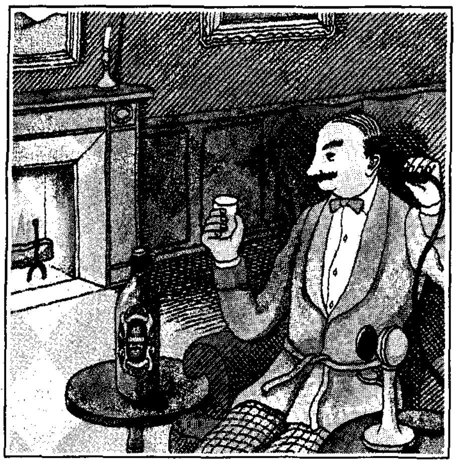
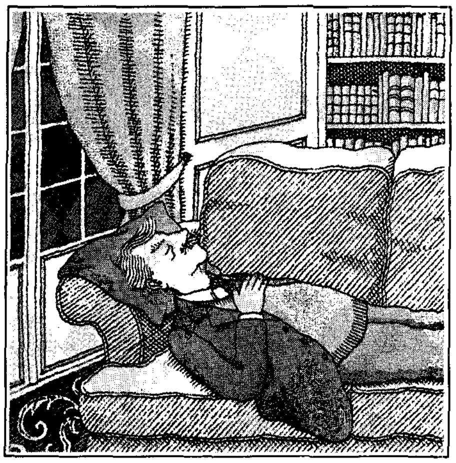
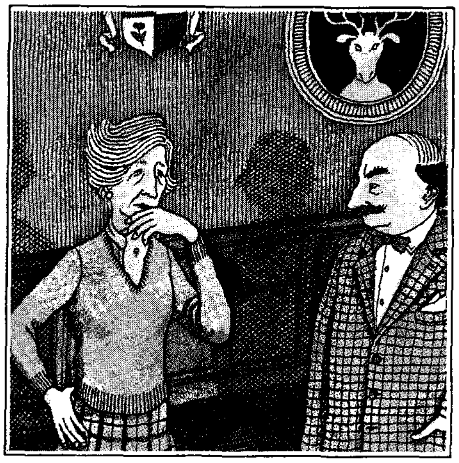
THE CASE OF THE WAYWARD WEAPONS



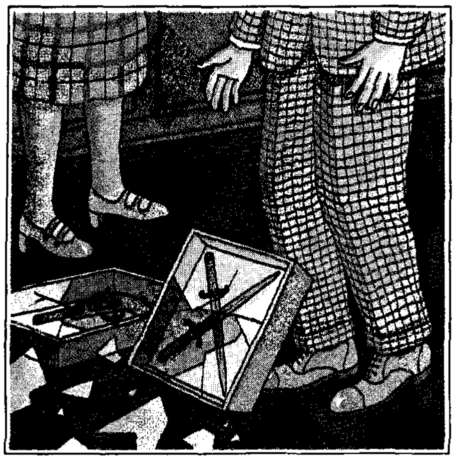
I was nursing a nip of *Glenfiddich* when I received an urgent call from Lady Harriet Hollyhock. "You must help me!" she pleaded. "I can't decide what is more fitting for my husband…the gun or the dagger."



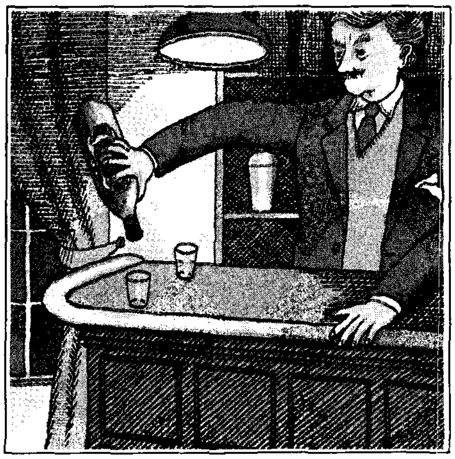
Did Lady Harriet have designs on her husband's life? Setting aside the celebrated single malt, I raced to Hollyhock Manor. But I was too late! For there, on the couch, lay the body of Lord Henry Hollyhock.



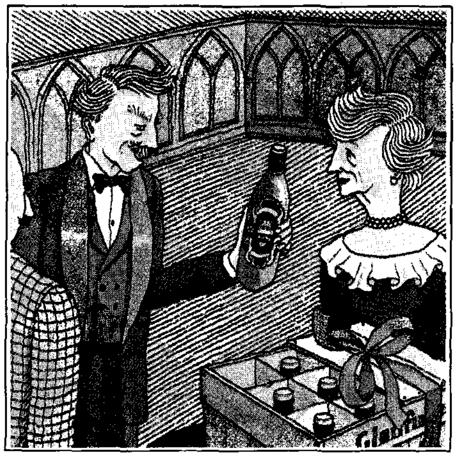
I found Lady Harriet upstairs. "I believe in giving Lord Henry exactly what he deserves!" she cheerfully exclaimed. "He deserved better," I coldly replied, demanding that she hand over the deadly weapons.



What she handed me was a pair of elegantly framed antique armaments. Unfortunately, they slipped from my hands and clattered to the floor. At that, a familiar voice bellowed from below, "I'm trying to take a nap!"



"Now what will I give Henry for his birthday!" Lady Harriet wailed as I dashed to the parlor. An unharmed Lord Hollyhock stood behind the bar. "Hello!" he cried. "I'd offer you a *Glenfiddich*, but we seem to be out."



For his birthday, Lord Hollyhock received *Glenfiddich*. "And I was afraid you'd give me another bloody antique!" he chortled. Whatever the occasion, a gift of *Glenfiddich* is proof of impeccable taste.

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quarters in Santa Monica Canyon, done in fresh, clear colors, dominates these new works, in which the artist sees things through the eyes of Picasso. / Abstract works on paper. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Lila Katzen—Yucatán archeological sites inspired this large sculptural installation. Through Nov. 24. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Michael Kessler—Abstract paintings, derived from plant life, thickly brushed in on wood or Masonite, scraped, and reworked. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

Ellery Kurtz—Trompe-l'oeil paintings. Through Nov. 17. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Charles Luce—Paintings on paper, full of private symbols. Through Nov. 17. (Ross, 162 W. 56th St.)

John Marin (1870-1953)—Oils exclusively, covering the entire career of this early modernist. Through Nov. 24. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

I. Rice Pereira (1907-71)—Geometric abstractions. Through Nov. 24. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Katherine Porter—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 10. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Peter Saul / Matta—New paintings and drawings, including several very unflattering caricatures of Ronald Reagan. / Drawings dated 1939 to 1948. Through Nov. 15. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Robert Sivard—Paintings of Léger, Magritte, Hopper, and others as this artist imagined them in their studios. Through Dec. 1. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Harold Stevenson—Drawings in mixed mediums depicting mythological figures, ritual objects, marble statuary. Through Nov. 24. (Iolas-Jackson, 52 E. 57th St.)

Esteban Vicente—Oils by a veteran Abstract Expressionist. Through Dec. 1. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

John Wilde—Small oils in the tradition of Magic Realism. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (David Findlay, Jr., 41 E. 57th St.)

Group Show—Landscape paintings by Bernard Chaet, Alexandre Hogue, Marjorie Portnow, Altoon Sultan, and others. Through Nov. 24. (French, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Sculpture—Malvina Hoffman, whose classical figures reflect her apprenticeship with Rodin, is one of eleven early-twentieth-century women artists represented by small bronzes. Through Dec. 8. (Berry-Hill, 743 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Ida Applebroog—Serial-strip paintings, among other works, by an artist whose métier is social commentary. Through Nov. 24. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

John Bellany—Paintings of distorted figures, many of them related to the sea. The artist is a Scot and his father was a fisherman. Through Thursday, Nov. 8. (Esman, 121 Spring St.)

Ralph Coxx—Large paintings of vertical leaflike forms achieved with the help of an airbrush. Through Nov. 13. (Littlejohn-Smith, a new gallery at 133 Greene St.)

James G. Davis—Figurative paintings whose subjects range from street brawls to poetic imagery in the Blake tradition. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway.)

Westa Delagi / Phyllis Wiener—Full-face portraits, much larger than life. / Paintings and wall constructions covered with geometric patterns. Through Sunday, Nov. 4. (Pindar, 127 Greene St. Opens Sundays at 1.)

Fred Escher—The nuclear menace hangs heavy over many of these cityscapes and landscapes. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (112 Greene Street Gallery.)

Helmut Federle—Paintings of bold, simple rectangular forms. Through Nov. 14. (Gibson, at a new location at 568 Broadway.)

Dale Frank—Large paintings with a surrealist edge, mostly of water in unwatery colors. The artist is an Australian. Through Wednesday, Nov. 7. (Knowlton, 153 Mercer St.)

Joan Gardner / Stefany Blyn—Paintings of figures. / Emblematic oils. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Paul Georges—A heroic (eleven feet by twenty) painting in which the gods of Olympus meet up with satellites out in space; Perseus and Medusa depicted with a droll brush; and other works. Through Saturday, Nov. 10. (Manhattan Art, 81 Greene St.)

Mary Grigoriadis—Abstract geometric oils. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

Elizabeth Harms—Nonobjective paintings. Through Nov. 24. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

George McNeil—A retrospective of works by an Abstract Expressionist now in his seventies. Through Saturday, Nov. 10. (Artists' Choice, 394 West Broadway. Open Sundays.)

Henri Michaux (1899-1984)—Paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Bruce Nauman—A two-gallery show that plays with words—on a big electrified bulletin board at Castelli, 142 Greene Street, and on inscribed stone tablets upstairs at Sperone Westwater. Through Saturday, Nov. 3.

Saul Ostrow—Figurative paintings ranging in theme from a mesmerized couple watching TV to corpses in Central American jungles. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Freidus-Ordover, 70 Greene St.)

Robert Rauschenberg—The large patchworks of chemical-transfer images one expects from this artist are supplemented with colorful splotches of acrylic brushed in by hand. Through Saturday, Nov. 10. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Stefan Roloff—Frenetic paintings: figures jammed into airplanes, riders on a vaulting motorcycle, people growing out of trees. Also, a sculpture made of complicated precision machinery. Through Nov. 14. (Art Palace, 611 Broadway.)

Charles Simonds—Clay sculptures of tiny cliff-dweller houses that are part plant; wind-blown rocks; and organic forms. Through Saturday, Nov. 10. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

D. Jack Solomon—Paintings of lions, cheetahs, rhinos, gazelles, all of whom have a gentle quality more associated with Persian miniatures than with the jungle. Through Saturday, Nov. 10. (Pam Adler, 578 Broadway.)

Anne Tabachnick—Semi-abstract watercolors of the Caribbean. Through Nov. 17. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

Athena Tacha—Drawings in mixed mediums by a sculptor, plus maquettes for outdoor pieces. Through Nov. 17. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Zush—Spidery ink-and-watercolor drawings of fantasy creatures with visible brains, intestines, and genitals. Through Wednesday, Nov. 7. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Max Coyer—Large paintings that take off from familiar works by Picasso, Ingres, da Vinci, and Ernst, as well as from Mr. Coyer's earlier works. Through Wednesday, Nov. 7. (Bouckaert, 100 Hudson St.)

David Finn—Crude figures dressed in tatters and topped with cardboard boxes transformed into animal heads. Through Nov. 21. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

Terry Rosenberg—Large sculptures in sewn cowhide; also, huge drawings in charcoal, ink, and oil on paper. Through Nov. 24. (Stoler, 13 White St.)

Krzysztof Wodiczko—A video projection by the artist will be visible on Saturday, Nov. 3, on the west side of the windowless telephone-company building, Church and Thomas Streets, from after seven until midnight. . . . ¶ The Bromm gallery, 90 West Broadway at Chambers St., is showing photographs of past video works. Through Saturday, Nov. 10.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Horst / Ansel Adams (1902-84)—A retrospective that includes recent portraits of Paloma Picasso, Andy Warhol, Diana Vreeland, and

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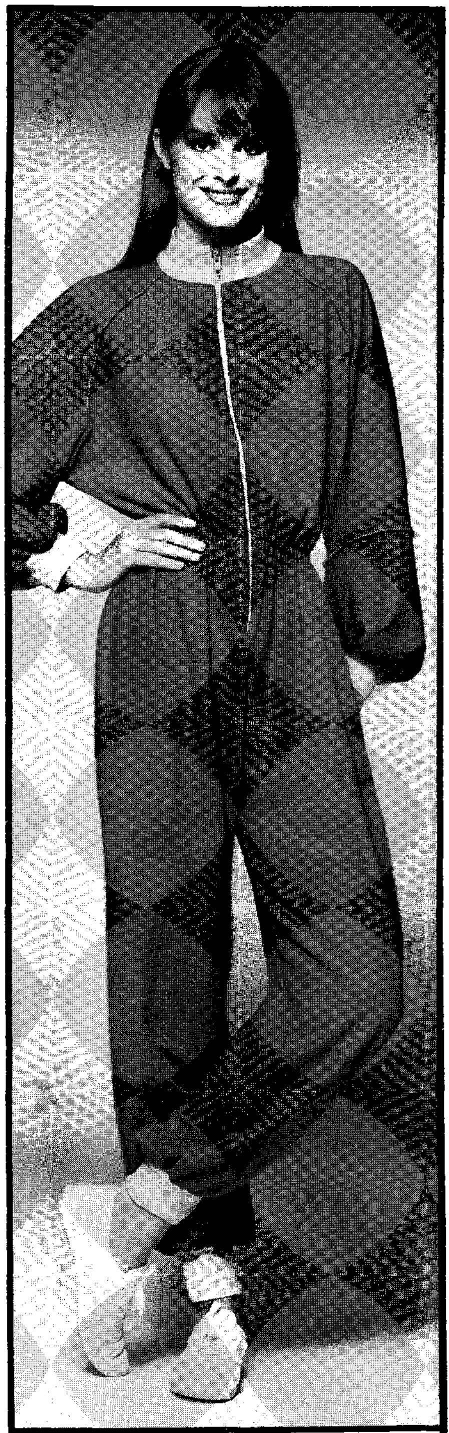

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

others. / Twenty-five of his favorite prints. Through Sunday, Nov. 4. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.) . . . ¶ A show of Horst's black-and-white photographs from 1930 to the present is at Staley-Wise, 177 Prince St. Through Dec. 2. Opens at noon.

Irving Penn—A retrospective has been mounted at the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Theodore Roszak (1907-81)—Photograms that the Constructivist sculptor did in the thirties. Through Saturday, Nov. 10. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Francesco Scavullo—Prints by a fashion photographer. Through Dec. 1. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The van Gogh show: a canvas-by-canvas chronicle of his months in Arles, February 1888 to May 1889, with a few works by Gauguin painted during his brief stay with van Gogh. Through Dec. 30. . . . ¶ The John M. Crawford, Jr., collection of Chinese painting and calligraphy is being shown in two parts, this first part containing about eighty hand-scrolls, hanging scrolls, album leaves, and fans. . . . ¶ Works by folk painter Erastus Salisbury Field, in an exhibit jointly organized with the Museum of American Folk Art (see below). Among the more than fifty paintings are many of the stylized portraits of nineteenth-century rural people for which he is best known. Through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ The first large-scale exhibit of Maori tribal artifacts to leave New Zealand consists of close to two hundred objects, such as house posts, canoe prows, and ceremonial sculptures. Through Jan. 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Primitivism in 20th Century Art," a show of a hundred and fifty paintings and sculptures and two hundred tribal objects which demonstrates the critical influence of tribal art, mainly African and Oceanic, on Western modernism. Through Jan. 15. . . . ¶ Alvar Aalto's glass objects and furniture, ubiquitous in his native Finland, form an exhibit mounted by the Department of Architecture and Design. Through Nov. 27. . . . **Photography:** About two hundred works by Irving Penn. Through Nov. 27. (Opens daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Paintings, photographs, and works in mixed mediums by eight contemporary Australian artists. . . . ¶ A show of nearly forty sculptural environments that Horst Antes has devised for the severe, truncated figures that identify his paintings. A complementary exhibit is at Lefebre Gallery, 47 E. 77th St. Both museum exhibits through Nov. 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A show that revives the New York art world of 1958-64, via, for example, re-creations of Claes Oldenburg's tableaux "The Store" and "The Street" and two of Allan Kaprow's found-object environments. Other artists include Johns, Lichtenstein, and Morris. Through Dec. 2. . . . ¶ More than two hundred prints added to the museum's collection in the past decade, ranging from John Marin's 1911 "Brooklyn Bridge" to lithographs completed this year by Susan Rothenberg and by Terry Winters. Through Nov. 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Bronze sculptures by Nancy Graves, Sandro Chia, Isaac Witkin, Anthony Caro, Bryan Hunt, and George Segal. Through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ Ceramic tableware designed by Eva Zeisel. Through Nov. 16. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Asante: Kingdom of Gold," eight hundred objects from Asante, a colony of the west African Gold Coast now in modern Ghana, have been assembled from the British Museum's collection and arranged, in part, to simulate festival day in a king's court. Gold objects, wood sculptures covered in sheet gold, jewelry, textiles, carved furniture. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—A survey of Japanese calligraphy from the eighth century to the nineteenth, jointly organized by the Asia Society and Japan House (see below). This section has works by scholars and artists, including eight decorated poem pages from a set of thirty-six by Hon'ami Koetsu. Through Jan. 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Jewelry from the prodigious collection of Baltimore's Walters Art Gallery, whose founder purchased precious objects that range from the Egyptian amulets commonly sewn into mummy wrappings to the "Tiffany Iris" brooch, whose petals are made of a hundred and twenty sapphires set in silver. Through Jan. 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—A show of Japanese calligraphy, including the ornate Buddhist text "Lotus Sutra." A joint exhibit with the Asia Society, this section is devoted to calligraphers who were monks or courtiers. Through Jan. 6. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—International Style architecture in Israel is documented with models and renderings, plus photographs by Judith Turner, who concentrated on buildings in Tel Aviv. (Open daily except Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Watercolors and drawings primarily by European artists, including Raphael and Picasso, in a selection from the National Gallery of Ireland. . . . ¶ "William Morris: The 150th Anniversary of His Birth"—manuscripts, photographs, pamphlets, and books. . . . ¶ Landscape etchings by Rembrandt. All shows through Nov. 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 125 W. 55th St.—Sixty canvases by Erastus Salisbury Field (1805-1900), mainly portraits of rural New Englanders, commissioned at four dollars a clip. A joint exhibition with the Metropolitan Museum, this section is running through Dec. 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30. Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—Forty-one paintings by Leon Golub, spanning nearly as many years of his career. Through Nov. 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 8, when there is no admission fee after 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—A show of traditional African art and of nineteenth- and twentieth-century African-American paintings, sculptures, and photographs from the collections of the museum, the Schomburg Center, and the Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., State Office Building. Through Jan. 1. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.—The first three of six programs of videotapes. Thursday, Nov. 8: Laurie Anderson, Laura Foreman, and others. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 9: Robin Schanzen-

The New York Times

Great Quotes

"Tuna, sautéed to form a light crust retains a lovely pink center. Blackened redfish, a la Paul Prudhomme, is almost as good as the master's version. As requested, red snapper appears without butter or salt, and it is effectively complemented by herbaceous eggplant slices and a compote of tomatoes and peppers. Sautéed apple, topped with crunch pecans, provides a fine counterpoint to swordfish with a peppery cloak. A myriad of little soft-shell crabs have been breaded and deep fried to a juicy sweetness. And everything is beautifully presented, often garnished with interesting and unusual varieties of seaweed.

The chef, Steve Mellina, ... knows how to steam a lobster to a succulent tenderness. He can also broil one without drying it out. And he can do the same for fish, even cooking it medium rare.

...Some of the side dishes are just as well prepared: a crisp deep-fried crust encases well-seasoned mashed potatoes; sautéed spinach is verdantly fresh. Skewers hold quickly cooked bright vegetables. And some of the breads are addictive, especially the onion crisps....

... a raspberry tart on a crisp, crunchy crust, made with almond flour; three lovely pots of cream (pots de crème)—light and sensuous chocolate, tart raspberry and a variation on crème brûlée; a baum torte of seemingly endless thin layers of moist marzipan and apricot, clad in a rich chocolate ganache; chocolate macadamia-nut pie, made with an intensely rich bitter chocolate. Or for the abstemious, there was a tender, sweet pear poached in red wine in a pool of raspberry purée.

...The flowers are stunning, the rows of fresh fruit appealing. The bleached woods and terrazzo floors are complemented by theatrical lighting, signed Picasso pottery and pink and green touches, right down to the wine glasses with their green stems. Never mind that they are for German wines: they look pretty."

New York Times
Sept. 21, 1984

"The chef, a genuine talent...a golden whisk for excellence to the sparkling new Manhattan Ocean Club."
WNCN
Stendahl, Sept. 21, 1984

"Handsome, tailored, classy..."
New York Magazine
Barbara Costikyan, June, 1984

The Manhattan Ocean Club

"The Manhattan Ocean Club New York's best new seafood restaurant..."
Town & Country
James Villas, Sept., 1984

"By far the fanciest fish restaurant in town."
Women's Wear Daily
Lynne Roberts, March, 1984

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

bach and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 10: Wendy Chambers, Dona Nada Seder, and others. (Evenings at 8. Tickets at the door on the evening of the performance.)

P.S. 1, at 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.—The curator, Henry Geldzahler, has pulled together a show of a hundred paintings by twelve artists whose work he feels deserves wider recognition. Among them are Sally Hazelet Drummond, Joan McLaughlin, and Walter Murch. Through Dec. 9.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.—Lenora Champagne (performance), Monday, Nov. 5, at 9. . . . ¶ A performance, "Beyond the Valley of the Full Moon," with Alien Comic (Tom Murrin), Dancenoise (Lucy Sexton and Anne Iobst), and others, Wednesday, Nov. 7, at 9.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday, Oct. 31, at 8: "La Bohème," with Eugenia Moldoveanu, Myra Merritt, Giuliano Ciannella, and Pablo Elvira; conducted by Plácido Domingo. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 1, at 8: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Catherine Malfitano, Claudia Catania, Neil Shicoff, and James Morris; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 2, at 8: "La Clemenza di Tito," with Renata Scotto, Tatiana Troyanos, Ann Murray, and Kenneth Riegel; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 3, at 2: "Manon Lescaut," with Mirella Freni, Ermanno Mauro, David Holloway, and Ara Berberian; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8: "La Bohème," with Eugenia Moldoveanu, Myra Merritt, Guiliano Ciannella, and Pablo Elvira; Plácido Domingo. . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 5, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Julia Hamari, Dalmacio Gonzalez, and Leo Nucci; Edoardo Mueller. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 6, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Mirella Freni, Ermanno Mauro, David Holloway, and Ara Berberian; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 7, at 8: "La Bohème," with Linda Zoghby, Myra Merritt, Giuliano Ciannella, and Pablo Elvira; Plácido Domingo. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 8, at 8: "La Clemenza di Tito," with Renata Scotto, Tatiana Troyanos, Ann Murray, and Kenneth Riegel; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 9, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Julia Hamari, Dalmacio Gonzalez, and Leo Nucci; Edoardo Mueller. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 10, at 2: "Manon Lescaut," with Ermanno Mauro, David Holloway, and James Courtney; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 10, at 8: "La Bohème," with Linda Zoghby, Myra Merritt, Giuliano Ciannella, and Pablo Elvira; Plácido Domingo.

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Wednesday, Oct. 31, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Susanne Marsee, Rico Serbo, and Stephen Dickson; conducted by Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 1, at 8: "Mefistofele," with Stephanie Sundine, Robert Grayson, and William Dansby; Bruce Ferden. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 2, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Janice Meyerson, Alteouise DeVaughn, Harry Theyard, and William Dansby; and "Pagliacci," with Maryanne Telese, Jon Fredric West, and Robert McFarland; Klaus Weise conducting both. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 3, at 2: "La Traviata," with Leigh Munro, Jon Garrison, and William Stone; Klaus Weise. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Sheryl Woods, Janis Eckhart, Richard Leech, and Adib Fazah; Mark Flint. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 4, at 1: "Carmen," with Diana Walker, Susanne Marsee, George Gray, and Scott Reeve; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 4, at 7: The New York première of Philip Glass's "Akhnaten" (in Akkadian, Egyptian, and Hebrew, with an English narration), with Marie Angel, Marta Senn, Christopher Robson, and Kurt Link; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 6, at 8: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Kaaren Erickson, Sally Wolf, Jon Garrison, and Stephen Dickson; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 7, at 8: "Akhnaten" (in Akkadian, Egyptian, and Hebrew, with an English narration), with Marie Angel, Marta Senn, Christopher Robson, and Kurt Link; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 8, at 8: "La Traviata," with Leigh Munro, Jon Garrison, and William Stone; Mark Flint. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 9, at 8: "Akhnaten" (in Akkadian, Egyptian, and Hebrew, with an English narration), with Marie Angel, Marta Senn, Christopher Robson, and Kurt Link; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 10, at 2: "Carmen," with Diana Walker, Susanne Marsee, George Gray, and Scott Reeve; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 10, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Janice Meyerson, Alteouise DeVaughn, Harry Theyard, and William Dansby; and "Pagliacci," with Maryanne Telese, Harry Theyard, and Robert McFarland; Klaus Weise conducting both. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Nov. 18.)

AMATO OPERA COMPANY—Puccini's "Tosca." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturdays at 7:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

BEL CANTO OPERA—James Richman conducting the final performances of J. C. Bach's "Amadis des Gaules," staged by Michel Beretti. With Thomas Bogdan, tenor, and Ann Monoyios, soprano. (Joan of Arc Junior High School, 154 W. 93rd St. Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 4, at 2:30. Tickets at the door on the days of the performances.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall, Andrew Davis conducting—Thursday and Friday, Nov. 1-2, and Tuesday, Nov. 6, at 8: An Oliver Knussen–Prokofieff–Beethoven program, with Glenn Dicterow, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 8, at 8; Friday, Nov. 9, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 10, at 8; and Tuesday, Nov. 13, at 7:30: A John Wyre–Mozart–Saint-Saëns program, with John Browning, piano; the Nexus Ensemble; and Mr. Davis acting as organ soloist.

LONDON PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA—Klaus Tennstedt conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 4, at 8, a Beethoven-Brahms program. . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 5, at 8, a Schubert-Mahler program.)

ENGLISH CONCERT—Trevor Pinnock conducting the orchestra and playing the harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 4, at 8.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Riccardo Muti conducting, with Pinchas Zukerman, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 6, at 8.)

ORCHESTRE NATIONAL DE LILLE—Jean-Claude Casadesus conducting, with Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 9, at 8.)

MANHATTAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Meir Minsky conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Nov. 2, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIC—Lukas Foss conducting a Mozart–Schubert–Richard Strauss program, with Roberta Peters, soprano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 9-10, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 11, at 2.)

NEW YORK CHORAL SOCIETY—Robert DeCormier directing a performance of Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis," with an orchestra and soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 2, at 8.)

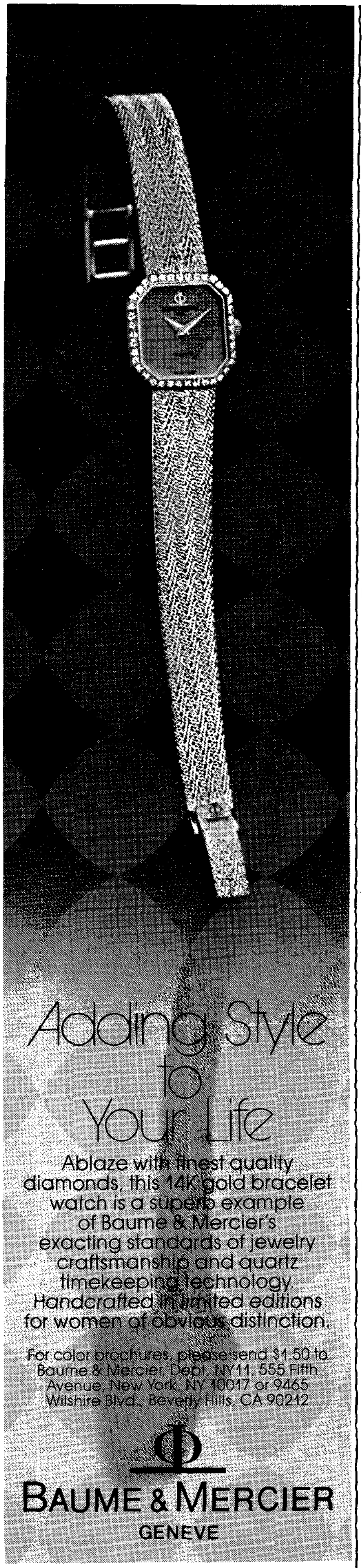
CANTERBURY CHORAL SOCIETY—Charles Dodsley Walker directing Palestrina's "Missa Brevis" and Bach's "Magnificat in D," with an orchestra and soloists. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Nov. 4, at 4. Admission by contribution.)

RECITALS

PORTLAND STRING QUARTET—Two concerts presenting the Ernest Bloch quartet cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesdays, Oct. 31 and Nov. 7, at 8.)

MELOS QUARTET STUTTGART—A Mozart-Bruckner program, with Atar Arad, viola. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 1, at 8.)

EMANUEL AX—Piano, in the first in a series of



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GENEVE

three concerts, this one with Felix Galimir, violin; John Graham, viola; and Timothy Eddy, cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Nov. 1, at 8.)

Menahem Pressler and the Emerson String Quartet—The first in a series of three programs of music for piano and strings. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Nov. 2, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Frederica von Stade, mezzo-soprano; James Buswell and Martha Caplin, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Richard Goode, piano; and others. (Alice Tully Hall, Friday, Nov. 2, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 4, at 5.)

Ivo Pogorelich—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8.)

Homero Francesch—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8.)

Hermann Baumann—Horn, with Samuel Sanders, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8.)

Calliope—A program of late-Renaissance and early-baroque music from English and Italian royal courts. With instrumental soloists. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8.)

Nathan Milstein—Violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Nov. 4, at 3.)

Salvatore Accardo—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 4, at 3.)

Emily Corbató—Piano. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, Nov. 4, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Archduke Trio—A Haydn-Beethoven-Ravel program. (St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, 225 W. 99th St. Sunday, Nov. 4, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

James Galway—Flute, with Phillip Moll, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Nov. 4, at 8.)

Steven Mayer—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Nov. 4, at 8.)

"The Met at the Met"—Chamber music performed by James Levine, conductor-pianist-harpsichordist, and members of the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Sunday, Nov. 4, at 8.)

Laurentian String Quartet—With Gervase de Peyer, clarinet, and Caroline Stoessinger, piano. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Monday, Nov. 5, at 7. No tickets necessary.)

Lucy Shelton—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

Gary Schocker—Flute, with Mary Jane Newman, harpsichord. (Church of the Holy Apostle, Ninth Ave. at 28th St. Monday, Nov. 5, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Alliance for American Song—A program of music for voice and string instruments. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

Washington Square Contemporary Music Series—The first in a series of three concerts, this one featuring the Poné Ensemble for New Music. (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. Monday, Nov. 5, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Emmanuel Wind Quintet—A program of twentieth-century music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Nov. 6, at 2.)

Vivian Taylor—Piano and harpsichord, with assisting artists. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Tuesday, Nov. 6, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

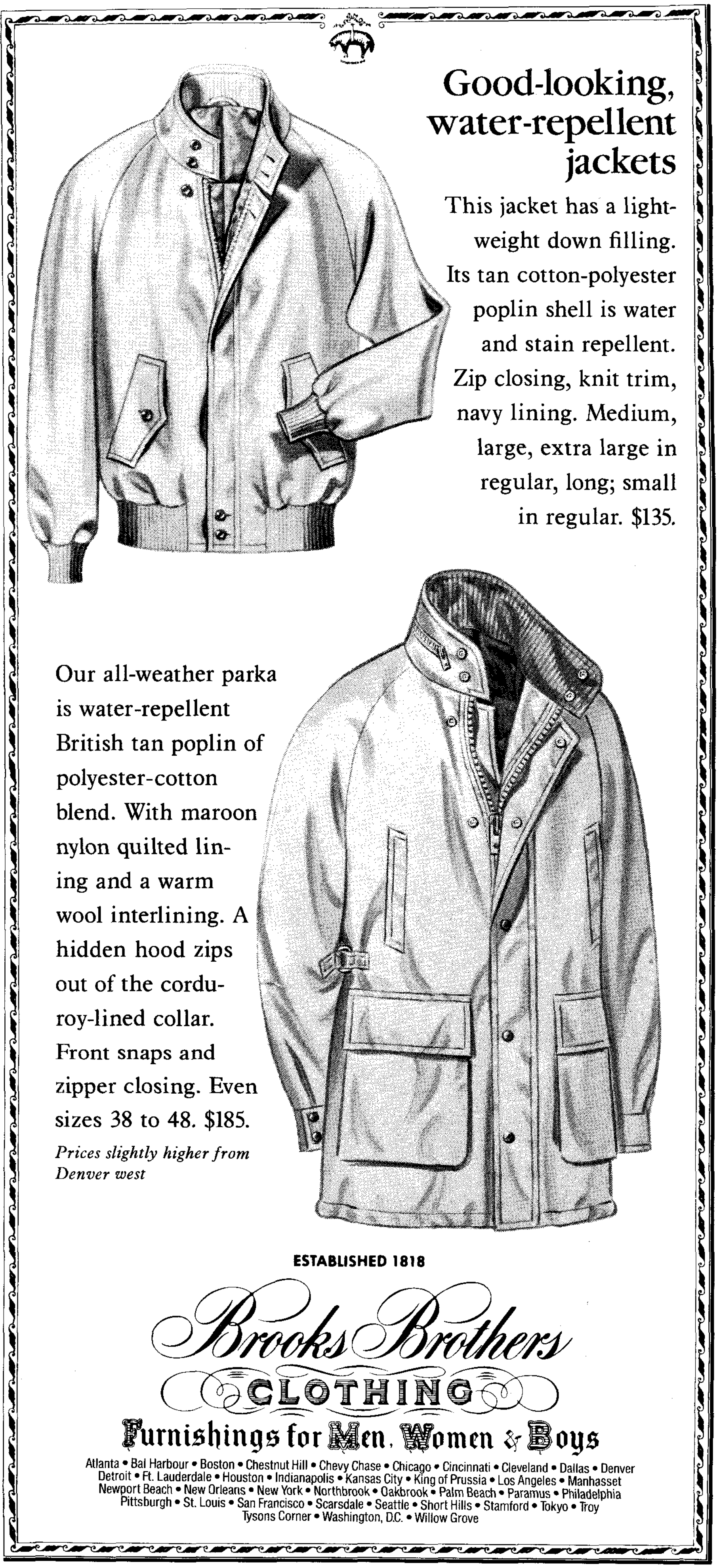
Ravi Shankar—Sitar. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 7, at 8.)

Kim Kashkashian—Viola. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Nov. 7, at 8.)

Joyce Lindorff—Harpsichord. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Nov. 7, at 8.)

New Music Consort—A program of music by Foss, Wuorinen, Stockhausen, and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 7, at 8.)

Rosalyn Tureck—Piano, in the second in a series of six all-Bach concerts celebrating the three-hundredth anniversary of the composer's



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

birth. With the Tureck Bach Players and vocal and instrumental soloists, conducted by Michael Charry and Miss Tureck. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 8, at 8.)

Kuijken Quartet—A program of baroque music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Nov. 8, at 8.)

Boehm Quintette—Chamber music for wind instruments. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Nov. 8, at 8.)

Mahmud Mirza—Sitar. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Nov. 9, at 8.)

Music from Marlboro—The first in a series of three concerts of chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Nov. 9, at 8.)

Harmonic Choir—David Hykes directing. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 9-10, at 8. For information about tickets, call 662-2133.)

Alicia de Larrocha—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

Kurt Moll—Bass. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

Paula Robison—Flute and narrator, with Jean-Yves Thibaudet, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

Alexander Schneider, Laurence Lesser, and Stephanie Brown—Violin, cello, and piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 10, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Yale Chamber Music Series—The first in a series of four concerts performed by various faculty members of the Yale University School of Music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Next Wave Festival—At the Brooklyn Academy of Music, the second annual presentation of a series of programs of contemporary works of dance, music, theatre, and visual effects: In the Opera House. Thursday, Nov. 1, at 7; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 2-3, at 8; and Sunday, Nov. 4, at 2: The **ELISA MONTE DANCE COMPANY** performing "Set in Stone" (première), "Pigs and Fishes," "Treading," "White Dragon" (New York première), and "Indoors" (American première). . . . ¶ In the Carey Playhouse. Saturday, Nov. 10, at 8: Tenor saxophonist **RICHARD LANDRY** performing a program of his own music, with percussionist David Van Tieghem. (30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Festival runs through Sunday, Dec. 23.)

SPORTS

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(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Knicks vs. Chicago, Thursday, Nov. 8, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Kansas City, Saturday, Nov. 10, at 7:30. . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Indiana, Saturday, Nov. 3. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Washington, Wednesday, Nov. 7. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Kansas City, Friday, Nov. 9. (Games begin at 7:30.)

College Football—**SATURDAY, NOV. 3:** Army vs. Air Force, at West Point, at 12:20. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Columbia, at Hanover, at 1. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Canisius, at Fordham, at 1. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Brown, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Notre Dame, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 12:20. . . . ¶ Princeton vs Pennsylvania, at Princeton, at 1. . . . ¶ Trinity vs. Amherst, at Hartford, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Wesleyan, at Williamstown, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Cornell, at New Haven, at 1:30. . . . **SATURDAY, NOV. 10:** Amherst vs. Williams, at Amherst, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Boston College vs. Army, at Chestnut Hill, at 12:20. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Dartmouth, at Providence, at 1. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Cornell, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Pace, at Fordham, at 1. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Harvard, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. West Virginia, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 12:20. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Navy, at Syracuse, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Trinity, at Middletown, at 1. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Princeton, at New Haven, at 1.

Professional Football—Sunday, Nov. 4: Jets vs. Miami Dolphins, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 4. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys, at Dallas.

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Rangers vs. Washington Capitals, Wednesday, Nov. 7, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Islanders, Friday, Nov. 9, at 7:35. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. St. Louis Blues, Tuesday, Nov. 6, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Saturday, Nov. 10, at 7:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Wednesday, Oct. 31. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Minnesota North Stars, Friday, Nov. 2. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Edmonton Oilers, Thursday, Nov. 8. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Washington Capitals, Saturday, Nov. 10. (Games begin at 7:35.)

Horse Show—National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Through Sunday, Nov. 4. Competitions daily at 1:30 and 7:30.)

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Daily, except Wednesday, Nov. 7, at 12:30. The East View, Wednesday, Oct. 31; the Long Island Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 3; the Pilgrim, Sunday, Nov. 4; the Discovery, Monday, Nov. 5; and the Stuyvesant Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 10. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Election Day at 1:30; through Monday, Dec. 31. The Long Look, Friday, Nov. 9.

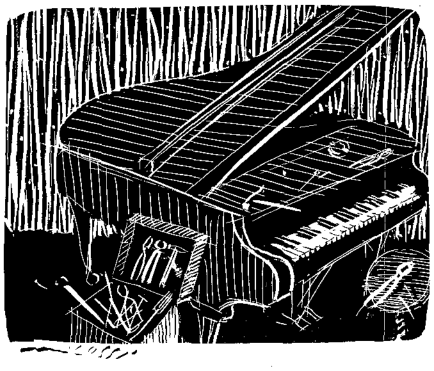
Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Nightly at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 3. . . . **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weeknights at 8, from Monday, Nov. 5, through Saturday, Jan. 12.

ET ALIA

Election Day—Tuesday, Nov. 6; the hours for voting are from 6 A.M. to 9 P.M.

Poetry Readings—An international poetry festival, featuring readings by forty poets. (Museum of Modern Art Titus 2 Theatre, 11 W. 53rd St. Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 31-Nov. 2, at 8:30. Free admission on a first-come, first-served basis; for schedule information, call 708-9520.) . . . ¶ Stephen Spender reading from his own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Nov. 5, at 8.) . . . ¶ John Ash and Wendell Berry reading from their own works. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Wednesday, Nov. 7, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . ¶ Ruth Stone reading from her own works. (Top of the Park, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Wednesday, Nov. 7, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Garden Shows—A hundred and fifty examples of Chinese rockery *penjing*, arranged to represent mountain peaks, caves, and other natural formations. A loan show celebrating the bicentennial of the opening of trade relations between the United States and China. (Brooklyn Botanic Garden, 1000 Washington Ave. Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 31-Nov. 2, from 10 to 4, and Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 3-4, from 11 to 4.) . . . ¶ A Japanese chrysanthemum exhibition, featuring life-size *kiku-ningyo* dolls whose costumes are fashioned from chrysanthemum plants, will open Saturday, Nov. 3, in the Enid A. Haupt Conservatory at the New York Botanical Garden. (Bronx Park. Daily, 10 to 4.)



Auctions—At **SOTHEBY'S,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday, Oct. 31, at 7, and Thursday, Nov. 1, at 10:15: Contemporary art. Admission to the Wednesday sale by ticket only; for information, call 606-7245. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 1, at 10:15 and 2: Paperweights, from the collection of the Corning Museum of Glass and from other sources. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 3, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth-century furniture and decorative art. . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 5, at 10:15 and 2: Photographs. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 2. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 7, at 2: Old Master paintings. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 3. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Nov. 8-9, at 10 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century and Old Master prints. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 3. . . . **CHRISTIE'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Thursday, Nov. 1, at 7, and Friday, Nov. 2, at 10 and 2: Contemporary art. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 7, at 10: Chinese Export porcelain and other works of art. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 3.

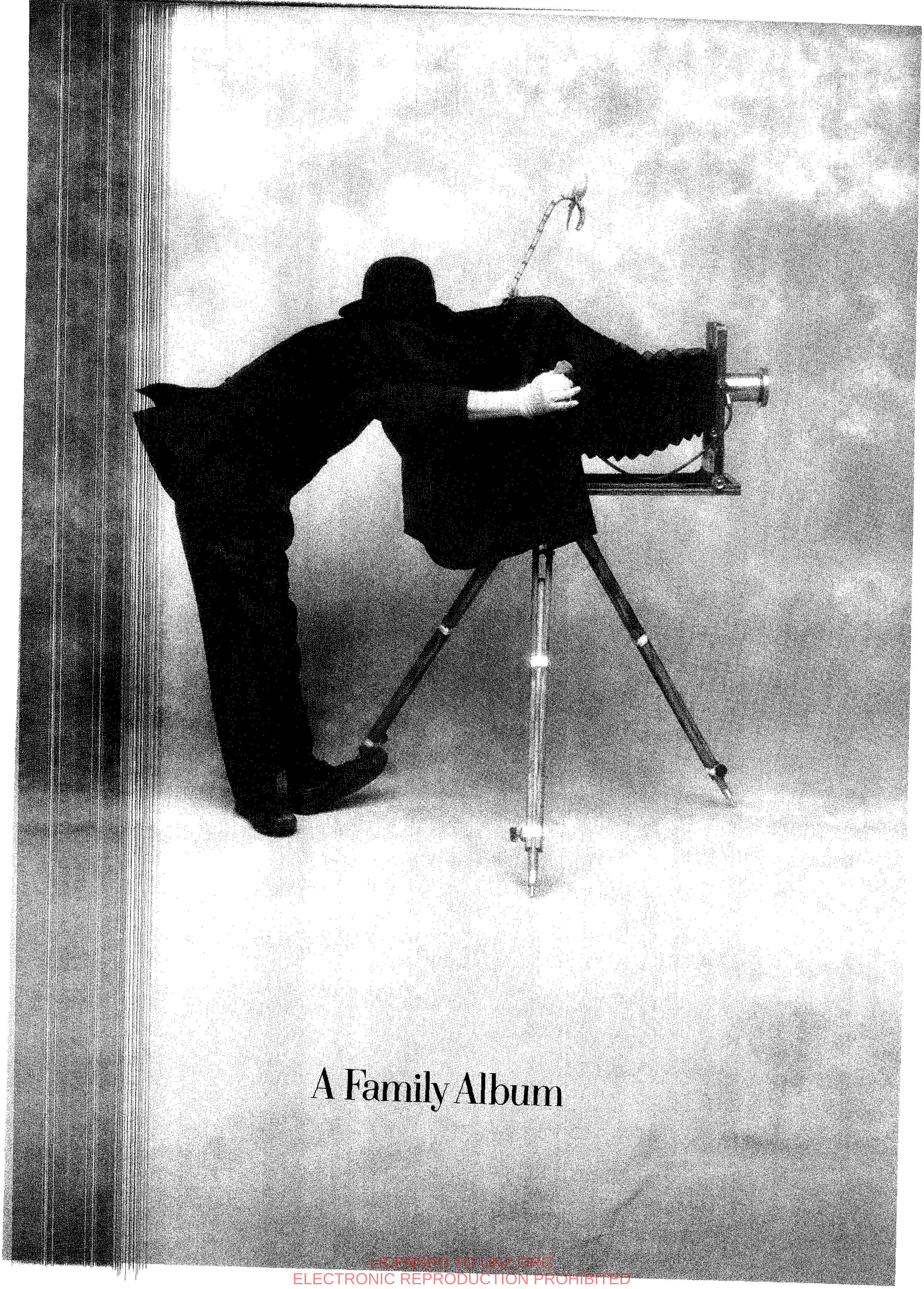
COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Music—**METROPOLITAN OPERA** (362-6000): The season continues through April 20. . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL** (874-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 25. . . . ¶ Christa Ludwig, mezzo-soprano, and James Levine, piano, Nov. 11. . . . ¶ King's Singers, Nov. 16. . . . ¶ Emanuel Ax, piano, and Yo-Yo Ma, cello, Nov. 18. . . . ¶ Renata Scotto, soprano, and Guiseppe Giacomini, tenor, Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Marilyn Horne, mezzo-soprano, Dec. 2. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL** (247-7800): American Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 11 and Dec. 9. . . . ¶ Richard Tucker Benefit Concert, Nov. 11. . . . ¶ Alexis Weissenberg, piano, Nov. 14. . . . ¶ Gewandhaus Orchestra of Leipzig, Nov. 15, 18, and 19. . . . ¶ Emanuel Ax, piano, and Yo-Yo Ma, cello, Nov. 17. . . . ¶ Opera Orchestra of New York, Nov. 20. . . . ¶ Carlos Montoya, flamenco guitarist, Nov. 24. . . . ¶ Handel Opera Festival, Nov. 25. . . . ¶ Solisti New York, Nov. 26. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Nov. 27. . . . ¶ New York Pops, Nov. 30. . . . ¶ Russell Sherman, piano, Dec. 3. . . . ¶ Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano, Dec. 4. . . . ¶ Rudolf Serkin, piano, Dec. 5. . . . ¶ Rosalyn Tureck, piano, Dec. 6. . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL** (362-1911): Music from Marlboro, Nov. 12. . . . ¶ Waverly Consort, Nov. 15 and 17. . . . ¶ Boston Philharmonic, Nov. 17. . . . ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Nov. 18-20, Nov. 30, and Dec. 2. . . . ¶ Orchestra of the Eighteenth Century, Nov. 18. . . . ¶ Elly Ameling, soprano, Nov. 25. . . . ¶ David Jolley, horn, Nov. 28. . . . ¶ American Composers Orchestra, Nov. 29 and Dec. 3. . . . **KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL,** 92nd Street Y (427-4410): Y Chamber Symphony, Nov. 17-18 and 24. . . . ¶ Heinz Holliger, oboe, Nov. 20. . . . ¶ John Cheek, bass-baritone, and James Levine, piano, Nov. 27. . . . ¶ Richard Stoltzman, clarinet, and Richard Goode, piano, Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Howard Aibel, piano, Dec. 2. . . . ¶ Eugenia Zukerman, flute, and Anthony Newman, harpsichord, Dec. 8. . . . **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM,** Metropolitan Museum (570-3949): Jorge Bolet, piano, Nov. 16. . . . ¶ Homero Francesch, piano, and the Melos Quartet, Nov. 18. . . . ¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Nov. 26 and Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Guarneri Quartet, Nov. 30. . . . **TOWN HALL** (840-2824): Philharmonia Virtuosi, Nov. 20. . . . **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (564-4400): Luciano Pavarotti, tenor, Nov. 16.

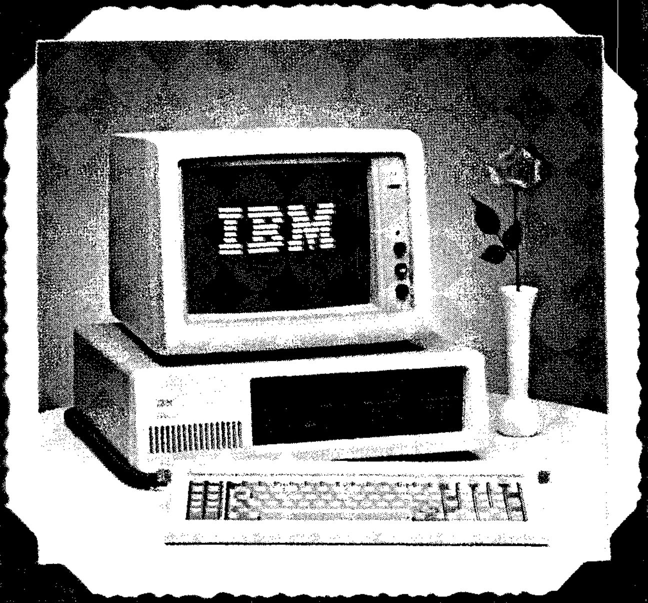
Dance—New York City Ballet, at the New York State Theatre, Nov. 20-Feb. 24. . . . ¶ Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre, at the City Center, Nov. 28-Dec. 23.

Other Dates—Veterans Day is Sunday, Nov. 11; Monday, Nov. 12, will be a holiday. . . . ¶ National Postage Stamp Show, at Madison Square Garden Exposition Rotunda, Nov. 15-18. . . . ¶ Thanksgiving Day is Thursday, Nov. 22.



A Family Album

The IBM PC Family



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SUPER EASY TO USE. The same extraordinary engineering that went into making the Super Pro so powerful and efficient makes it even easier to use. The new, radically improved Cuisinart Large Feed Tube is *much* more convenient. Now, you don't even have to turn it. A totally new locking system lets you work it with one hand. So you can make whole, precise slices from foods as large as tomatoes, potatoes, oranges and onions, with even less effort than before.

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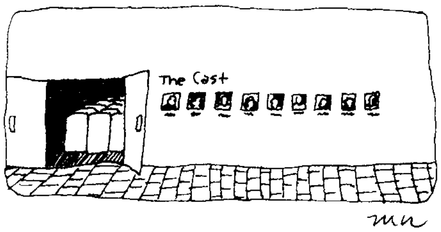
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 28.

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
"The Ploughman's Lunch" (directed by Richard Eyre), with Jonathan Pryce, Tim Curry, and Rosemary Harris.

R.K.O. CENTURY ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"The Little Drummer Girl" (George Roy Hill), with Diane Keaton.

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Nov. 1: "Revenge of the Nerds" (Jeff Kanew), with Robert Carradine and Anthony Edwards; and "To Be or Not to Be" (Alan Johnson), with Mel Brooks and Anne Bancroft.
Nov. 2-8: "All of Me" (†); and another feature, to be announced.
From Nov. 9: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Nov. 8: "Terror in the Aisles" (Andrew Kuehn), with Donald Pleasence and Nancy Allen.
From Nov. 9: "Oh, God! You Devil" (Paul Bogart), with George Burns.

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"A Soldier's Story" (Norman Jewison), with Howard E. Rollins, Jr., and Adolph Caesar.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"American Dreamer" (Rick Rosenthal), with JoBeth Williams and Tom Conti.

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Thief of Hearts" (Douglas Day Stewart), with Steven Bauer and Barbara Williams.
Theatre 2: "Firstborn" (Michael Apted), with Teri Garr and Peter Weller.
Theatre 3: "The Terminator" (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Places in the Heart" (†).

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"All of Me" (†).

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"American Dreamer" (Rick Rosenthal), with JoBeth Williams and Tom Conti.

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Give My Regards to Broad Street" (Peter Webb), with Paul McCartney.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through Nov. 8: "Comfort and Joy" (Bill Forsyth), with Bill Paterson and C. P. Grogan.
From Nov. 9: "Paris, Texas" (Wim Wenders).

MANHATTAN I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Body Double" (Brian De Palma), with Craig Wasson, Gregg Henry, and Melanie Griffith.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 8: "Body Double." From Nov. 9: "No Small Affair" (Jerry Schatzberg), with Jon Cryer and Demi Moore.

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "A Soldier's Story" (Norman Jewison), with Howard E. Rollins, Jr., and Adolph Caesar.
Theatre 2: Oct. 31: "Places in the Heart" (†). From Nov. 1: "Choose Me" (Alan Rudolph), with Keith Carradine, Geneviève Bujold, and Lesley Ann Warren.

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Oct. 31: "The Adventures of Buckaroo Banzai" (†).
From Nov. 1: "Not for Publication" (Paul Bartel), with Nancy Allen, David Naughton, and Laurence Luckinbill.

CINEMA I AND II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 1: Theatre closed From Nov. 2: "The Killing Fields" (Roland Joffe), with Sam Waterston.
Theatre 2: "The Little Drummer Girl" (George Roy Hill), with Diane Keaton.

GEMINI I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Oct. 31: "Once Upon a Time in America" (Sergio Leone), with Robert De Niro and James Woods. The full three-hour-and-forty-five-and-a-half-minute version. From Nov. 1: "Places in the Heart" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 8: "Crimes of Passion" (Ken Russell), with Kathleen Turner and Anthony Perkins. From Nov. 9: "Oh, God! You Devil" (Paul Bogart), with George Burns.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Country" (†).

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at. 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Terror in the Aisles" (Andrew Kuehn), with Donald Pleasence and Nancy Allen.
Theatre 2: "Firstborn" (Michael Apted), with Teri Garr and Peter Weller.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (Jamie Uys).

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Amadeus" (†).

U. A. 85TH ST. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Nov. 8: "Terror in the Aisles" (Andrew Kuehn), with Donald Pleasence and Nancy Allen.
From Nov. 9: "Oh, God! You Devil" (Paul Bogart), with George Burns.

LOEWS ORPHEUM I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Thief of Hearts" (Douglas Day Stewart), with Steven Bauer and Barbara Williams.
Theatre 2: "The Terminator" (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Body Double" (Brian De Palma), with Craig Wasson, Gregg Henry, and Melanie Griffith.

R.K.O. CENTURY 86TH ST. TWIN, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "The Little Drummer Girl" (George Roy Hill), with Diane Keaton.
Theatre 2: "All of Me" (†).

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM I AND 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "Ghost Dance" (1983; directed by Ken McMullen; in English and French), with Pascale Ogier.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 1: "The Conformist" (†). From Nov. 2: "Nicaragua: No Pasaran" (David Bradbury), a documentary.

VANDAM, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Through Nov. 1: "Burroughs" (Howard Brookner), a documentary.
Nov. 2-8: A week-long program of films by Christian Blackwood.
From Nov. 9: To be announced.

WAVERLY I AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Crimes of Passion" (Ken Russell), with Kathleen Turner and Anthony Perkins.
Theatre 2: "Body Double" (Brian De Palma), with Craig Wasson, Gregg Henry, and Melanie Griffith.

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE I AND 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Country" (†).
Theatre 2: "Garbo Talks" (Sidney Lumet), with Anne Bancroft and Ron Silver.

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 1: "Teachers" (Arthur Hiller), with Nick Nolte, Judd Hirsch, and JoBeth Williams. Nov. 2-8: "Full Moon in Paris" (Eric Rohmer; in French). From Nov. 9: "A Nightmare on Elm Street" (Wes Craven), with John Saxon and Ronee Blakley.
Theatre 2: "All of Me" (†).
Theatre 3: "Metropolis" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Terminator" (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"A Soldier's Story" (Norman Jewison), with Howard E. Rollins, Jr., and Adolph Caesar.

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Razor's Edge" (John Byrum), with Bill Murray and Theresa Russell.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through Nov. 1: "Mr. Hulot's Holiday" (†) and "Mon Oncle" (†).
From Nov. 2: A thirteen-day festival of François Truffaut films.

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Stop Making Sense" (Jonathan Demme), with the Talking Heads.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Swann in Love" (†).

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Little Drummer Girl" (George Roy Hill), with Diane Keaton.

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Amadeus" (†).

LINCOLN PLAZA I, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 8: "Full Moon in Paris" (Eric Rohmer; in French). From Nov. 9: "A Love in Germany" (Abdrzej Wajda; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Marie-Christine Barrault.
Theatre 2: "A Nos Amours" (Maurice Pialat; in French).
Theatre 3: "Diary for My Children" (Márta Mészáros; in Hungarian).

CINEMA STUDIO I AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Bizet's Carmen" (†).
Theatre 2: "Stranger Than Paradise" (Jim Jarmusch), with John Lurie, Richard Edson, and Eszter Balint.

EMBASSY 72ND ST. I AND 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Another Country" (Marek Kanievska), with Rupert Everett.
Theatre 2: "The Brother from Another Planet" (John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles.

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Garbo Talks" (Sidney Lumet), with Anne Bancroft and Ron Silver.
Theatre 2: "American Dreamer" (Rick Rosenthal), with JoBeth Williams and Tom Conti.
Theatre 3: "The Little Drummer Girl" (George Roy Hill), with Diane Keaton.
Theatre 4: "Country" (†).

NEW YORKER I AND 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 8: "All of Me" (†). From Nov. 9: "No Small Affair" (Jerry Schatzberg), with Jon Cryer and Demi Moore.
Theatre 2: "Body Double" (Brian De Palma), with Craig Wasson, Gregg Henry, and Melanie Griffith.

OLYMPIA QUAD, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 8: "Crimes of Passion" (Ken Russell), with Kathleen Turner and Anthony Perkins. From Nov. 9: "A Nightmare on Elm Street" (Wes Craven), with John Saxon and Ronee Blakley.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 1: "Teachers" (Arthur Hiller), with Nick Nolte, Judd Hirsch, and JoBeth Williams. From Nov. 2: "Purple Rain" (†) and "The Road Warrior" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Terminator" (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
Theatre 4: "Terror in the Aisles" (Andrew Kuehn), with Donald Pleasence and Nancy Allen.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION THEATRES, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Give My Regards to Broad Street" (directed by Peter Webb), with Paul McCartney.
Theatre 2: "Terror in the Aisles" (Andrew

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Kuehn), with Donald Pleasence and Nancy Allen.

Theatre 3: "Teachers" (Arthur Hiller), with Nick Nolte, Judd Hirsch, and JoBeth Williams.

Theatre 4: "Savage Streets" (Danny Steinmann), with Linda Blair and John Vernon.

Theatre 5: "American Dreamer" (Rick Rosenthal), with JoBeth Williams and Tom Conti.

Theatre 6: "All of Me" (†).

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Firstborn" (Michael Apted), with Teri Garr and Peter Weller.

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Ghostbusters" (†).
Theatre 3: "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Brother from Another Planet" (John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles.

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Crimes of Passion" (Ken Russell), with Kathleen Turner and Anthony Perkins.

LOEWS STATE 1 AND 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: "Thief of Hearts" (Douglas Day Stewart), with Steven Bauer and Barbara Williams.
Theatre 2 "The Terminator" (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

MOVIELAND, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Purple Rain" (†).

NEW EMBASSY 49TH STREET, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"The Jungle Book" (1967), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

R.K.O. CENTURY NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Places in the Heart" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Evil That Men Do" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson and José Ferrer.

R.K.O. CENTURY WARNER TWIN, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: "Ninja III: The Domination" (Sam Firstenberg), with Sho Kosugi and Lucinda Dickey.
Theatre 2: "The Little Drummer Girl" (George Roy Hill), with Diane Keaton.

U. A. TWIN 1 AND 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: "Body Double" (Brian De Palma), with Craig Wasson, Gregg Henry, and Melanie Griffith.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 1: "Country" (†). From Nov. 2: To be announced.

REVIVAL HOUSES

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA 1, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Oct. 31: "Night of the Living Dead" (1968; directed by George A. Romero), with Duane Jones; and "The Hellstrom Chronicle" (1971: Walon Green).
Nov. 1: "Trash" (1970; Paul Morrissey), with Joe Dallesandro and Holly Woodlawn; and "Going Places" (1974; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Miou-Miou, and Patrick Dewaere.
Nov. 2-3: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (1976; Nicolas Roeg) with David Bowie, Rip Torn, Candy Clark, and Buck Henry.
Nov. 4-5: "The Atomic Café" (1982; Kevin Rafferty, Jayne Loader, and Pierce Rafferty); and "Return of the Secaucus 7" (1980; John Sayles).
Nov. 6: "Z" (1969; Costa-Gavras; in French), with Yves Montand, Irene Papas, and Jean-Louis Trintignant; and "State of Siege" (1973; Costa-Gavras; in French), with Yves Montand.
Nov. 7: "The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser" (†); and "Meetings with Remarkable Men" (1979; Peter Brook), with Terence Stamp and Dragan Maksimovic.
Nov. 8: "Time Stands Still" (1982; Péter Gothár; in Hungarian); and "A Slave of Love" (1978; Nikita Mikhalkov; in Russian), with Yelena Solovei.
Nov. 9-10: "Gimme Shelter" (1970; David Maysles, Albert Maysles, and Charlotte Zwerin), about the Rolling Stones; and "Heartland Reggae" (1980; Jim Lewis), a concert film.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
"The Times of Harvey Milk" (1984; Robert Epstein), a documentary.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Nov. 1: "Frankenstein" (1931; James Whale), with Boris Karloff, Mae Clark, and John Boles; and "Dracula" (1931; Tod Browning), with Bela Lugosi, Helen Chandler, David Manners, and Dwight Frye.
Nov. 2-3: "The King of Comedy" (1983; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Jerry Lewis; and "Stardust Memories" (1980; Woody Allen), with Allen, Charlotte Rampling, Jessica Harper, Marie-Christine Barrault, and Tony Roberts.
Nov. 4-6: "Raging Bull" (1980; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Cathy Moriarty, and Joe Pesci; and "Mean Streets" (1973; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel.
Nov. 7-8: "Lolita" (1962; Stanley Kubrick), with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters; and "Baby Doll" (1956; Elia Kazan), with Karl Malden, Carroll Baker, and Eli Wallach.
Nov. 9-10: "Blow-Up" (†); and "The Passenger" (1975; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider.

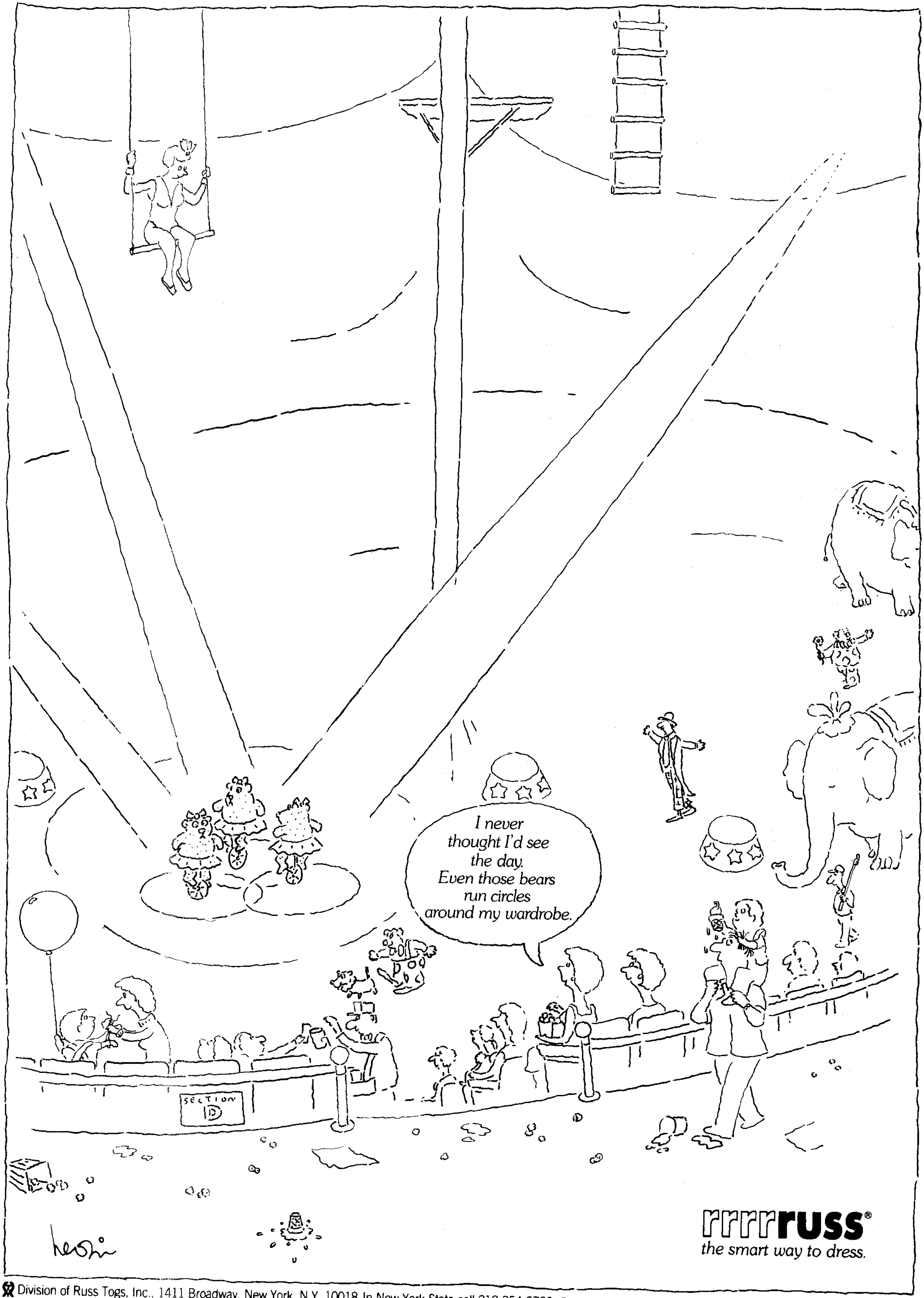
8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Repo Man" (†).

HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Oct. 31: "Firestarter" (1984; Mark L. Lester), with David Keith and Drew Barrymore; "Carrie" (1976; Brian De Palma), with Sissy Spacek, John Travolta, and Piper Laurie; and "Christine" (1983; John Carpenter), with Keith Gordon.
Nov. 1-3: "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "King of Hearts" (1967; Philippe de Broca; in French and English), with Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold.
Nov. 4-5: "The Magnificent Seven" (†); and "The Good, the Bad and the Ugly" (1968; Sergio Leone), with Clint Eastwood.
Nov. 6-7: "La Nuit de Varennes" (1981; Ettore Scole; in French), with Harvey Keitel, Marcello Mastroianni, and Laura Betti; and "Danton" (1983; Andrzej Wajda; in French), with Gérard Depardieu.
Nov. 8-10: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (†) and "On the Waterfront" (†).

HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Nov. 1: "1941" (1979; Steven Spielberg), with Dan Aykroyd, John Belushi, and Robert Stack; "Animal House" (1978; John Landis), with John Belushi, Tim Matheson, John Vernon, and Verna Bloom; and "The Blues Brothers" (1980; John Landis), with John Belushi, Dan Aykroyd, Aretha Franklin, and Carrie Fisher.
Nov. 2-3: "From Here to Eternity" (1953; Fred Zinnemann), with Burt Lancaster, Montgomery Clift, Frank Sinatra, Deborah Kerr, and Donna Reed; and "Suddenly, Last Summer" (1959; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, and Katharine Hepburn.
Nov. 4: "Lost Horizon" (1937; Frank Capra), with Ronald Colman, Margo, Sam Jaffe, and Edward Everett Horton; "All the King's Men" (†); and "Golden Boy" (†).
Nov. 5-6: "Divine Madness" (1980; Michael Ritchie), with Bette Midler; and "The Rose" (1979; Mark Rydell), with Bette Midler, Alan Bates, and Frederic Forrest.
Nov. 7-8: "Police Academy" (1984; Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall; and "Splash" (1984; Ron Howard), with Tom Hanks, Daryl Hannah, and John Candy.
Nov. 9-10: "Being There" (1979; Hal Ashby), with Peter Sellers, Shirley MacLaine, Melvyn Douglas, and Jack Warden; and "The Magic Christian" (†).

METRO CINEMA, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Oct. 31: "A Place in the Sun" (1951; George Stevens), with Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters; and "The Misfits" (1961; John Huston), with Clark Gable, Marilyn Monroe, and Montgomery Clift.
Nov. 1: "The American Friend" (1977; Wim Wenders), with Dennis Hopper and Bruno Ganz; and "Lightning Over Water" (1981: Nicholas Ray and Wim Wenders).
Nov. 2: "The Draughtsman's Contract" (1983; Peter Greenaway), with Anthony Higgins and Janet Suzman; and "The Return of Martin Guerre" (1983; Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye.
Nov. 3: "The Leopard" (1963; Luchino Visconti; in Italian), with Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon, and Claudia Cardinale.
Nov. 4: A program of cartoons by Chuck Jones.
Nov. 5: A program of cartoons by Tex Avery.
Nov. 6: A program of cartoons by Bob Clampett.
Nov. 7: "L'Avventura" (†) and "Story of a Love Affair" (†).
Nov. 8: "Hammett" (1983; Wim Wenders), with Frederic Forrest; and "The State of Things" (1983; Wim Wenders).
From Nov. 9: "La Petite Bande" (1983; Michel Deville; a French film, with no dialogue).

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Nov. 1: "In a Lonely Place" (1950; Nicholas Ray), with Humphrey Bogart and Gloria Grahame; and "Dead End" (1937; William Wyler), with Sylvia Sidney, Joel McCrea, Humphrey Bogart, and the Dead End Kids.
Nov. 2-3: "Carefree" (1938; Mark Sandrich), with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Jack Carson, Luella Gear, and Ralph Bellamy; and "Three Little Words" (1950; Richard Thorpe), with Fred Astaire, Vera-Ellen, Red Skelton, and Keenan Wynn.
Nov. 4-5: "What Price Hollywood" (†); and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"Sullivan's Travels" (1941; Preston Sturges), with Veronica Lake and Joel McCrea.
Nov. 6-7: "Harper" (†) and "The Hustler" (†).
Nov. 8-10: "Sing, Baby, Sing" (1936; Sidney Lanfield), with Alice Faye and Adolphe Menjou; and "Broadway Melody of 1936" (1935; Roy Del Ruth), with Eleanor Powell and Jack Benny.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Oct. 31: "Tales from the Crypt" (1972; Freddie Francis), a five-episode film; and "Dr. Terror's House of Horrors" (1965; Freddie Francis), with Peter Cushing and Christopher Lee.
Nov. 1: "The Big Heat" (1953; Fritz Lang), with Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame, Alexander Scourby, and Lee Marvin; "Violent Saturday" (1955; Richard Fleischer), with Victor Mature, Richard Egan, and Stephen McNally; and "Railroaded" (1947; *Anthony Mann), with John Ireland and Sheila* Ryan.
Nov. 2: "Bringing Up Baby" (1938; Howard Hawks), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Charles Ruggles; and "Monkey Business" (1952; Howard Hawks), with Cary Grant, Ginger Rogers, Charles Coburn, and Marilyn Monroe.
Nov. 3: "A Boy and His Dog" (1976; L. Q. Jones), with Don Johnson and Jason Robards; and "Cafe Flesh" (1983).
Nov. 4: "Crossroads" (†); and "Street Angel" (1928; Frank Borzage; a silent film), with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell.
Nov. 5: "Band of Outsiders" (1964; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina, Sami Frey, and Claude Brasseur; and "A Woman Is a Woman" (†).
Nov. 6: "Being There" (1979; Hal Ashby), with Peter Sellers, Shirley MacLaine, Melvyn Douglas, and Jack Warden; and "The Hotel New Hampshire" (1984; Tony Richardson), with Jodie Foster and Beau Bridges.
Nov. 7: "The Virgin and the Gypsy" (1970; Christopher Miles), with Joanna Shimkus and Franco Nero; and "The Rocking Horse Winner" (†).
Nov. 8: "Where the Sidewalk Ends" (1950; Otto Preminger), with Gene Tierney, Dana Andrews, and Gary Merrill; "The Dark Corner" (1946; Henry Hathaway), with Lucille Ball, Mark Stevens, and Clifton Webb; and "He Walked by Night" (1949; Alfred Werker), with Richard Basehart and Scott Brady.
Nov. 9-10: "Fleurs Sauvages" (1982; Jean-Pierre Lefebvre); and "Le Vieux Pays Où Rimbaud Est Mort" (1976; Jean-Pierre Lefebvre).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Oct. 31: "Freaks" (1932; Tod Browning), with Olga Baclanova, Leila Hyams, and Wallace Ford; and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (1932; Rouben Mamoulian), with Miriam Hopkins, Fredric March, and Rose Hobart.
Nov. 1: "Test Pilot" (1938; Victor Fleming), with Myrna Loy, Clark Gable, and Spencer Tracy; and "Too Hot to Handle" (1938; Jack Conway), with Myrna Loy, Clark Gable, and Walter Pidgeon.
Nov. 2-3: "The Philadelphia Story" (1940; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, Cary Grant, and Ruth Hussey; and "Bringing Up Baby" (1938; Howard Hawks) *with Katharine Hepburn,* Cary Grant, and Charles Ruggles.
Nov. 4: "East of Eden" (1955; Elia Kazan), with Julie Harris, James Dean, Raymond Massey, and Richard Davalos; and "Rebel *Without a Cause" (1955; Nicholas Ray),* with James Dean, Natalie Wood, and Sal Mineo.
Nov. 5: "La Bête Humaine" (†); and "La Grande Illusion" (1937; Jean Renoir; in French), with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio.
Nov. 6: "West Side Story" (1961; Robert Wise), with Natalie Wood, Richard Beymer, Russ Tamblyn, Rita Moreno, and George Chakiris; and "Yellow Submarine" (†).
Nov. 7: "The Hucksters" (†); and "East Side, West Side" (1949; Mervyn LeRoy), with Barbara Stanwyck, James Mason, Ava Gardner, and Van Heflin.
Nov. 8: "Witness for the Prosecution" (1958; Billy Wilder), with Tyrone Power, Marlene Dietrich, Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester, and Una O'Connor; and "Witness to Murder" (1954; Roy Rowland), with Barbara Stanwyck, George Sanders, and Gary Merrill.
Nov. 9-10: "On the Waterfront" (†); and *"The Wild One" (1954; Laslo Benedek),* with Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy, and Lee Marvin.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)
Theatre 1: Nov. 1 at 2:30: "Blighty" (1927; directed by Adrian Brunel; a silent film), with Nadia Sibirskaia, Ellaline Terriss, and Jameson Thomas. . . . ¶ Nov. 1 at 6: "The Good Companions" (1933; Victor Saville), with Jessie Matthews, Edmund Gwenn, John Gielgud, and Max Miller. . . . ¶ Nov. 2 at 2:30: "The Sea Urchin" (1926; Graham Cutts; a silent film), with Betty Balfour. . . . ¶ Nov. 2 at 6:30: "The Lodger: A Story of the London Fog" (1926; Alfred Hitchcock; a silent film), with Ivor Novello. . . . ¶ Nov. 3 at 2: "The Rat" (1926; Graham Cutts; a silent film), with Ivor Novello, Mae Marsh, and Isabel Jeans. . . . ¶ Nov. 3 at 5: "Blighty." . . . ¶ Nov. 4 at 2: "Sunshine Susie" (1931; Victor Saville), with Renate Müller and Jack Hulbert. . . . ¶ Nov. 4 at 5: "Rome Express" (1932; Walter Forde), with Conrad Veidt, Esther Ralston, Cedric Hardwicke, and Gordon Harker. . . . ¶ Nov. 5 at 2:30: "The Faithful Heart" (1932; Victor Saville), with Herbert Marshall and Edna Best. . . . ¶ Nov. 5 at 6: "The Sea Urchin." . . . ¶ Nov. 6 at 2:30: "Rome Express." . . . ¶ Nov. 6 at 6: "Sunshine Susie." . . . ¶ Nov. 8 at 2:30: "Jack's the Boy" (1932; Walter Forde), with Cicely Courtneidge and Jack Hulbert. . . . ¶ Nov. 8 at 6: "The Faithful Heart." . . . ¶ Nov. 9 at 2:30 and Nov. 10 at 2: "Little Friend" (1934; Berthold Viertel), with Matheson Lang, Lydia Sherwood, and Nova Pilbeam. . . . ¶ Nov. 10 at 5: "Friday the Thirteenth" (1933; Victor Saville), with Jessie Matthews, Ralph Richardson, and Robertson Hare.
Theatre 2: Nov. 1 at 6:30 and Nov. 2 at 3: Two different programs of animated films shown at the Zagreb and Toronto Festivals. . . . ¶ Nov. 2 at 6: A program of Bulgarian animated films. . . . ¶ Nov. 3 at 2:30 and 5:30, Nov. 4 at 6, and Nov. 5 at 3: Three different programs of animated films shown at the Zagreb and Toronto Festivals. . . . ¶ Nov. 5 at 6:30: Animated films by John Canemaker, who will be present. . . . ¶ Nov. 6 at 3 and 6:30: "Nisei Soldier" (1984) and "Free Namibia" (1983), both documentaries. . . . ¶ Nov. 8 at 6:30: Polish animated films by Jerzy Kucia. . . . ¶ Nov. 9 at 3: Three Portuguese documentaries by Manoel de Oliveira. . . . ¶ Nov. 9 at 6:30: "Francisca" (1981; Manoel de Oliveira; in *Portuguese, with English subtitles),* with Teresa Meneses. Mr. de Oliveira will be present. . . . ¶ Nov. 10 at 2:30: "Aniki-Bóbó" (1942; Manoel de Oliveira; in Portuguese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 10 at 5:30: Three Portuguese documentaries by Manoel de Oliveira. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—"Machinery for the Re-education of a Delinquent Dictator," an installation by Doug Hall. Continuous showings Tuesdays, 1 to 8; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; and Sundays, noon to 6. Mr. Hall will be present on Thursday, Nov. 1, at 2. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

The Adventures of Buckaroo Banzai—A kind of fermented parody of "M*A*S*H," "Star Wars," "Raiders of the Lost Ark," and the TV series "The A-Team," in which Dr. Buckaroo Banzai (Peter Weller), the half-Japanese, half-American hero, is a neurosurgeon, a physicist, a jet-car racer (who goes right through a mountain), and the leader of Team Banzai—seven dapper, whiz-bang *Renaissance men.* The director, W. D. Richter, and the scriptwriter, Earl Mac Rauch, have an unmoored hipsterism and a lot of inventiveness. John Lithgow, the mad-genius villain, gives the movie the anchor it needs. *(Reviewed in our issue of 8/20/84.)* (D. W. Griffith; Oct. 31.)

All of Me—Steve Martin is Roger, a lawyer, and Lily Tomlin is Edwina, a rich spinster who has been bedridden since infancy and is about to die. Her spirit pops into Roger's body, and enters into joint occupancy with him. This is the nifty premise of a romantic comedy about how two antagonists in the same body fall in love and find happiness, and parts of it give viewers the kind of giddy pleasure that is often what we most want from the movies. (9/17/84) (Eastside Cinema, R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Quad Cinema, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ New Yorker; through Nov. 8. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 2-8.)

All the King's Men (1949)—Broderick Crawford's Willie Stark just might make you feel better about the President you've got. Robert Penn Warren's novel about the rise of a bullheaded demagogue (modelled on Huey Long) was turned into a rousing melodrama, full of graft, double-dealing, and strong-arm excitement. Robert Rossen adapted the novel and directed. With Mercedes McCambridge, John Ireland, Joanne Dru, John Derek, and Shepperd Strudwick; cinematography by Burnett Guffey. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Nov. 4.)

Amadeus—The lofty playwright Peter Shaffer has the minor composer Salieri (F. Murray Abraham) declaring war on Heaven for gypping him, and determined to ruin the incomparable Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (Tom Hulce) because God's voice is speaking *through him. The story is told to a priest* (and to us) many years later, by the mad, suicidal old Salieri, and there is the suggestion that what we're seeing is his delusion, but the weight of the production, which is reminiscent of big biographical movies such as "The Life of Emile Zola" and "A Song to Remember," asserts its own kind of authority. The director, Miloš Forman, trudges through the movie as if every step were a major contribution to art, and he keeps the audience hooked. Some redeeming qualities: Mozart's music, Twyla Tharp's staging of the dances and opera excerpts, Abraham's eager, slimy Salieri, Jeffrey Jones' amusingly vapid Emperor Joseph II, and downtown Prague as eighteenth-century Vienna. (10/29/84) (Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount.)

L'Avventura (1959)—Antonioni's study of the human condition at the higher social and economic levels—a study of adjusted, compromising modern man, afflicted by short memory, thin remorse, the capacity for easy betrayal. This is upper-class neorealism—the poetry of moral and spiritual poverty. There had been nothing like it before, and it isn't fair to blame this movie for all the elegant sleepwalking and desolation that followed. There's something great here—a new mood, a new emotional rhythm—even with all the affectation. Léa Massari is the woman who quarrels with her architect lover (Gabriele Ferzetti) and then disappears from the uninhabited island they're visiting; Monica Vitti is her friend who takes up the search and *then takes her place with the architect.* In Italian. (Metro Cinema; Nov. 7.)

La Bête Humaine (1938)—Jean Renoir's version of the Zola novel, transferred from the Second Empire to the thirties, has marvellous atmosphere and a *fine cast* (Jean Gabin, Simone Simon, Carette, Fernand Ledoux, Blanchette Brunoy, Renoir himself), but the material, which involves brutal, uncontrollable passion seen in a social framework, turns oppressive, and at times Gabin is a lump. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 5.)

Bizet's Carmen—Directed by Francesco Rosi, this version has a clean, raw vivacity and is supremely romantic. Julia Migenes-Johnson's freckled street urchin Carmen revitalizes the story. Her strutting, her dark, messy frizzy hair—her sexual availability—attract the middle-class clod Don José (Plácido Domingo) and drive him crazy; Carmen, who's true to her instincts, represents everything he tries to repress. Rosi lets the music carry the passion; what he supplies is ideal conditions for the viewer to experience the opera as a totality. The natural settings have an extra, formal dimension: the lustre of nineteenth-century paintings with the near-abstract clarity of twentieth-century art. Rosi's handling suggests the most fluently stylized movie musicals. With Faith Esham as Micaëla and Ruggero Raimondi as Escamillo. In French. (10/29/84) (Cinema Studio.)

Blow-Up (1966)—Michelangelo Antonioni conducts a leisurely tour of "swinging" London, lingering over the flashiest routes and dawdling over a pot party and a mini-orgy, while ponderously suggesting that the mod scene represents a condition of spiritual malaise in which people live only for the sensations of the moment. Yet despite Antonioni's negativism, the world he presents looks harmless, and sex without "connecting" doesn't really seem so bad. With David Hemmings, Vanessa Redgrave, Sarah Miles, Verushka, Jane Birkin, and Peter Bowles. Cinematography by Carlo Di Palma. (Cinema Village; Nov. 9-10.)

The Conformist (1970)—Bernardo Bertolucci wrote and directed this extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Alberto Moravia novel about an upper-class follower of Mussolini. Jean-Louis Trintignant is the aristocratic Fascist; Stefania Sandrelli is his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife; and Dominique Sanda, with her swollen lips and tiger eyes, is the lesbian he would like to run away with. It's a triumph of feeling and lyrical, flowing, velvety style. In Italian. (Film Forum; through Nov. 1.)

Country—This film, which stars Jessica Lange, who conceived it and had a hand in producing it, is trying to be a feminist "The Grapes of Wrath," and doesn't succeed at it—awful as that would be. Essentially, this is a movie about Jessica Lange's spirit-of-the-prairie face. With Sam Shepard, Wilford Brimley, and Levi L. Knebel. Directed by Richard Pearce. (10/1/84) (Beekman, Greenwich Playhouse, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ U. A. Twin; through Nov. 1.)

Crossroads (1942)—There's nothing up-to-the-minute about this story of amnesia and blackmail, but William Powell, Hedy Lamarr, and Basil Rathbone make it a smooth piece of work. (Thalia; Nov. 4.)

Ghostbusters—Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, and Harold Ramis as parapsychologists who try to save New York from an influx of spooks. Murray is the film's comic mechanism, but nobody else has much in the way of material, and since there's almost no give-and-take among the three men, Murray's lines fall on dead air. With Sigourney Weaver and Annie Potts. Produced and directed by Ivan Reitman. (6/25/84) (Embassy.)

Golden Boy (1939)—William Holden—young, sensitive, and handsome—as the violinist turned prizefighter, in an only semi-reprehensible version of the Clifford Odets play, wrenched around to provide for a happy ending. Yet the Odets material still has its dramatic pull, and Lee J. Cobb as the boy's father, Sam Levene as his taxi-driver brother-in-law, and Joseph Calleia as the slimy gangster out to corrupt him bring back some of the ambience of the New York theatre in Odets' impassioned heyday. With Barbara Stanwyck. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Nov. 4.)

Harper (1966)—Paul Newman in a bungled attempt, without sophistication or style, to recapture the Bogart private-eye world of "The Big Sleep." Shelley Winters gives the picture artificial respiration for a few minutes, but it soon relapses. The big-name cast includes Lauren Bacall, Julie Harris, Janet Leigh, Pamela Tiffin, and Robert Wagner. Adapted from Ross Macdonald's "The Moving Target," by William Goldman. (Regency; Nov. 6-7.)

The Hucksters (1947)—A bowdlerized version of the Frederic Wakeman novel about advertising men and their peculiar ways, which has in its favor a couple of praiseworthy performances by Sydney Greenstreet and Adolphe Menjou, but very, very little else. Clark Gable and Deborah Kerr have the principal roles. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 7.)

The Hustler (1961)—The test of what a man has inside him—the Hemingway type of story—

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here set in the world of pool sharks. Paul Newman is the young contender; Jackie Gleason is the old champ; Piper Laurie is Newman's girl; and George C. Scott his evil manager. Robert Rossen directed this fine movie, which is marred, however, by too conscious an effort at pungent dialogue and some rather murky notions of perversion and corruption. (Regency; Nov. 6-7.)

Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom—Steven Spielberg creates an atmosphere of happy disbelief: the more breathtaking and exhilarating the stunts are, the funnier they are. Spielberg starts off at full charge in the opening sequence and just keeps going. The plot involves the hero (Harrison Ford), his child sidekick (Ke Huy Quan), and the gold-digger heroine (Kate Capshaw) with a cult of Kali worshippers—they come right out of "Gunga Din." It's one of the most sheerly pleasurable physical comedies ever made. (6/11/84) (Embassy.)

The Magic Christian (1970)—Terry Southern's satirical novel, in a sloppy British version, directed by Joseph McGrath, that never quite seems on target. There are funny moments, but they don't add up to enough. With Peter Sellers, Ringo Starr, Laurence Harvey, Spike Milligan, Raquel Welch, Leonard Frey, Christopher Lee, John Cleese, Graham Chapman, Dennis Price, Patrick Cargill, Roman Polanski, and Wilfrid Hyde-White. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Nov. 9-10.)

The Magnificent Seven (1960)—The first of three Westerns based on Kurosawa's "The Seven Samurai," and fairly rousing for about two-thirds of the way. The setting is now Mexico. John Sturges directed a good cast: Yul Brynner in the lead, with Steve McQueen, James Coburn, Horst Buchholz, Charles Bronson, Eli Wallach, Robert Vaughn, and Vladimir Sokoloff. Ragged when it tries for philosophical importance, but it's fun to see so many stars in an early stage in their careers. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Nov. 4-5.)

Metropolis (1926)—Fritz Lang's prophetic city of the twenty-first century has two levels: one for the rich and pleasure-loving, the other—labyrinthine and underground—for the slave workers who tend the machines. One of the last examples of the imaginative, but often monstrous, grandeur of the Golden Period of German film, "Metropolis" is a spectacular instance of Expressionist design, with moments of almost incredible beauty and power, absurd ineptitudes, and oddities that defy analysis. Note: The version showing now was reconstructed by Giorgio Moroder; he has gone in for a lot of hocus-pocus with the footage and put on a pop score. (Quad Cinema.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday (1953)—People are at their most desperate when they are working at enjoying themselves; it is Jacques Tati's peculiar comic triumph to have caught the ghastliness of a summer vacation at the beach. Fortunately, his technique is light and dry slapstick; the chronicle of human foibles and frustrations never sinks to the moist or the lovable. As director, co-author, and star, Tati is sparse, eccentric, quick. In French. (Festival; through Nov. 1.)

Mon Oncle (1958)—One often appreciates what Jacques Tati is trying to do more than what he actually brings off. His target is the depersonalization of modern life—the sterile, tasteless tedium that modern hygienic design has produced. There are genuinely inventive moments, but they are intermittent, and a fundamental miscasting confuses the issues: Shouldn't the unemotional, gawky, butterfingered Tati be playing the plastics manufacturer rather than the warm, friendly uncle? In French. (Festival; through Nov. 1.)

The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser (1975; also known as "Every Man for Himself and God Against All")—The story of Kaspar Hauser is a factually based variant of the lost-or-abandoned-child, Mowgli-Tarzan myth. In this nightmare version, written and directed by Werner Herzog, Kaspar (Bruno S.) is a grunting lump of a man, chained in a dungeonlike cellar from infancy. The film is a double fable, intermingling the stultifying effects of bourgeois society and the cruelty of a demonic universe. In Herzog's conception, Kaspar is the only one who has still got his soul. Bruno S. (who was once believed to be a mental defective himself) is amazing. His Kaspar has sly, piggy eyes, yet he's so totally absorbed in experiencing nature, his head thrust out ecstatically, straining to grasp everything he was denied in his cave existence, that he becomes Promethean; the light dawning in that face makes him look like a peasant Beethoven. In German. (Bleecker St. Cinema 1; Nov. 7.)

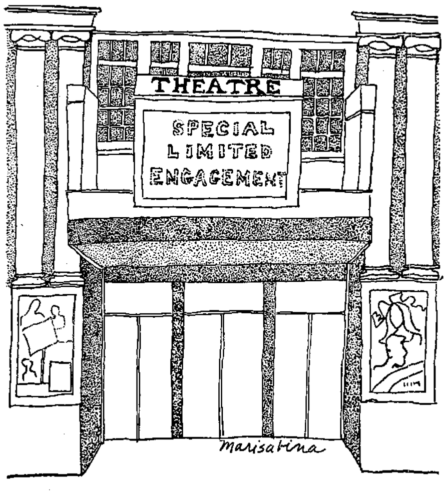
On the Waterfront (1954)—The director, Elia Kazan, and the writer, Budd Schulberg, start out to expose racketeering in the waterfront unions and wind up trying to make the melodrama transcend itself. They fail, but the production took eight Academy Awards anyway, and most of them were deserved. It is one of the most powerful American movies of the fifties, and few movies caused so much talk, excitement, and dissension—largely because of Marlon Brando's performance as the inarticulate, instinctively alienated bum, Terry Malloy. Score by Leonard Bernstein. With Rod Steiger, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, Lee J. Cobb, Leif Erickson, Martin Balsam, Tony Galento, Fred Gwynne, Pat Hingle, and Nehemiah Persoff. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Nov. 8-10. . . . ¶ Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 9-10.)

Places in the Heart—This inspirational film, written and directed by Robert Benton, is set in his home town, Waxahachie, Texas, in 1935. Sally Field plays a good Christian woman with two children, who is suddenly widowed and left without enough money to meet the next mortgage payment. She holds her family together and hangs on to her house and forty acres by, of course, grit and total determination. The movie's major accomplishment is that it never goes over the brink into utter corny shamelessness. (10/15/84) (34th St. East, and R.K.O. Century National Twin. . . . ¶ Coronet; Oct. 31. . . . ¶ Gemini; starting Nov. 1.)

Purple Rain—In this fictional bio, Prince, the twenty-six-year-old pansexual rock star, appears as the Kid, a vulnerable loner and struggling musician. It's pretty terrible (there are no real scenes—just flashy, fractured rock-video moments), but those willing to accept Prince as a sexual messiah aren't likely to mind. (8/20/84) (Movieland. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting Nov. 2.)

Repo Man—The L.A. of freeways and off ramps and squarish, pastel-colored buildings is the perfect setting for a movie about men who take out their frustrations by repossessing other people's cars. There's nothing at the center, but the young English writer-director Alex Cox keeps his dazed sociopaths speeding around, and he never once slips—never lets things get sentimentalized or organized. (8/6/84) (8th St. Playhouse.)

The Road Warrior (1982)—Set in a post-apocalyptic Wasteland, this Australian film, a sequel to the 1979 "Mad Max," is a mutant, sprung from virtually all action genres. The rampaging vandals—punkish post-nuclear-war bikers, led by a masked bodybuilder called the Humungus—are s.-m. comic-strip terrors; they menace the decent folk, in more barbarous and gaudier versions of the way the wild motorcyclists in Roger Corman pictures did. The director, George Miller, consciously uses his hero, Max (Mel Gibson), as an icon; that's enough to squeeze the juice out of any actor, and Max seems bland and apathetic. For all its huffing and puffing, this is a sappy sentimental movie. (Olympia Quad; starting Nov. 2.)



The Rocking Horse Winner (1950)—An intelligent, little-known version of the D. H. Lawrence story. A child (the marvellous John Howard Davies) uses his second sight to rescue his parents; the painful part is that he lacks first sight—the judgment that would enable him to see that they are already destroyed. The enduringly beautiful but not notoriously gifted Valerie Hobson gives her best (maybe her only) performance as his mother. With John Mills and Ronald Squire. Directed by Anthony Pelissier. (Thalia; Nov. 7.)

Story of a Love Affair (1950)—Michelangelo Antonioni's first film, directed by him from his own original story. A Milanese industrialist (Ferdinando Sarmi) sets out to investigate the past of his beautiful, sulky young wife, Paola (Lucia Bosè). The film is unmistakably Antonioni's in its concentration on the unknowability of an intimate's identity. The sense of mystery here tends to cling exclusively to the well-off and bored, as though riches and lassitude of spirit had a peculiar allure for the Marxist Antonioni. In Italian. (Metro Cinema; Nov. 7.)

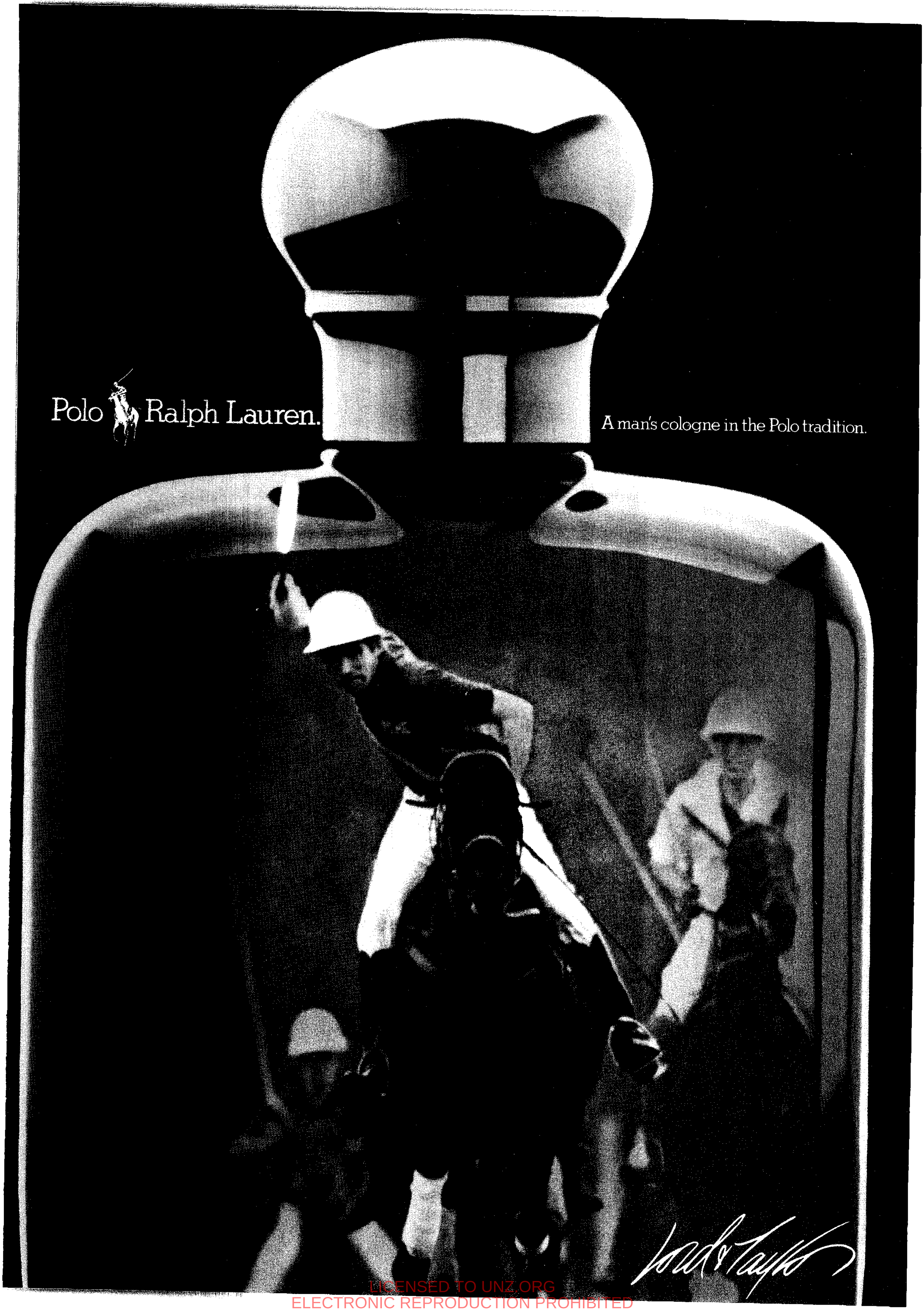
A Streetcar Named Desire (1951)—Vivien Leigh gives one of those rare performances that can truly be said to evoke pity and terror. As Blanche DuBois, she looks and acts like a destroyed Dresden shepherdess. When Marlon Brando, as the realist Stanley Kowalski, cuts through her pretensions and responds to her flirting with a direct sexual assault, the system of illusions that holds her together breaks down, and he is revealed as a man without compassion—both infant and brute. Elia Kazan's direction is often stagy, the sets and the arrangement of actors are often transparently "worked out," but who cares when you're looking at two of the greatest performances ever put on film and listening to some of the greatest dialogue ever written by an American? Tennessee Williams adapted his play himself, with additional adaptation work by Oscar Saul. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Nov. 8-10.)

Swann in Love—Proust's writing requires the most subtle feeling for rhythms, and neither the director nor the scriptwriters seem to do anything to draw us in. The movie doesn't even have the force of real desecration. Ornella Muti is a wily, plausible Odette, and Alain Delon is at least amusing as the Baron de Charlus. But as Swann, Jeremy Irons doesn't suggest intelligence or feeling—he's a stick. In French. (10/1/84) (Paris.)

What Price Hollywood (1932)—The story line of this film, directed by George Cukor, is basically the same as that of "A Star Is Born" (1937). Constance Bennett is a waitress at the Brown Derby who meets a brilliant alcoholic director (Lowell Sherman); she rises to fame as his career collapses. This film has its interest, especially because of its glimpses into the studio world at the time. (Regency; Nov. 4-5.)

A Woman Is a Woman (1961)—Godard's parody-imitation of an American musical—an experiment that, fortunately, he never repeated. With Anna Karina, Belmondo, and Jean-Claude Brialy, and all too damned cute. In French. (Thalia; Nov. 5.)

Yellow Submarine (1968)—A Pop Art animated feature with hippie heroes (cartoon versions of the Beatles) going to the rescue of the people of Pepperland and saving them from the Blue Meanies by using the weapons of love and music. Good-natured, full of verbal-visual jokes, and surprisingly entertaining, though the love is less impressive than the music (ten songs by the Beatles). Directed by George Dunning; the chief designer was Heinz Edelmann. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 6.)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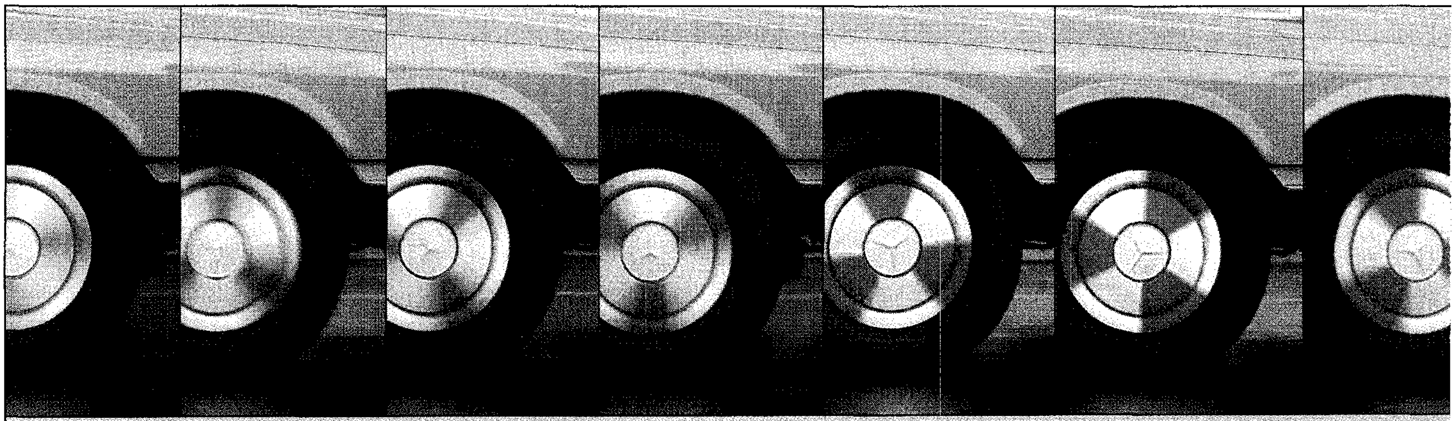

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But those electronic sensors

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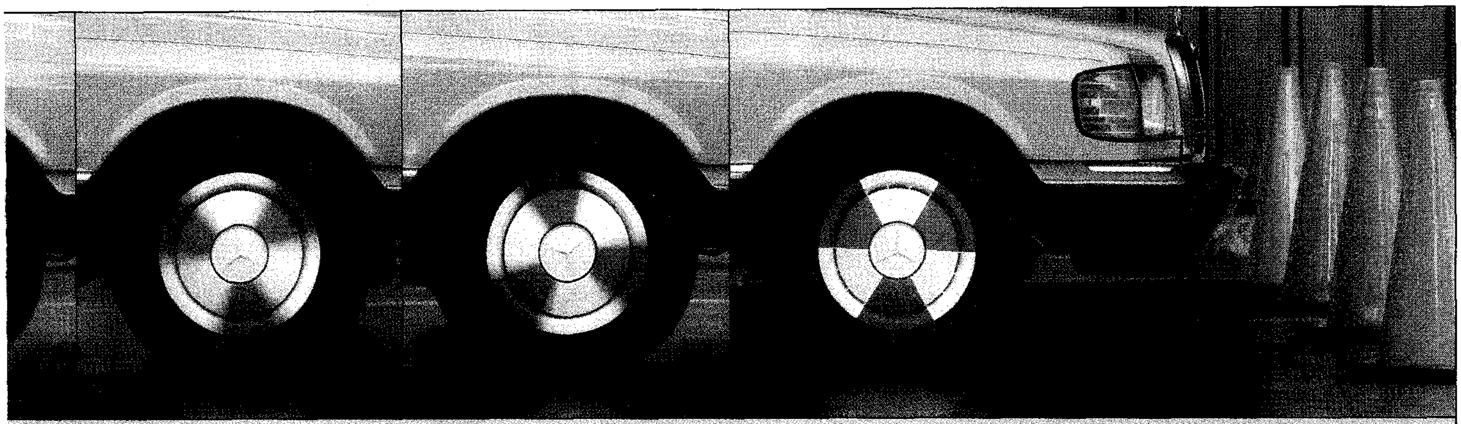

modulate braking action as often as 10 separate times. Preventing wheel lockup–and keeping the car precisely steerable throughout.

have already detected the onset of wheel slip and alerted the computer. And the computer starts regulating fluid pressure in the brake lines. Modulating and cadencing brake pressure, via solenoid valves in the brake lines, as often as *ten times* per second. Countering lockup of all four wheels or any individual wheel.

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More than 50 percent of the logic circuitry programmed into that on-board computer is safety circuitry: the entire system is designed to be electronically self-checking, constantly monitoring itself and primed to shut down instantly should a malfunction ever be indicated. The car's separate four-wheel disc brake system would, of course, remain fully operational.

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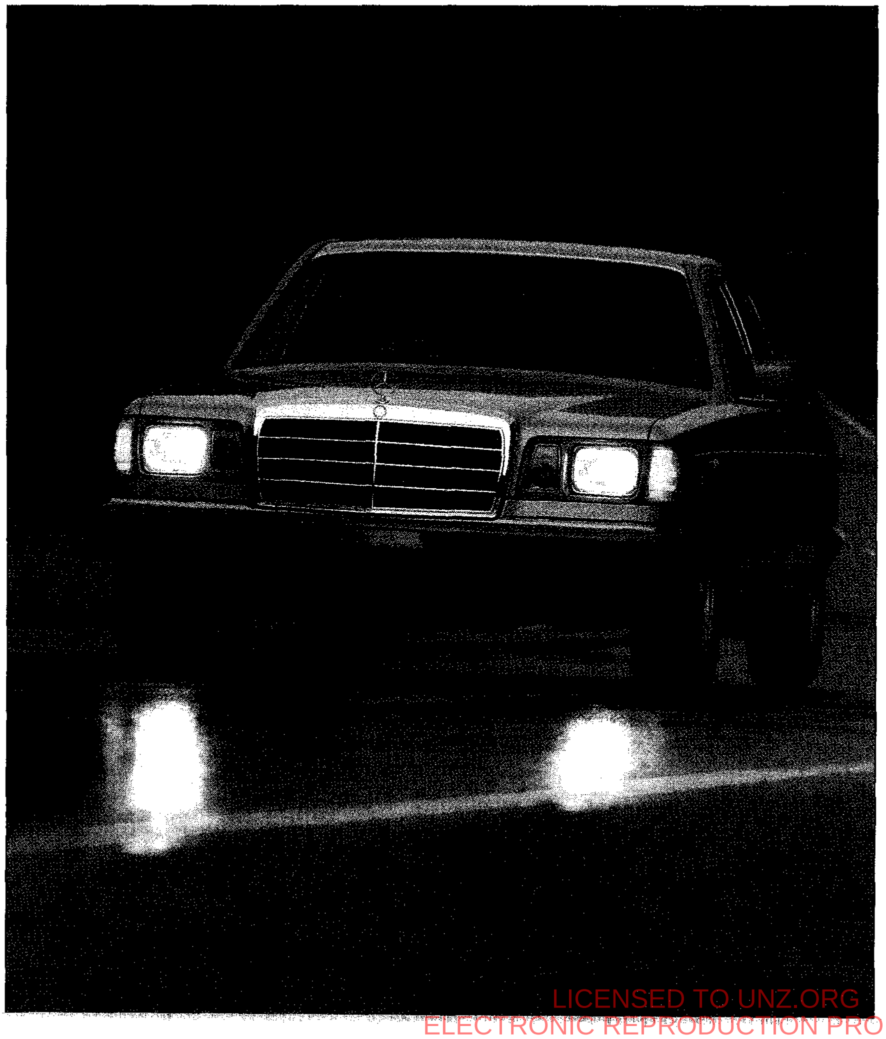
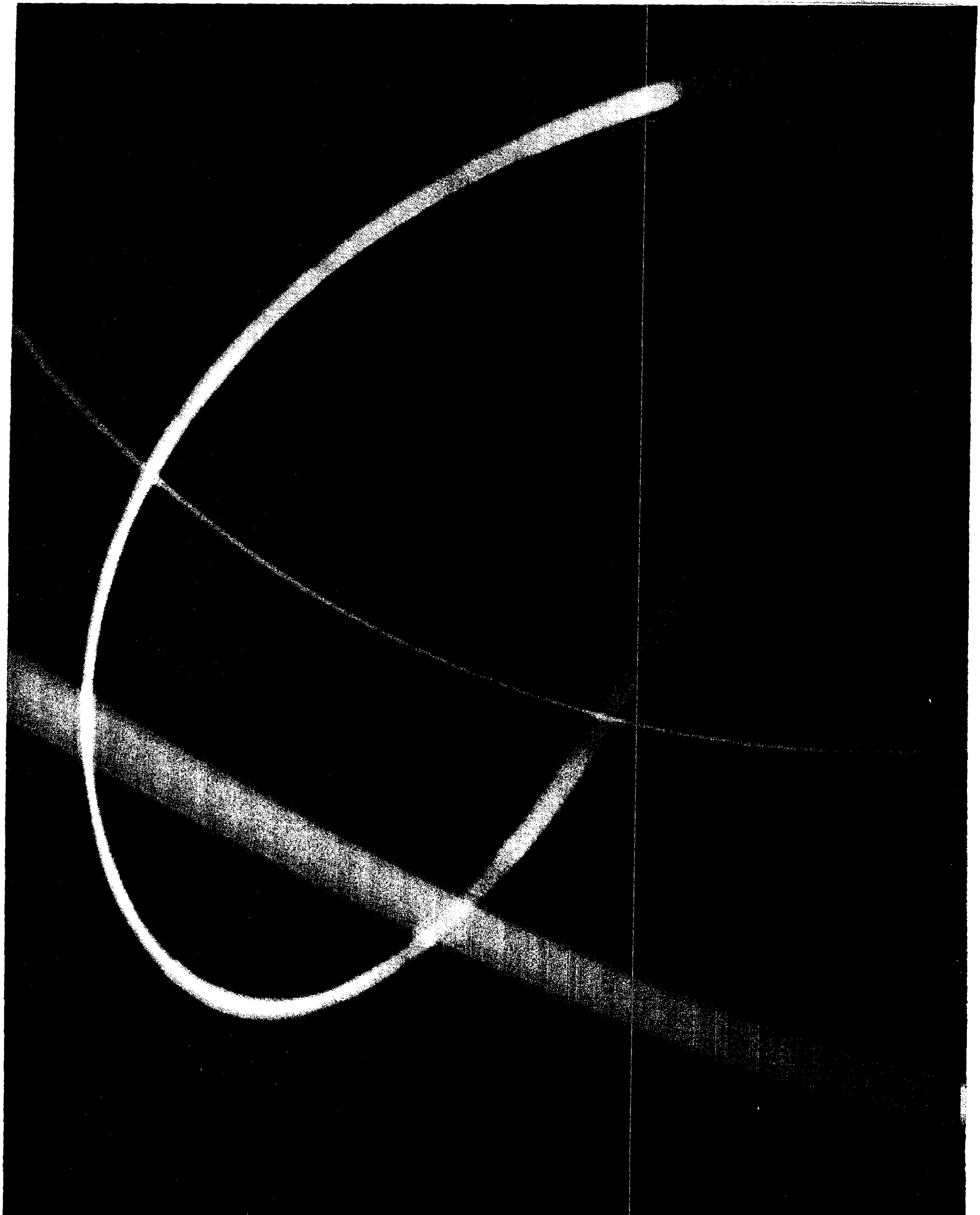


Engineered like no other car in the world



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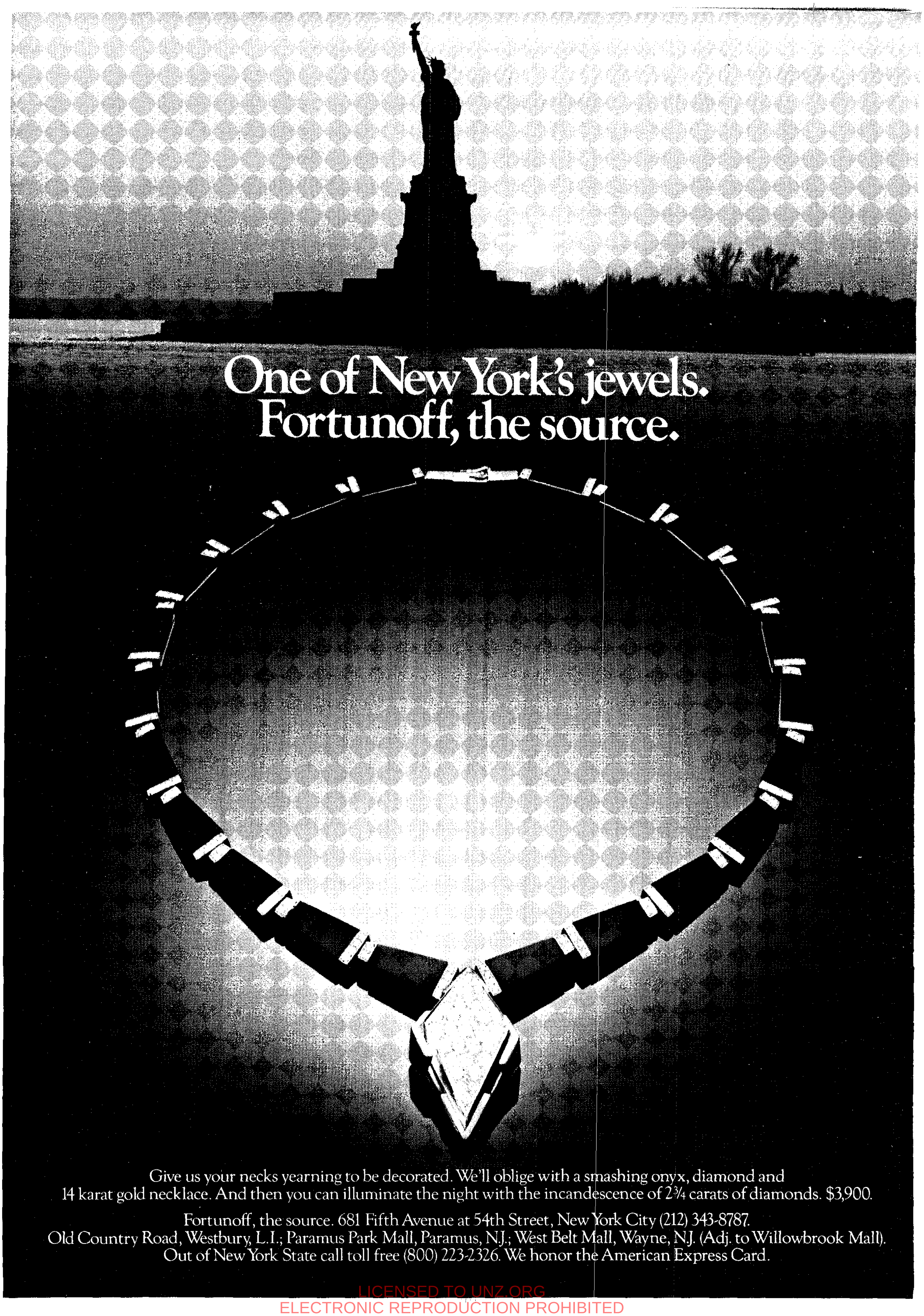

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THE NEW YORKER

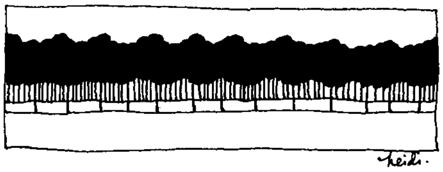
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ONE of the less attractive aspects of the American invasion of the island of Grenada at this time last year was the exclusion of all reporters from the operation. Members of the press were allowed on or near the island only after most of the action was over, and the few who got through on their own were nabbed and shipped off. Americans, therefore, knew little of the actual invasion except what the Administration and its military men chose to tell. One of the Administration's first reports about the Grenada "rescue mission" told how happy not only the American medical students but also the Grenadians were to see our soldiers. It sounded almost too good to be true, but perhaps it was true, and we would have *known* it was true if it had come from an independent source. The Administration was, of course, criticized by the press, and some months ago it appointed a commission to study the issue. Until the Grenada invasion, American journalists had been covering wars first hand for at least a century, often succeeding in distilling into their pages the sounds and smells and fears of battle. Now the Administration has announced a proposed plan for press coverage at the beginning of a military operation. The entire United States press corps—television, radio, magazine, newspaper, wire services: written, spoken, pictorial—would be represented by a pool of twelve people chosen by the Administration in consultation with the news organizations. An earlier version, specifying a pool of eleven, did not include anyone from a newspaper; the plan was revised to permit one newspaper to be represented.

The belligerent century we inhabit has had no more fateful military engagement than the landings in Normandy on June 6, 1944. The future of Europe, along with tens of thousands of American lives, hung, sometimes precariously, in the balance; but the generals and Presidential advisers of that time did not imagine that journalists would tip that balance against them. Not twelve but more than a hundred press people went ashore with the troops on D Day. Correction—some of them were there, inside enemy lines, hours before daybreak, having parachuted in with airborne divisions just after midnight. We have been looking through some of the accounts, and they are the best evidence we know of the importance of their authors' having been there. The accounts are not always pretty, but they are truthful. (They all, incidentally, went through Army censors.) One thing they illustrate is that, as one writer put it, war "is neither a fit way to live nor to die."

A British correspondent, Leonard Mosley, watched the invasion fleet coming in. He had an unusual vantage point, for he was already on shore, lying on a hill overlooking the beach. (He was one of those who had parachuted in during the night, carrying a Hermes typewriter instead of an M-1.) It was seven-fifteen in the morning. "There was an earth-shaking noise," he wrote. "Approaching the coast under cover of naval ships, the invasion barges were coming in, and coming in firing. It was a barrage that must have paralysed the defenses. Then ships began nudging toward the beaches, and we shook each other's hands." Another correspondent, Don Whitehead, of the Associated Press, went in with the landing craft, and wrote this on the beach, with exploding shells making the typewriter jump on his knees: "As our boat was lowered from the transport it heaved and pitched, but it swung clear and we joined the other small craft bobbing about among the big transports stretching as far as I could see. The brisk northeast wind whipped up the waves and salt spray drenched us. We heard bombers and could see the warships' guns flash and the explosions ashore. Gradually we moved toward shore. Some men leaned over the sides and vomited, seasick after only a few minutes in the boats. . . . We moved up to where the sound of broadsides from the heavy guns smacked our eardrums. A plane exploded in the air with a shower of sparks. Behind us came Ducks wallowing through the swells. I didn't see how they could make it in such rough water, but I did not see a single one in trouble. Behind them followed the whole amphibious family of strange-looking craft, loaded with troops and equipment. We patrolled offshore for a while, then headed for the beach. . . . The ramp lowered and we waded ashore to the rattle of machine guns and the bursting of shells. Bullets cracked over our heads and we flung ourselves on the rocky beach under the cover of a gravel embankment. The enemy on the right flank was pouring direct fire on the beach. Hundreds of troops, pinned to the cover of the embankment, burrowed shallow trenches in the loose gravel. No one was moving forward. The congestion was growing dangerous as more troops piled in. Snipers and machine gunners were picking off our troops as they came ashore. A soldier riding on the rear of a Duck at the water's edge behind me suddenly gave a startled cry and toppled into the water. A medic dragged him up on the beach. Wounded men, drenched by



cold water, lay in the gravel, some with water washing over their legs. . . . 'Oh, God, lemme aboard the boat,' whimpered a youth in semi-delirium. Near him a shivering boy dug with bare fingers into the gravel. Shells were bursting on all sides of us, some so close that they threw black water and dirt over us in showers. . . . A sergeant beside me grinned. 'I'm damn glad to get onto the beach,' he said, 'and I'll be damn glad to get off.' Then the brigadier began working to get troops off the beach. It was jammed with men and vehicles. He sent a group to the right flank to help clean out the enemy firing directly on the beach. Quietly he talked to the men, suggesting next moves. He never raised his voice and he showed not the least excitement. Gradually the troops on the beach thinned out and we could see them moving over the ridge. Burning grass, shellbursts, and an exploding ammunition truck made the beach a devil's cauldron, and I went with the general and his aide tramping up and down until I was ready to drop with fatigue, lugging a waterproofed typewriter stuffed into a gas mask case."

The photographer Robert Capa was on Omaha Beach, where the worst fighting was. To the novelist and war correspondent Charles Wertenbaker, author of a book called "Invasion!," published just two months later (it was cabled to New York chapter by chapter), Capa wrote, "I was on this nice, clean ship with the 16th infantry, and she is a nice, clean ship. The food is good and we played poker most of the night, and once I filled an inside straight, but I had four nines against me, which was not unusual. Just before 6 o'clock we were lowered in our LCVP and started for the beach. It was rough and some of the boys were politely puking into paper bags and I saw that this was a civilized invasion. We waited for the first wave to go in and then I saw the first landing boats coming back and the black coxswain of one boat is holding his thumb in the air and it looked like a pushover. We hear something popping around our boat, but nobody paid any attention. We got out of the boat and started wading. Then I saw men falling and I had to push past their bodies, which I did politely, and I said to myself, '*Mon vieux*, this is not so good.'

"I was going in very elegant with my raincoat on my left hand. At a moment I had a feeling I would not need that raincoat. I let go of it and it floated away and I hid behind some tanks that were firing on the beach. After twenty minutes I suddenly realize that this is not a good place to be. The tanks were a certain amount of cover from small arms fire, but they were what the Germans are shooting shells at. So I made for the beach. I fell down next to a soldier who looked at me and said: 'This is harder than sweating out an inside straight.' Another soldier looked up and said: 'I see my old mother sitting on the porch waving my insurance policy.' It was very unpleasant there and, having nothing else to do, I start shooting pictures. . . . I saw an LCI behind me with a lot of medics getting out and some getting killed as they got out. One place being as bad as another, I waded out and waited in the water for all the medics to get out. Then I climbed aboard and started to change my film. I felt a slight shock and I was all covered with feathers. I thought: 'What is this? Is somebody killing chickens?' Then I saw that the superstructure had been shot away and the feathers were the stuffing from the Kapok jackets of the men who were blown up. The skipper was crying because his assistant had been blown all over him and he was a mess."

After the beaches were secured, Capa and Wertenbaker went, in an Army jeep, from one front line to another until Cherbourg was surrendered, on D-plus-21. On one occasion, they arrived at a command post minutes after it was bombed by planes of our Army Air Force. A lieutenant colonel was moving the command post forward. "He walked down the road, his hands in his pockets," Wertenbaker wrote. "Behind were eight or ten junior officers and men. . . . In a moment the bombs began to fall, the first ones a thousand yards ahead, then closer and closer, hundreds of small anti-personnel bombs that exploded as fast as a machine gun, but louder, coming nearer all the time until they seemed on top of us. The G.I.s dove into a big trench, huddling against the sides, their noses in the earth, and this correspondent did likewise. . . . [The lieutenant colonel] had not moved from the middle of the road. The G.I.s brushed themselves off and followed him down the road. They were not feeling friendly toward the air force. 'Tain't healthy,' said one. 'Sounded like the whole goddam world coming to an end.' "

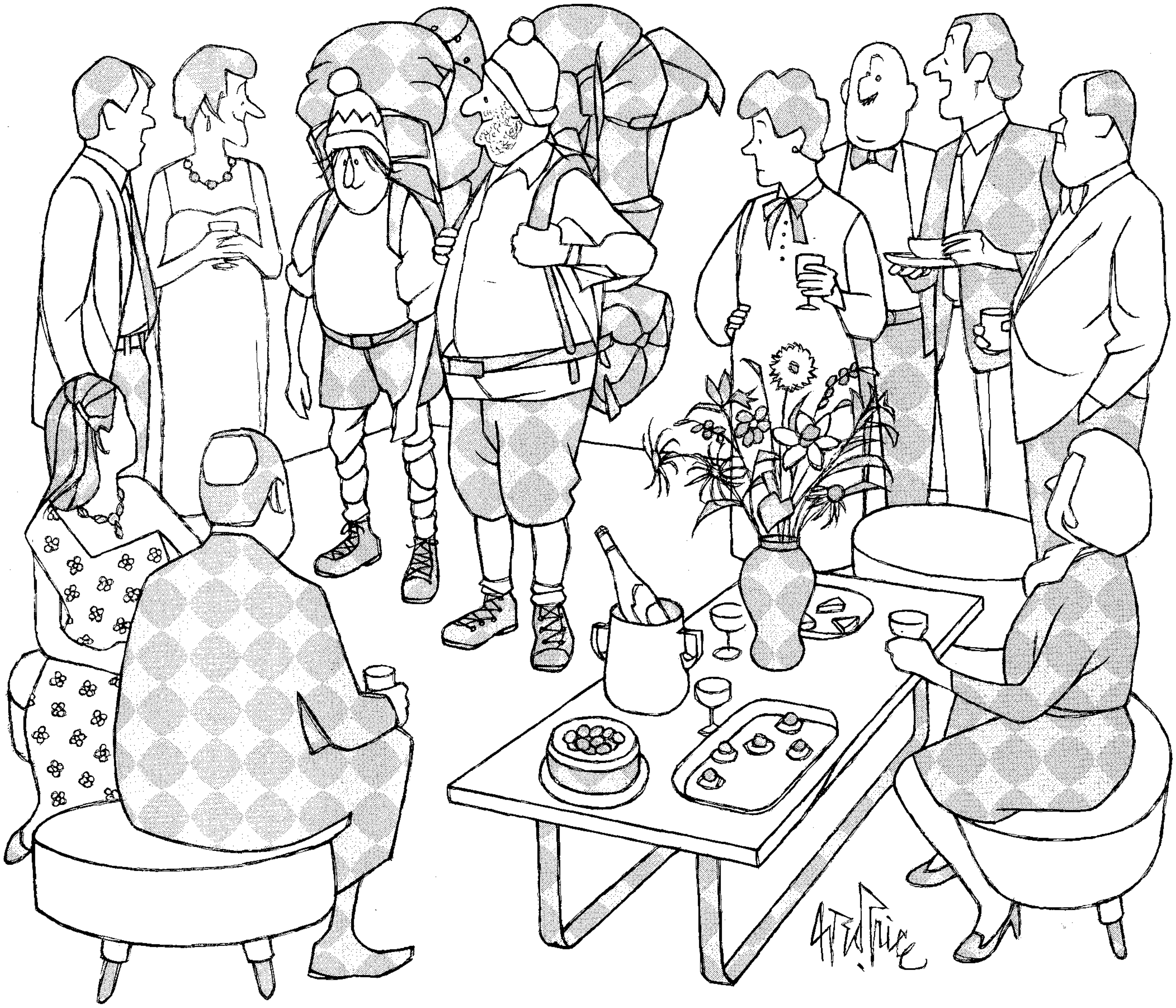
The Normandy invasion happened forty years ago, but Americans know it better than Grenada, and they always will. It's part of our collective memory, and firsthand accounts are at least one reason for that. Our invasion of Grenada, whatever the merits, will always lack even a proportionate place in memory.

* * *

Seifert

WHEN we heard the other week that the Czech poet Jaroslav Seifert had won the Nobel Prize in Literature, we went to see our good friend Edward, who we remembered had had something to do with The Spirit That Moves Us Press edition of "The Casting of Bells"—one of only two books by Seifert in translation in this country. We found him in his office, where he has worked for thirty-three years at a job a bit like Bartleby's, and which was, as usual, littered with empty Chock Full O'Nuts coffee cups and opened sugar packets, and virtually buried in books. He greeted us warmly, brushed a cigarette ash off a chair, and offered us a seat.

"I first ran across Seifert's work when I was in Prague in 1967," Edward said, somewhat embarrassed, when we asked just what he'd done. He sat down and lit a cigarette. "I'd been there once before, and thought it was so great that I'd been taking Czech lessons in New York. My conversation tutor, Jiří, told me to look up his girl when I went back. They'd been to high school together and played lots of tennis growing up. He said, 'You really should call Irena. She reads literature. She's interested in all the things you are. She knows all the poets.' So I called her—Irena's not her real name, I should tell you—and the whole time I was there she took me around when she wasn't working." He paused and glanced affectionately at a poster of Prague that hung over a bookcase. "On the first evening, at sunset, she led me along a narrow, climbing street to an inconspicuous door in a baroque building, then through a courtyard and up these very strange, endlessly winding stairs.



"Years ago, they hiked the Appalachian Trail from end to end, and they never let you forget it."

• •

There was a restaurant, the Golden Well, near the top, and above that a terrace with a view of the whole city and its hundred steeples. Irena said she wanted this to be my first view of Prague. We would usually meet for dinner, and she introduced me to her favorite Moravian wine, the Three Graces. It's still my favorite. Then, on our last night together before I left, she brought me a package of books and said, 'Here, I'm giving you the best modern poets—a book by each one.' "

Flicking his cigarette toward an ashtray, and missing by several inches, Edward continued, "Seifert is the last remaining poet of a whole generation of Czech poets that was as great, *I* think, as the generation of Russian poets at the time of the First World War—Mayakovsky, Akhmatova, Mandelstam, Tsvetayeva. In Czechoslovakia, many of these people started out as proletarian poets, then became surrealists. But it was when the war came, and the Nazis moved in and times got really difficult, that they became great. The hardships gave them the material, in a kind of way. And later, of course, under the Communists, lots of them had trouble with the regime.

"Irena actually knew Seifert, and had been to his home many times. His great theme is love, and he has always liked the company of young women. They say that even when he was in his seventies—he's eighty-three now, and has been sick for years—he liked to have a circle of young, beautiful girls to read his new poems to. And I notice that in his newest books there are poems written to his nurses—along the lines of 'If only I were twenty again.'

"Anyway, I brought Irena's books back to New York with no trouble—this was before '68," Edward said, and smiled. "That was the best time ever to visit Prague—you could feel everywhere this kind of cultural explosion. I took the books to the old lady who was my teacher for Czech grammar, and asked if we could translate one poem after every grammar lesson. There were works by Nezval, Holan, Halas, and Hrubín, but she loved Seifert and picked 'The Casting of Bells' out from the rest. Gradually, we were doing less and less grammar and more and more poetry. She would say, 'This is a short one. Let's do this one, too.' It was extremely complex poetry for a beginner, but we really worked at it—line for line. I was sold on him."

He stepped on his cigarette and dumped the remains of an already opened sugar packet into a full cup of coffee he picked out from six empties on his desk. "So it was ten years later, I think—in 1977—that I was taking the train to Raleigh to see my mother," he continued, taking a sip. "I was walking down the aisle and I noticed this rather bedraggled-looking guy reading 'Ulysses,' and I thought, Ah, perhaps there'll be someone to talk to on this trip. And, sure enough, I went to the bar car a bit later and there he was. I asked him why he was reading 'Ulysses,' and he said, 'Because I have to give a lecture on it tomorrow and I haven't opened it for months. I gave a poetry reading in New York last night and got to sleep at 2 A.M., and I've never been so hung over in my life.' So then it came out, you know, that his name was Tom O'Grady, and that he ran the *Hampden-Sydney Poetry Review* and was a poet. We got to talking about what we liked, and I began to go on about Eastern Europe and what wonderful poetry there is there that nobody knows about and how it should be translated. Tom got very interested and said, 'Well, maybe I should do it. I have a friend who speaks Czech who could help me.' So after my trip I just made a photocopy of my edition of 'The Casting of Bells' and sent it to him. Next I heard, Tom and Paul Jagasich, who's also at Hampden-Sydney College, had translated a number of the poems. Tom said, 'You know, this guy's really a marvellous poet.' "

It wasn't long, according to Edward, before O'Grady and Jagasich decided that poem-by-poem translations weren't enough. "Tom said they could see how all the poems were related—the same themes kept developing from one to the next, as in a single piece of music," he went on. "Tom said, 'I don't see how we can give any idea of this poet without publishing the whole book.' So they did the entire thing and sent me a copy of the manuscript when they finished. Then there was silence—for two years—until Tom wrote and said they had a publisher. I thought he was terribly lucky to get anybody to print it. Now I hear that the Swedish judges read this translation when they were making up their minds whom to give the prize to."

He leaned over and pulled a small red book off a crowded shelf: "The Casting of Bells." "Tom sent me several copies as soon as they were printed last year," he said. "And I began to wonder if I could get a copy back to Seifert. At this point, Seifert's status was uncertain. He had spoken out strongly against the invasion in '68, and he signed Charter 77, too, remember. But there seemed to be a real shift in his favor around the time of his eightieth birthday, in 1981. The powers that be apparently decided they needed a great national poet, and since Seifert was writing poetry about his private life and was not directly criticizing the regime, he was the obvious choice. So that year the head of the regime—President Husák himself—publicly wished Seifert a happy eightieth birthday. But things were still tense enough in '83 that I worried that 'The Casting of Bells' wouldn't get through the mails.

"In the end, I gave a copy to the father of an old friend of mine who was going to Prague on vacation, and had him deliver it to another friend, who in turn was supposed to get it to Seifert," Edward said. "I wanted so much to have Seifert see that Americans knew him, too. I wanted the thing to go full circle."

Wm Hamilton

"*Cajun!*"

Presentation

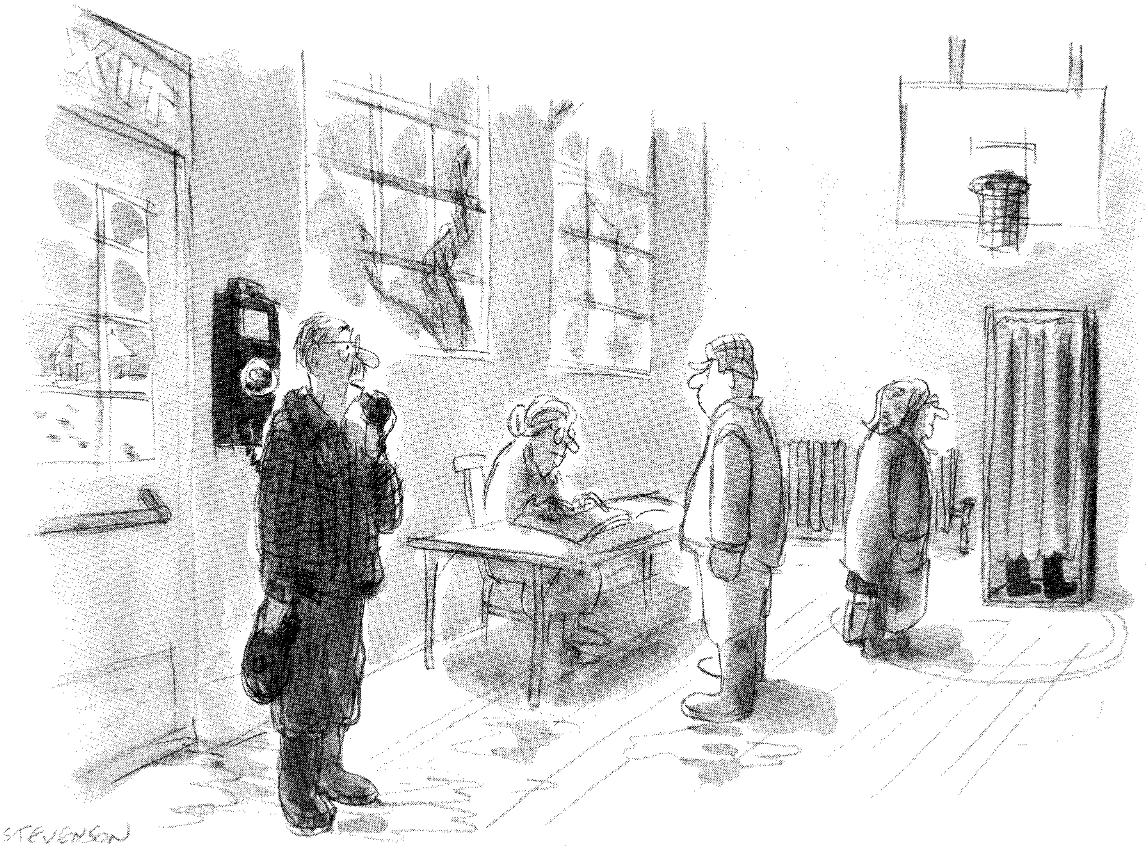
WE were sitting in our office thinking about this and that when a call came through from California.

"Avalon Boulevarde," a stranger's voice was saying, "Business Suits Culture . . . Gianni Versace, the Italian fashion designer . . . the dance-music charts, No. 27 . . . Deloitte Haskins & Sells, the C.P.A."

"What?" we asked.

"Are you familiar with Seagram's and 7Up?" the voice went on, undaunted. "Debussy and Monet?"

The voice's owner, Mr. Arthur Mason ("Arthur *Lawrence* Mason, can you believe that!" said the voice),



"No, we aren't experiencing low voter turnout. Everybody's here."

showed up in person some weeks later to give us what he called a Presentation of his Concept. He was a small, very dapper young man of twenty-one, with a head of thick black hair and a set of orthodontic braces that failed in any way to dim a dazzling smile. He had brought along John Christopher, a young man slightly older and slightly taller than himself, whom he introduced as the drummer of Avalon Boulevarde. This turned out to be a San Francisco rock band whose other members are Mr. Mason and his two brothers. The drummer was wearing a fancy-looking silk necktie, with a matching handkerchief in the breast pocket of his sober suit, and the visitors had the twinkliest shoeshines to have crossed this threshold in many a moon.

Mr. Mason popped open his attaché case with a flourish, handed us an information kit and a list of business references, and began to talk. In a style ranging from the inspirational ("Our ambitions are great. But not out of reach") to the fiscal ("One thing I have to tell you. We're going after venture capital"), the Presentation grew before us. It ballooned inside the office and filled up every crack.

"Let me emphasize," Mr. Mason would say, drawing breath to give the balloon another puff.

"Let me give you an analogy," he would say.

"Let me interject," he would say, if Mr. Christopher was taking his turn and seemed to be losing the thread.

"We started out as a band, yes," Mr. Mason said. "But we have evolved into a concept. We are a band *and* we can do business. We have recognized ourselves as more than a band."

"Yeah!" the drummer said, bouncing in his seat with excitement.

Points were forcefully made, as if on imaginary charts and graphs.

"Number one: production. Number two: distribution. Number three: airplay. You definitely want airplay."

Stravinsky and Prince both rated several mentions in the Presentation; Debussy and Seagram's came up again as well. There was a fleeting glimpse of Rembrandt's painting "The Night Watch," and one of Fred Astaire, disguised as an analogy. Something called Product came up repeatedly. Melody was mentioned, as were the sixties, emotion, and wit. Einstein, Hemingway, and Mr. Mason's father appeared in cameo roles. ("I mean, my old man gives me an allowance for eighteen years. He lends me his *car*. Why be radical? Why say, 'Come on, man, you're like out of it?' ")

"How many rock musicians can orchestrate 'Scheherazade'?" Mr. Mason asked.

"How many even heard of it?" the drummer said, with another little bounce.

"Could you?" we asked Mr. Mason.

"His older brother Ted could," the drummer said, looking pleased.

We were losing the thread ourself.

"Do you just want to be as big as Michael Jackson?" we asked.

"We want to be above that," Mr. Mason said, with his confident smile.

"Yeah!" the drummer said.

"I mean, when does Michael Jackson ever *say* anything?" Mr. Mason asked. He looked us firmly in the eye, as if eager to help.

"The question is: Can youth *attack* America? Grab a hold of our culture?" he said.

"You might say we ourselves are our Product," he said next, with an air of wrapping up. "It's O.K. to market us like Ivory soap!"

He pointed to a photograph of himself, his brothers, and the drummer, dressed in Versace clothes.

"Take a look at those guys," he said. "Avalon Boulevarde is very glamorous."

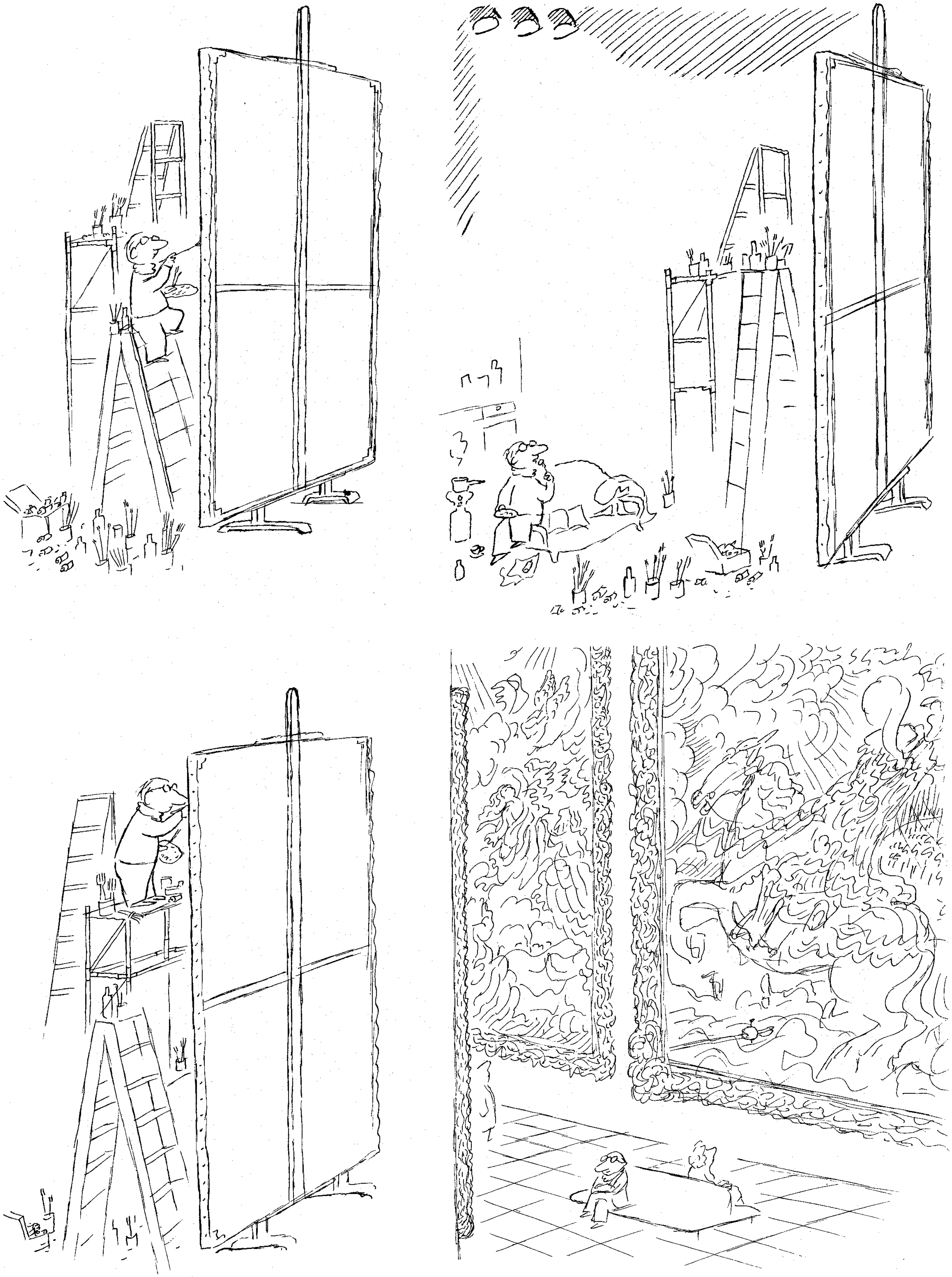
The glamorous pair in our office were getting to their feet and preparing to shake our hand.

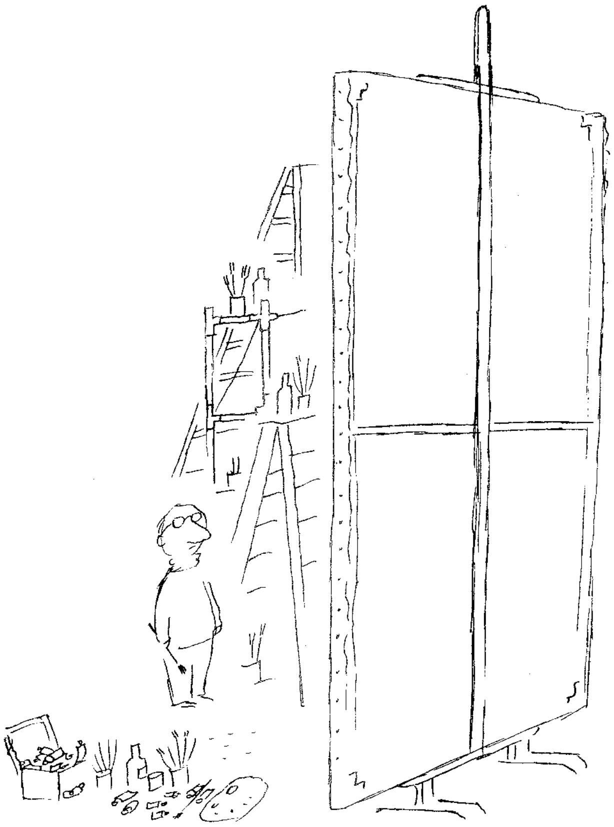
"Our aim is recognition," Mr. Mason said. "So we can walk down the street in New York and great-looking girls will turn around and say, 'Hey! There goes Avalon Boulevarde!' "

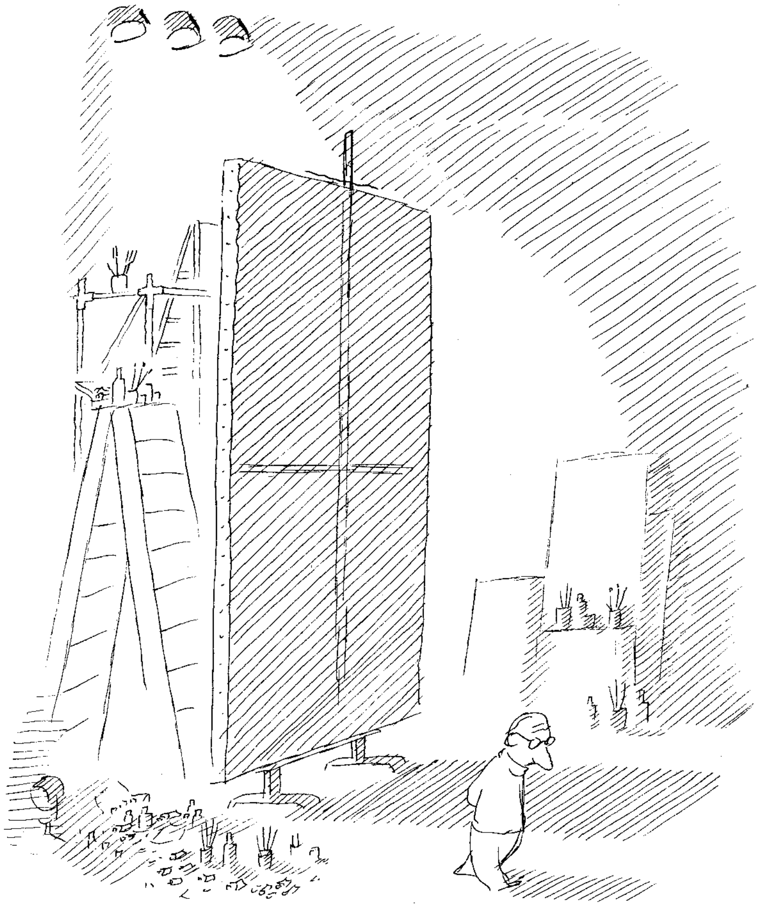
The imaginary charts and the balloon had vanished. Two young men were horsing around and grinning from ear to ear.

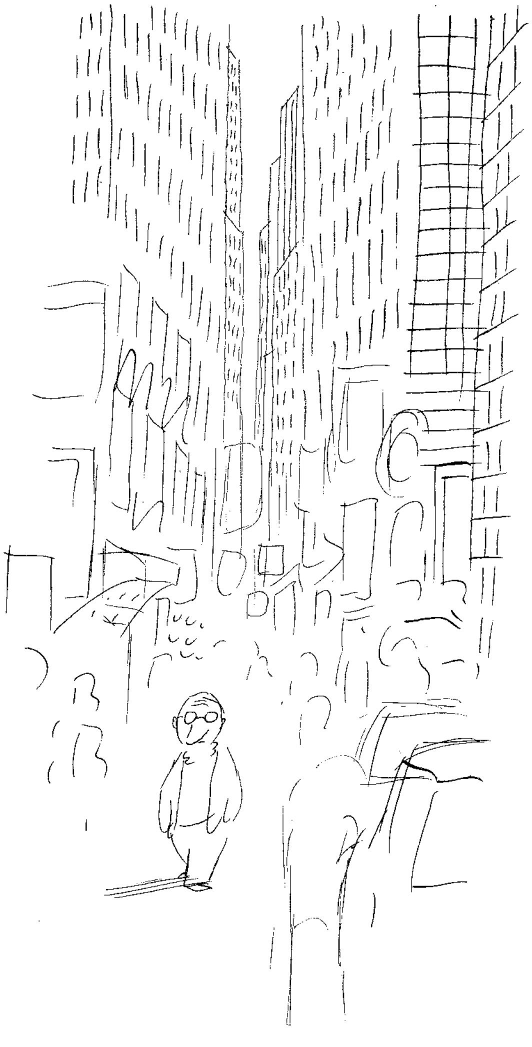
"Do you really want to know the truth?" the drummer asked. "*That's* our concept. We just want to meet girls!"

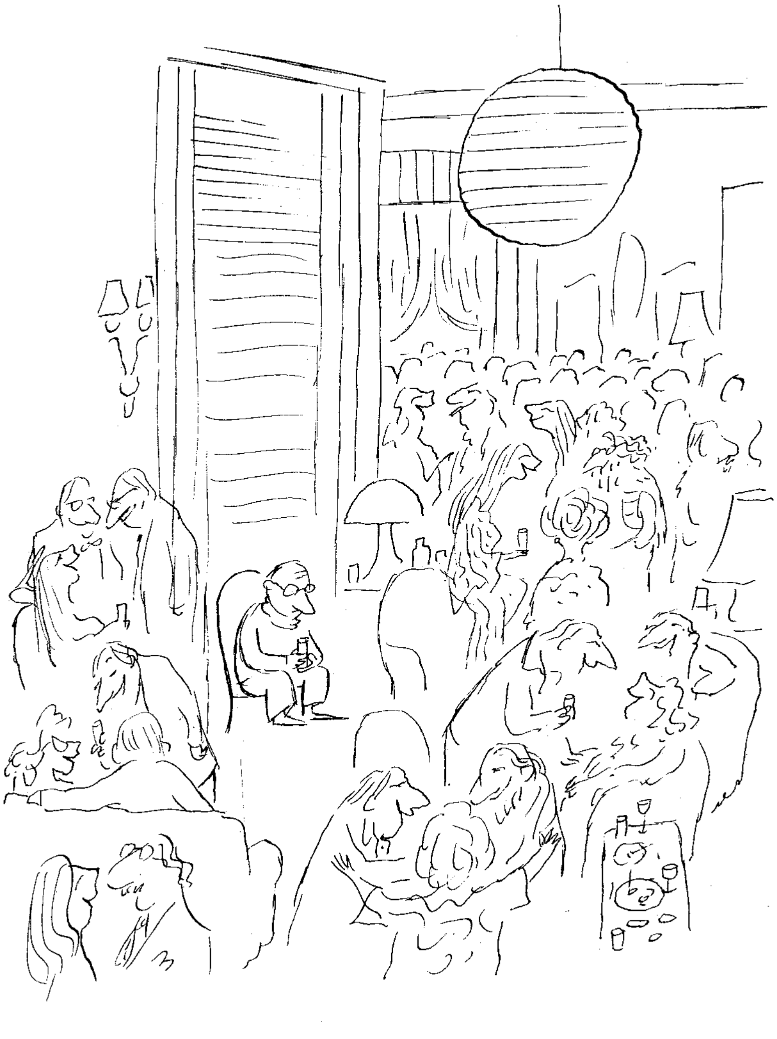
"Yeah!" said Mr. Mason.

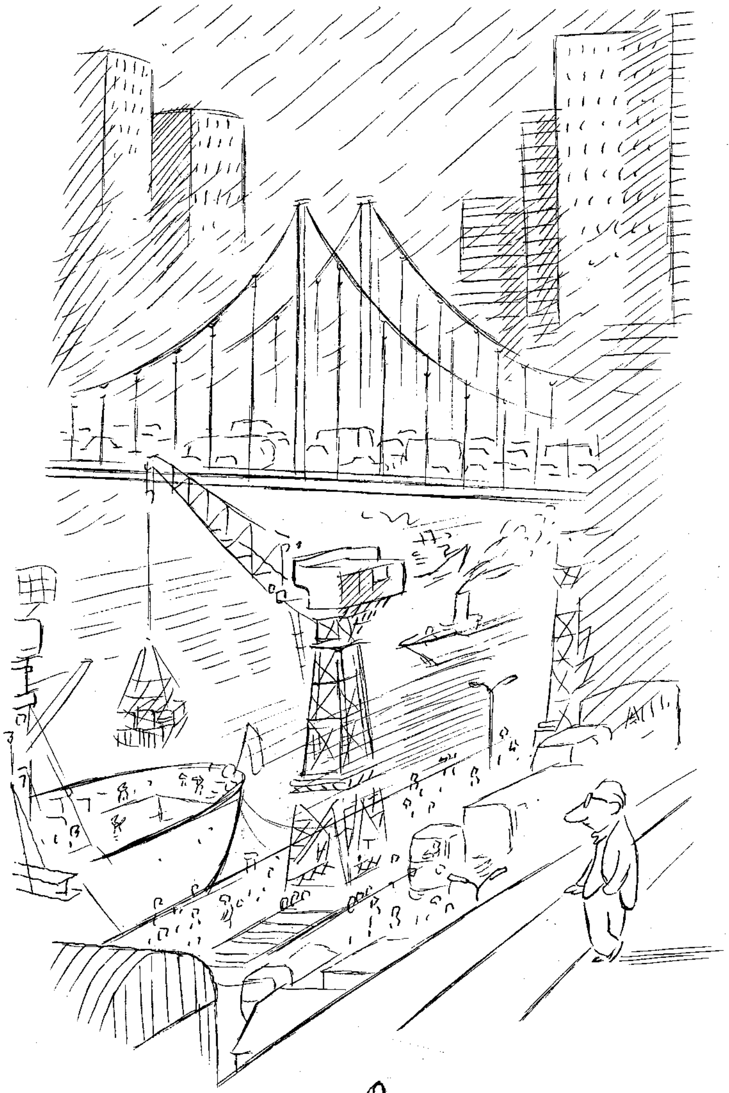


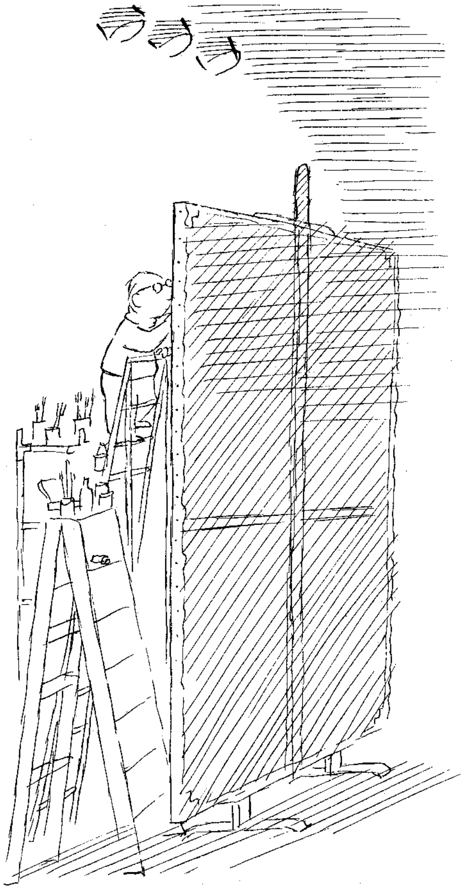


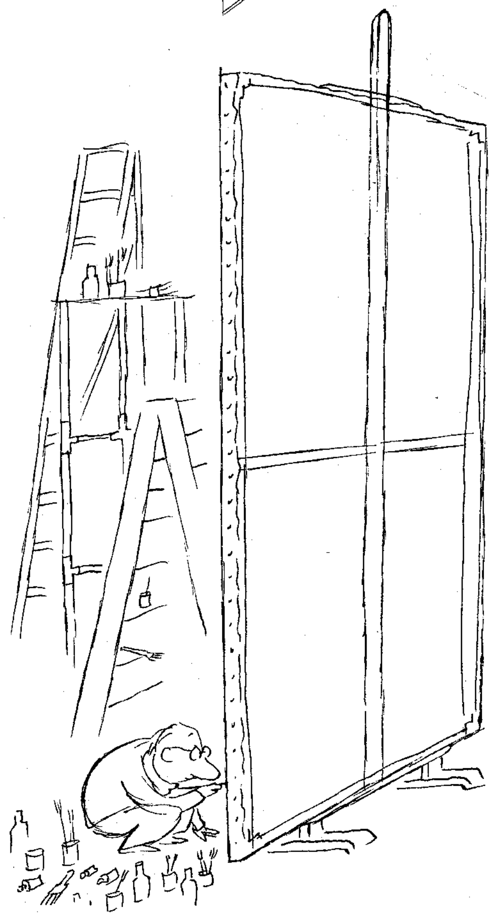


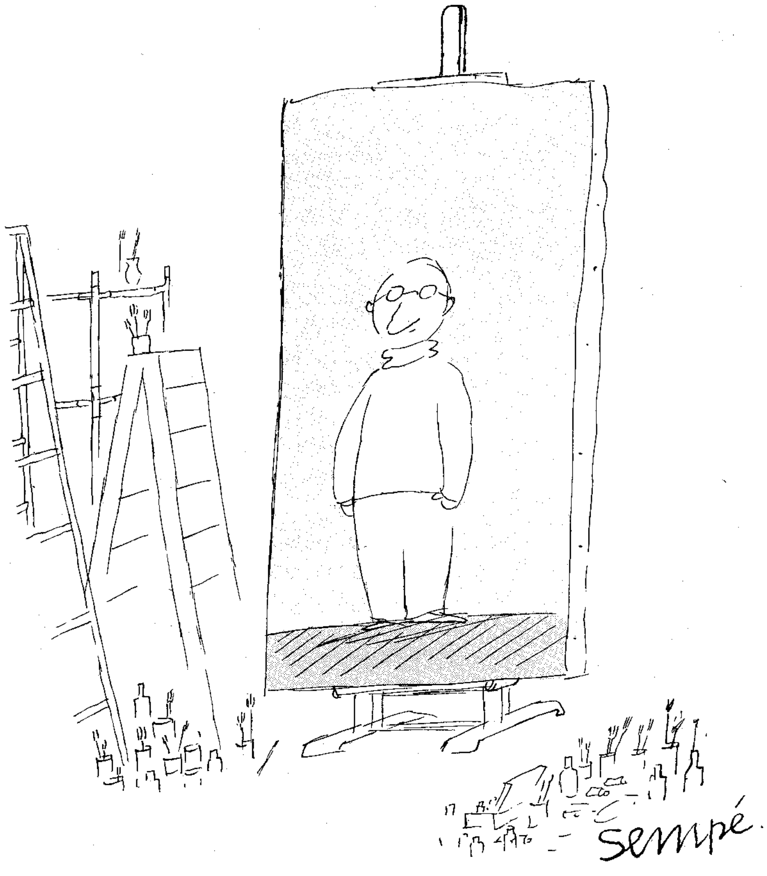










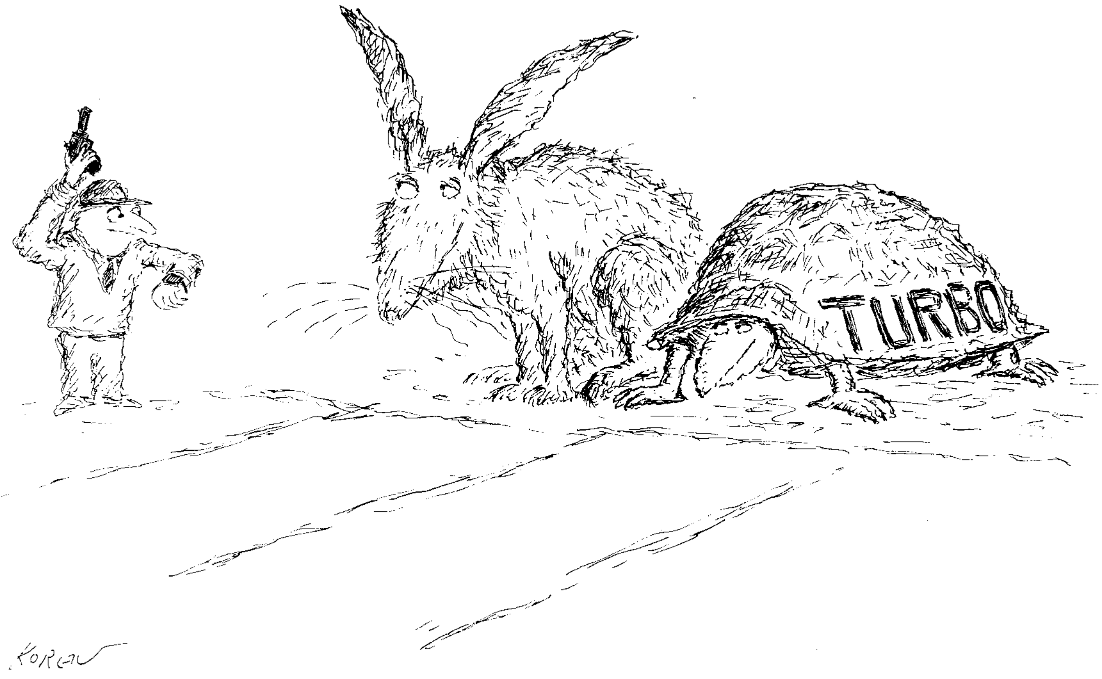

sempé.

A WALK TO THE JETTY

“MY name is Annie John.” These were the first words that came into my mind as I woke up on the morning of the last day I spent in Antigua, and they stayed there, lined up one behind the other, marching up and down, for I don’t know how long. At noon on that day, a ship on which I was to be a passenger would sail to Barbados, and there I would board another ship, which would sail to England, where I would study to become a nurse. My name was the last thing I saw the night before, just as I was falling asleep; it was written in big, black letters all over my trunk, sometimes followed by my address in Antigua, sometimes followed by my address as it would be in England. I did not want to go to England, I did not want to be a nurse, but I would have chosen going off to live in a cavern and keeping house for seven unruly men rather than go on with my life as it stood. I never wanted to lie in this bed again, my legs hanging out way past the foot of it, tossing and turning on my mattress, with its cotton stuffing all lumped just where it wasn’t a good place to be lumped. I never wanted to lie in my bed again and hear Mr. Ephraim driving his sheep to pasture—a signal to my mother that she should get up to prepare my father’s and my bath and breakfast. I never wanted to lie in my bed and hear her get dressed, washing her face, brushing her teeth, and gargling. I especially never wanted to lie in my bed and hear my mother gargling again.

Lying there in the half-dark of my room, I could see my shelf, with my books—some of them prizes I had won in school, some of them gifts from my mother—and with photographs of people I was supposed to love forever no matter what, and with my old thermos, which was given to me for my eighth birthday, and some shells I had gathered at different times I spent at the sea. In one corner stood my washstand and its beautiful basin of white enamel with blooming red hibiscus painted at the bottom and an urn that matched. In another corner were my old school shoes and my Sunday shoes. In still another corner, a bureau held my old clothes. I knew everything in this room, inside out and outside in. I had lived in this room for thirteen of my seventeen years. I could see in my mind’s eye even the day my father was adding it onto the rest of the house. Everywhere I looked stood something that had meant a lot to me, that had given me pleasure at some point, or could remind me of a time that was a happy time. But as I was lying there my heart could have burst open with joy at the thought of never having to see any of it again.

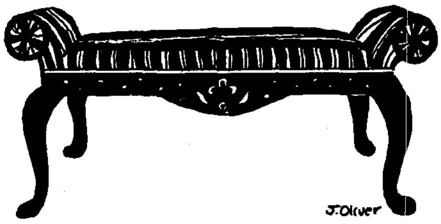
If someone had asked me for a little summing up of my life at that moment as I lay in bed, I would have said, “My name is Annie John. I was born on the fifteenth of September, seventeen years ago, at Holberton Hospital, at five o’clock in the morning. At the time I was born, the moon was going down at one end of the sky and the sun was coming up at the other. My mother’s name is Annie also; I am named after her, and that is why my parents call me Little Miss. My father’s name is Alexander, and he is thirty-five years older than my mother. Two of his children are four and six years older than she is. Looking at how sickly he has become and looking at the way my mother now has to run up and down for him, gathering the herbs and barks that he boils in water, which he drinks instead of the medicine the doctor has ordered for him, I plan not only never to marry an old man but certainly never to marry at all. The house we live in my father built with his own hands. The bed I am lying in my father built with his own hands. If I get up and sit on a chair, it is a chair my father built with his own hands. When my mother uses a large wooden spoon to stir the porridge we sometimes eat as part of our breakfast, it will be a spoon that my father has carved with his own hands. The sheets on my bed my mother made with her own hands. The curtains hanging at my window my mother made with her own hands. The nightie I am wearing, with scalloped neck and hem and sleeves, my mother made with her own hands. When I look at things in a certain way, I suppose I should say that the two of them made me with their own hands. For most of my life, when the three of us went anywhere together I stood between the two of them or sat between the two of them. But then I got too big, and there I was, shoulder to shoulder with them more or less, and it became not very comfortable to walk down the street together. And so now there they are together and here I am apart. I don’t see them now the way I used to, and I don’t love them now the way I used to. The bitter thing about it is that they are just the same and it is I who have changed, so all the things I used to be and all the things I used to feel are as false as the teeth in my father’s head. Why, I wonder, didn’t I see the hypocrite in



my mother when, over the years, she said that she loved me and could hardly live without me, while at the same time proposing and arranging separation after separation, including this one, which, unbeknownst to her, *I* have arranged to be permanent? So now I, too, have hypocrisy, and breasts (small ones), and hair growing in the appropriate places, and sharp eyes, and I have made a vow never to be fooled again."

Lying in my bed for the last time, I thought, This is what I add up to. At that, I felt as if someone had placed me in a hole and was forcing me first down and then up against the pressure of gravity. I shook myself and prepared to get up. I said to myself, "I am getting up out of this bed for the last time." Everything I would do that morning until I got on the ship that would take me to England I would be doing for the last time, for I had made up my mind that, come what might, the road for me now went only in one direction: away from my home, away from my mother, away from my father, away from the everlasting blue sky, away from the everlasting hot sun, away from people who said to me, "This happened during the time your mother was carrying you." If I had been asked to put into words why I felt this way, if I had been given years to reflect and come up with the words of why I felt this way, I would not have been able to come up with so much as the letter "A." I only knew that I felt the way I did, and that this feeling was the strongest thing in my life.

THE Anglican church bell struck seven. My father had already bathed and dressed and was in his workshop puttering around. As if the day of my leaving were something to celebrate, they were treating it as a holiday, and as if nothing usual would take place. My father would not go to work at all. When I got up, my mother greeted me with a big, bright "Good morning"—so big and bright that I shrank before it. I bathed quickly in some warm bark water that my mother had prepared for me. I put on my underclothes—all of them white and all of them smelling funny. Along with my earrings, my neck chain, and my bracelets, all made of gold from British Guiana, my underclothes had been sent to my mother's obeah woman, and whatever she had done to my jewelry and underclothes would help protect me from evil spirits and every kind of misfortune. The things I never wanted to see or hear or do again now made up at least three weeks' worth of grocery lists. I placed a mark against obeah women, jewelry, and white underclothes. Over my underclothes, I put on an around-the-yard dress of my mother's. The clothes I would wear for my voyage were a dark-blue pleated skirt and a blue-and-white checked blouse (the blue in the blouse matched exactly the blue of my skirt) with a large sailor collar and with a tie made from the same material as the skirt—a blouse that came down a long way past my waist, over my skirt. They were lying on a chair, freshly ironed by my mother. Putting



BUILDING THE FENCE

We went out in the cold
to stake out ground, to encircle
goldenrod and our twisted apple trees,
to divide them from a neighbor's tended fields.
We took a sledgehammer, iron stakes, wire,
and headed for the stable
where your mare and her colt slept,
steam rising from the hay.

By dusk we had rounded
the first hill, climbed the second,
and I watched you kneel and bend a wire back.
You wore the flannel shirt you sometimes
slept in, the elbows worn through.
The last downslope seemed endless,
but we finally reached the oak
where our neighbor's perfect fence began,

wrapped the wire twice around the bark,
twisted it, cut it, and were done.
On the damp air, the scent
of windfalls turning to earth . . .
You had thrown off your scarf, and your gold
hair fell forward as you worked,
the only warm color in the growing dark.
Right at our feet a pheasant burst up

and flew for the woods—we lost him
in the cloudbank spreading toward us.
I could feel the snow coming like fever.
Overcome by the sudden quiet,
we followed the line of fence we'd strung
back to our farmhouse,
picking up as we went two scarves
and the bent, discarded stakes.

In the morning I woke alone,
and, looking out, saw white hills, white meadow—
even the pines in the distance were white.
Your mare and her fire-colored colt
huddled at the fence's far edge,
and you came up the stairs, stepped
from your jeans, threw off shirts over shirts.
We'd set up our boundary, and it held us.

—JAMES ULMER

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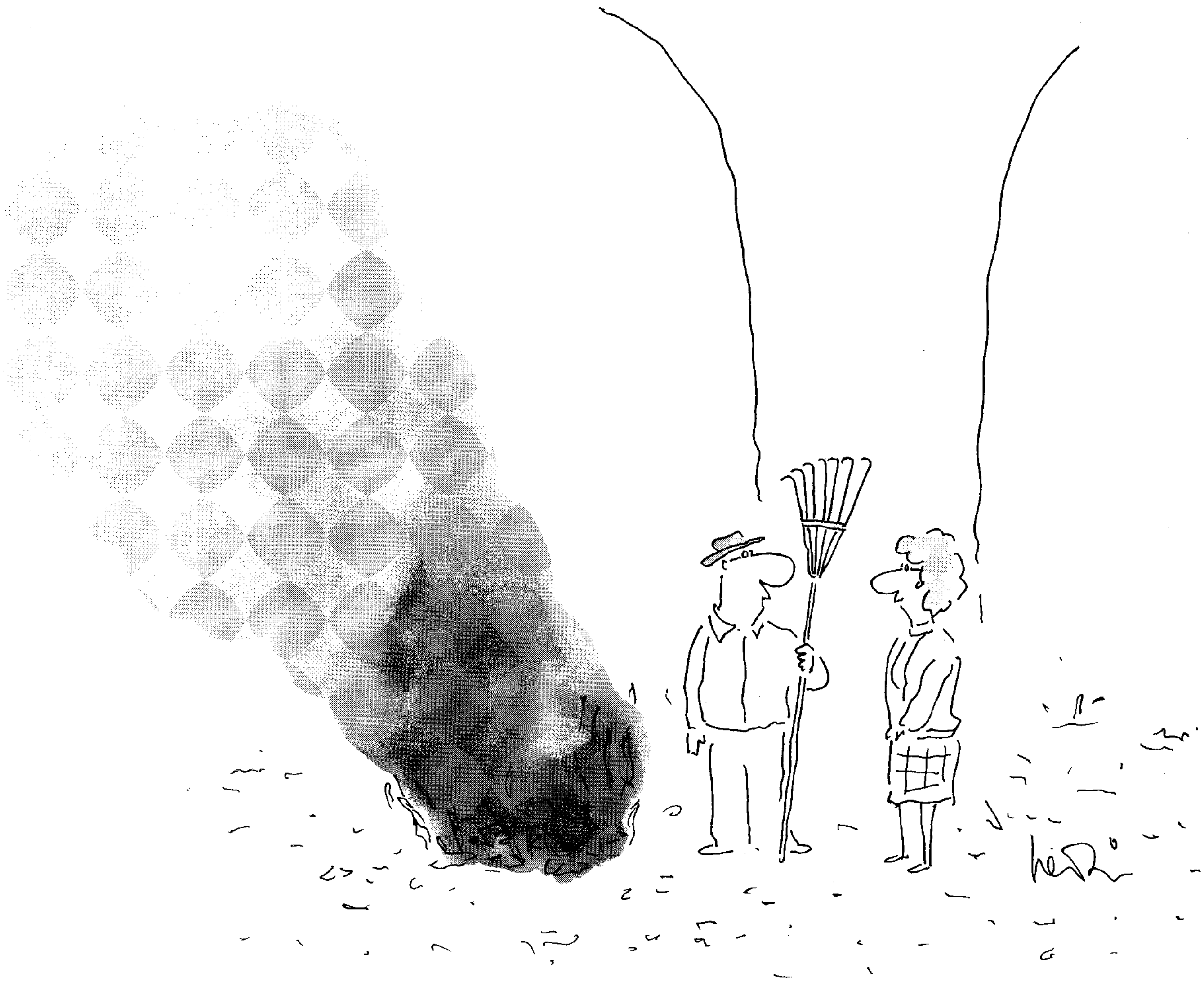

"Well, that's the last of the fall catalogues."

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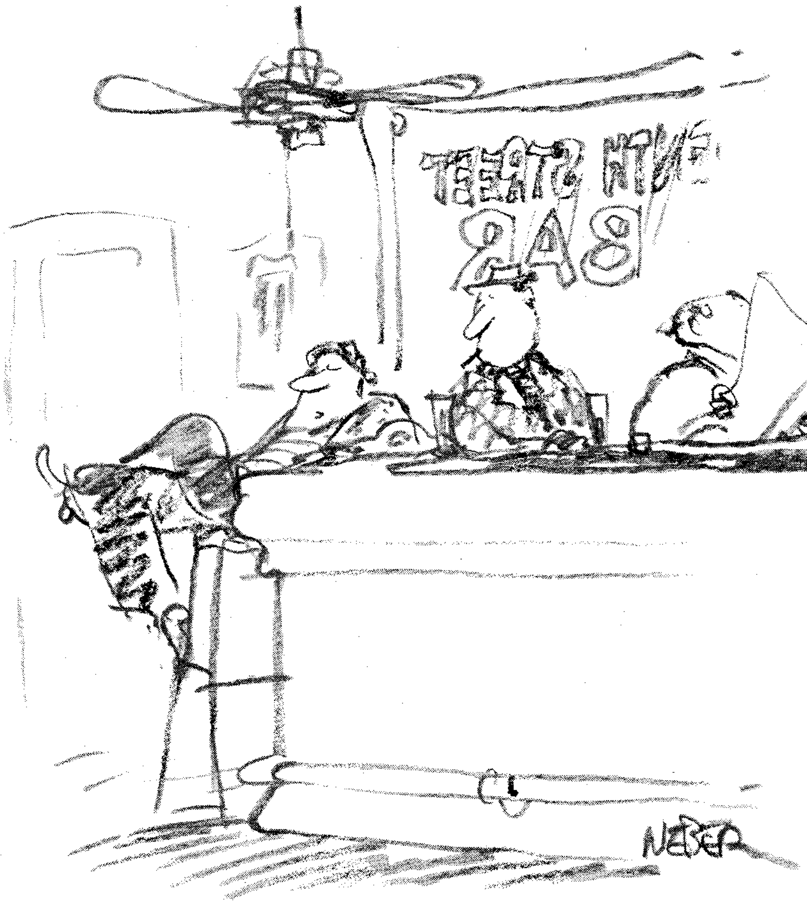
on my clothes was the last thing I would do just before leaving the house. Miss Cornelia came and pressed my hair and then shaped it into what felt like a hundred corkscrews, all lying flat against my head so that my hat would fit properly.

At breakfast, I was seated in my usual spot, with my mother at one end of the table, my father at the other, and me in the middle, so that as they talked to me or to each other I would shift my head to the left or to the right and get a good look at them. We were having a Sunday breakfast, a breakfast as if we had just come back from Sunday-morning services: salt fish and antroba and souse and hard-boiled eggs, and even special Sunday bread from Mr. Daniel, our baker. On Sundays, we ate this big breakfast at eleven o'clock, and then we didn't eat again until four o'clock, when we had our big Sunday dinner. It was the best breakfast we ate, and the only breakfast better than that was the one we ate on Christmas morning. My parents were in a festive mood, saying what a wonderful time I would have in my new life, what a wonderful opportunity this was for me, and what a lucky person I was. They were eating away as they talked, my father's false teeth making a *clop-clop* sound like a horse on a walk as he talked, my mother's mouth going up and down like a horse eating hay as she chewed each mouthful thirty-two times. (I had long ago counted, because it was something she made me do also, and I was trying to see if this was just one of her rules that applied only to me.) I was looking at them with a smile on my face but disgust in my heart when my mother said, "Of course, you are a young lady now, and we won't be surprised if in due time you write to say that one day soon you are to be married."

Without thinking, I said, with bad feeling that I didn't hide very well, "How absurd!"

My parents immediately stopped eating and looked at me as if they had not seen me before. My father was the first to go back to his food. My mother continued to look. I don't know what went through her mind, but I could see her using her tongue to dislodge food stuck in the far corners of her mouth.

Many of my mother's friends now came by to say goodbye to me, and to wish me God's blessings. I thanked them and showed the proper amount of joy at the glorious things they pointed out to me that my future held and showed the proper amount of sorrow at how much my parents and everyone else who loved me would



"I was laid back long before it became a goddam trend."

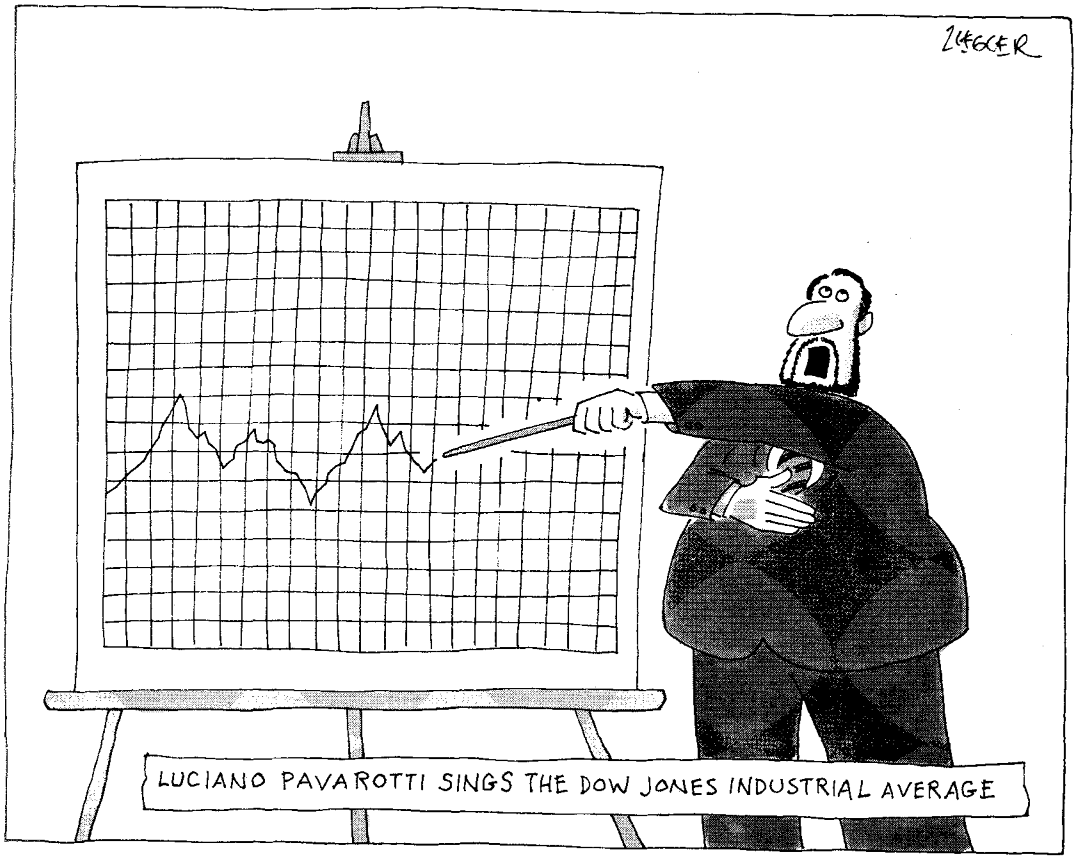
miss me. My body ached a little at all this false going back and forth, at all this taking in of people gazing at me with heads tilted, love and pity on their smiling faces. I could have left without saying any goodbyes to them and I wouldn't have missed it. There was only one person I felt I should say goodbye to, and that was my former friend Gwen. We had long ago drifted apart, and when I saw her now my heart nearly split in two with embarrassment at the feelings I used to have for her and things I had shared with her. She had now degenerated into complete silliness, hardly able to complete a sentence without putting in a few giggles. Along with the giggles, she had developed some other schoolgirl traits that she did not have when she was actually a schoolgirl, so beneath her were such things then. When we were saying our goodbyes, it was all I could do not to say cruelly, "Why are you behaving like such a monkey?" Instead, I put everything into a friendly, plain wishing her well and the best in the future. It was then that she told me that she was more or less engaged to a boy she had known while growing up early on in Nevis, and that soon, in a year or so, they would be married. My reply to her was "Good luck," and she thought I meant her well, so she grabbed me and said, "Thank you. I knew you would be happy about it." But to me it was as if she had shown me a high point from which she was going to jump and hoped to land in one piece on her feet. We parted, and when I turned away I didn't look back.

MY mother had arranged with a stevedore to take my trunk to the jetty ahead of me. At ten o'clock on the dot, I was dressed, and we set off for the jetty. An hour after that, I would board a launch that would take me out to sea, where I then would board the ship. Starting out, as if for old time's sake and without giving it a thought, we lined up in the old way: I walking between my mother and my father. I loomed way above my father and could see the top of his head. I wasn't so much taller than my mother that it could bring me any satisfaction. We must have made a strange sight: a grown girl all dressed up in the middle of a morning, in the middle of the week, walking in step in the middle between her two parents, for people we didn't know stared at us. It was all of half an hour's walk from our house to the jetty, but I was passing through most of the years of my life. We passed by the house where Miss Lois, the seamstress that I had been apprenticed to for a few years, lived, and just as I was passing by a wave of bad feeling for her came over me, because I suddenly remembered that the first year I spent with her all she had me do was sweep the floor, which was always full of threads and pins and needles, and I never seemed to sweep it clean enough to please her. Then she would send me to the store to buy buttons or thread, though I was only allowed to do this if I was given a sample of the button or thread, and then she would find fault even though they were an exact match of the samples she had given me. And all the while she said to me, "You'll never sew, you know." At the time, I don't suppose I minded it, because it was customary to treat the first-year apprentice with such scorn, but now I placed on the dustheap of my life Miss Lois and everything that I had had to do with her.

We were soon on the road that I had taken to school, to church, to Sunday school, to choir practice, to Brownie meetings, to Girl Guide meetings, to meet a friend. I was five years old when I first walked on this road unaccompanied by someone to hold my hand. My mother had placed three pennies in my little basket, which was a duplicate of her bigger basket, and sent me to the chemist's shop to buy a pennyworth of senna, a pennyworth of eucalyptus leaves, and a pennyworth of camphor. She then instructed me on what side of the road to walk, where to make a turn, where to cross, and to look carefully before I crossed, and if I met anyone that I knew to politely pass greetings and keep on my way. I was wearing a freshly ironed yellow dress that had printed on it scenes of acrobats flying through the air and swinging on a trapeze. I had just had a bath, and after it, instead of powdering me with my baby-smelling talcum powder, my mother had, as a special favor, let me use her own talcum powder, which smelled quite perfumy and came in a can that had painted on it people going out to dinner in nineteenth-century London and was called Mazie. How it pleased me to walk out the door and bend my head down to sniff at myself and see that I smelled just like my mother. I went to the chemist's shop, and he had to come from behind the counter and bend down to hear what it was that I wanted to buy, my voice was so little and timid then. I went back just the way I had come, and when I walked into the yard and presented my basket with its three packages to my mother her eyes filled with tears and she swooped me up and held me high in the air and said that I was wonderful and good and that there would never be anybody better. If I had just conquered Persia, she couldn't have been more proud of me.

We passed by our church—the church in which I had been christened and received and had sung in the junior choir. We passed by a house in which a girl I used to like and was sure I couldn't live without had lived. Once, when she had mumps, I went to visit her against my mother's wishes, and we sat on her bed and ate the cure of roasted, buttered sweet potatoes that had been placed on her swollen jaws, held there by a piece of white cloth. I don't know how, but my mother found out about it, and I don't know how, but she put an end to our friendship. Shortly after, the girl moved with her family across the sea to somewhere else. We passed the doll store where I would go with my mother when I was little and point out the doll I wanted that year for Christmas. We passed the store where I bought the much-fought-over shoes I wore to church to be received in. We passed the bank. On my sixth birthday, I was given, among other things, the present of a sixpence. My mother and I then went to this bank, and with the sixpence I opened my own savings account. I was given a little gray book with my name in big letters on it, and in the balance column it said "6d." Every Saturday morning after that, I was given a sixpence—later, a shilling, and later a two-and-sixpence piece—and I would take it to the bank for deposit. I had never been allowed to withdraw even a farthing from my bank account until just a few weeks before I was to leave; then the whole account was closed out, and I received from the bank the sum of six pounds, ten shillings, and two and a half pence.

We passed the office of the doctor who told my mother three times that I did not need glasses, that if my eyes were feeling weak a glass of carrot juice a day would make them strong again. This happened when I was eight. And so every day at recess I would run to my school gate and meet my mother, who was waiting for me with a glass of juice from carrots she had just grated and then squeezed, and I would drink it and then run back to meet my chums. I knew there was nothing at all wrong with my eyes, but I had recently read a story in "A Girl's Own Annual" in which the heroine, a girl a few years older than I was then, cut such a figure to my mind with the way she was always adjusting her small, round horn-rimmed glasses that I felt I must have a pair exactly like them. When it became clear that I didn't need glasses, I began to complain about the glare of the sun being too much for my eyes, and I walked around with my hands shielding them—especially in my mother's presence. My mother then bought for me a pair of sunglasses with the exact horn-rimmed frames I wanted, and how I enjoyed the gestures of blowing on the lenses, wiping them with the hem of my uniform, adjusting the glasses when they slipped down my nose, and just removing them from their case and putting them on. In three weeks, I grew tired of them and they found a nice resting place in a drawer, along with some other things that at one time or another I couldn't live without. We passed the store that sold only grooming aids, all imported from England. This store had in it a large porcelain dog—white, with black spots all over and a red ribbon of satin tied around its neck. The dog sat in front of a white porcelain bowl that was always filled with fresh water, and it sat in such a way that it looked as if it had just taken a long drink. When I was a small child, I would ask my mother, if ever we were near this store, to please take me to see the dog, and I would stand in front of it, bent over slightly, my hands resting on my knees, and stare at it and stare at it. I thought this dog more beautiful and more real than any dog I had ever seen or any dog I



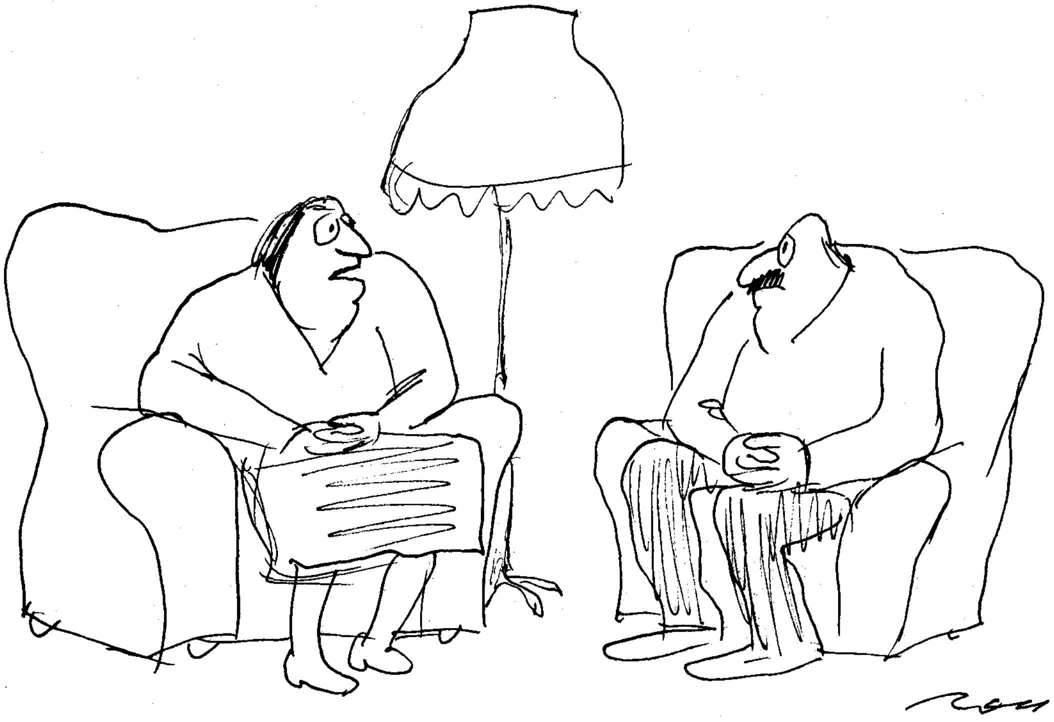
LUCIANO PAVAROTTI SINGS THE DOW JONES INDUSTRIAL AVERAGE would ever see. I must have outgrown my interest in the dog, for when it disappeared I never asked what became of it. We passed the library, and if there was anything on this walk that I might have wept over leaving this most surely would have been the thing. My mother had been a member of the library long before I was born. And since she took me everywhere with her when I was quite little, when she went to the library she took me along here, too. I would sit in her lap very quietly as she read books that she did not want to take home with her. I could not read the words yet, but just the way they looked on the page was interesting to me. Once, a book she was reading had a large picture of a man in it, and when I asked her who he was she told me that he was Louis Pasteur and that the book was about his life. It stuck in my mind, because she said it was because of him that she boiled my milk to purify it before I was allowed to drink it, that it was his idea, and that that was why the process was called pasteurization. One of the things I had put away in my mother's old trunk in which she kept all my childhood things was my library card. At that moment, I owed sevenpence in overdue fees.

As I passed by all these places, it was as if I were in a dream, for I didn't notice the people coming and going in and out of them, I didn't feel my feet touch ground, I didn't even feel my own body—I just saw these places as if they were hanging in the air, not having top or bottom, and as if I had gone in and out of them all in the same moment. The sun was bright; the sky was blue and just above my head. We then arrived at the jetty.

MY heart now beat fast, and no matter how hard I tried I couldn't keep my mouth from falling open and my nostrils from spreading to the ends of my face. My old fear of slipping between the boards of the jetty and falling into the dark-green water where the dark-green eels lived came over me. When my father's stomach started to go bad, the doctor had recommended a walk every evening right after he ate his dinner. Sometimes he would take me with him. When he took me with him, we usually went to the jetty, and there he would sit and talk to the night watchman about cricket or some other thing that didn't interest me, because it was not personal; they didn't talk about their wives, or their children, or their parents, or about any of their likes and dislikes. They talked about things in such a strange way, and I didn't see what they found funny, but sometimes they made each other laugh so much that their guffaws would bound out to sea and send back an echo. I was always sorry when we got to the jetty and saw that the night watchman on duty was the one he enjoyed speaking to; it was like being locked up in a book filled with numbers and diagrams and what-ifs. For the thing about not being able to understand and enjoy what they were saying was I had nothing to take my mind off my fear of slipping in between the boards of the jetty.

Now, too, I had nothing to take my mind off what was happening to me. My mother and my father—I was leaving them forever. My home on an island—I was leaving it forever. What to make of everything? I felt a familiar hollow space inside. I felt I was being held down against my will. I felt I was burning up from head to toe. I felt that someone was tearing me up into little pieces and soon I would be able to see all the little pieces as they floated out into nothing in the deep blue sea. I didn't know whether to laugh or cry. I could see that it would be better not to think too clearly about any one thing. The launch was being made ready to take me, along with some other passengers, out to the ship that was anchored in the sea. My father paid our fares, and we joined a line of people waiting to board. My mother checked my bag to make sure that I had my passport, the money she had given me, and a sheet of paper placed between some pages in my Bible on which were written the names of the relatives—people I had not known existed—with whom I would live in England. Across from the jetty was a wharf, and some stevedores were loading and unloading barges. I don't know why seeing that struck me so, but suddenly a wave of strong feeling came over me, and my heart swelled with a great gladness as the words "I shall never see this again" spilled out inside me. But then, just as quickly, my heart shrivelled up and the words "I shall never see this again" stabbed at me. I don't know what stopped me from falling in a heap at my parents' feet.

When we were all on board, the launch headed



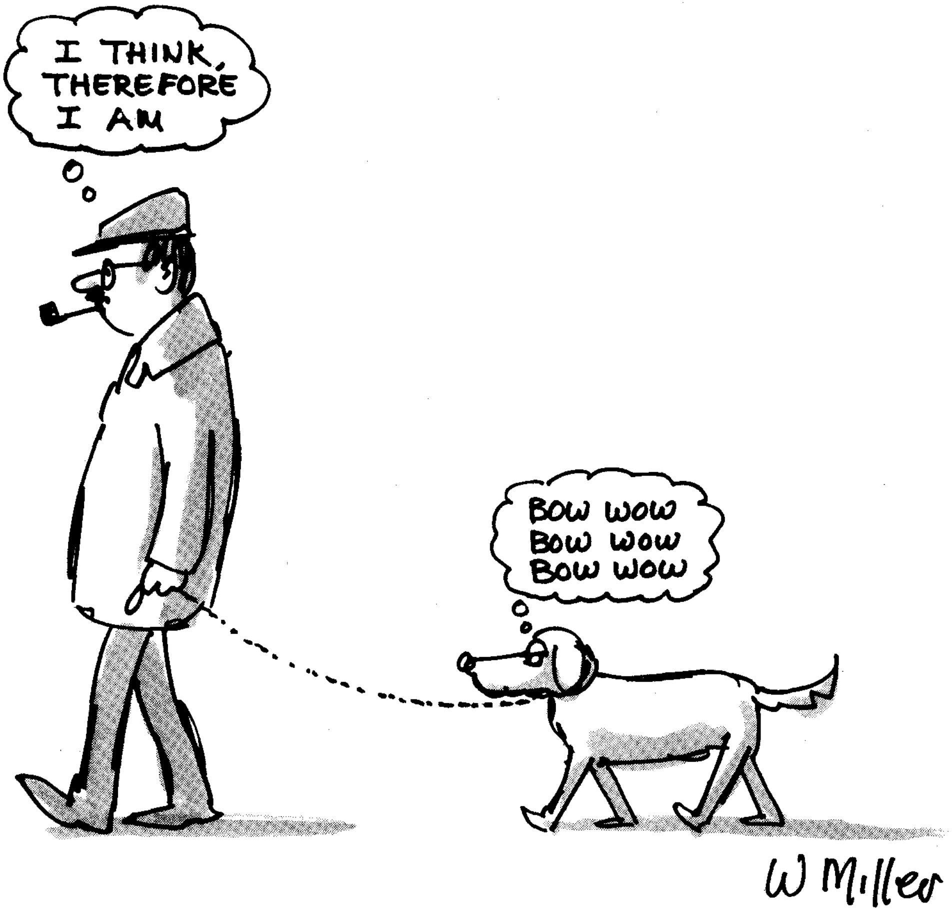
"Something's happened to us, Ephraim. What *is* that something?"

out to sea. Away from the jetty, the water became the customary blue, and the launch left a wide path in it that looked like a road. I passed by sounds and smells that were so familiar that I had long ago stopped paying any attention to them. But now here they were, and the ever-present "I shall never see this again" bobbed up and down inside me. There was the sound of the seagull diving down into the water and coming up with something silverish in its mouth. There was the smell of the sea and the sight of small pieces of rubbish floating around in it. There were boats filled with fishermen coming in early. There was the sound of their voices as they shouted greetings to each other. There was the hot sun, there was the blue sea, there was the blue sky. Not very far away, there was the white sand of the shore, with the run-down houses all crowded in next to each other, for in some places only poor people lived near the shore. I was seated in the launch between my parents, and when I realized that I was gripping their hands tightly I glanced quickly to see if they were looking at me with scorn, for I felt sure that they must have known of my never-see-this-again feelings. But instead my father kissed me on the forehead and my mother kissed me on the mouth, and they both gave over their hands to me, so that I could grip them as much as I wanted. I was on the verge of feeling that it had all been a mistake, but I remembered that I wasn't a child anymore, and that now when I made up my mind about something I had to see it through. At that moment, we came to the ship, and that was that.

THE goodbyes had to be quick, the captain said. My mother introduced herself to him and then introduced me. She told him to keep an eye on me, for I had never gone this far away from home on my own. She gave him a letter to pass on to the captain of the next ship that I would board in Barbados. They walked me to my cabin, a small space that I would share with someone else—a woman I did not know. I had never before slept in a room with someone I did not know. My father kissed me goodbye and told me to be good and to write home often. After he said this, he looked at me, then looked at the floor and swung his left foot, then looked at me again. I could see that he wanted to say something else, something that he had never said to me before, but then he just turned and walked away. My mother said, "Well," and then she threw her arms around me. Big tears streamed down her face, and it must have been that—for I could not bear to see my mother cry—which started me crying, too. She then tightened her arms around me and held me to her close, so that I felt that I couldn't breathe. With that, my tears dried up, and I was suddenly on my guard. "What does she want now?" I said to myself. Still holding me close to her, she said, in a voice that raked across my skin, "It doesn't matter what you do or where you go, I'll always be your mother and this will always be your home."

I dragged myself away from her and backed off a little, and then I shook myself, as if to wake myself out of a stupor. We looked at each other for a long time with smiles on our faces, but I know the opposite of that was in my heart. As if responding to some invisible cue, we both said, at the very same moment, "Well." Then my mother turned around and walked out the cabin door. I stood there for I don't know how long, and then I remembered that it was customary to stand on deck and wave to your relatives who were returning to shore. From the deck, I could not see my father, but I could see my mother facing the ship, her eyes searching to pick me out. I removed from my bag a red cotton handkerchief that she had earlier given me for just this purpose, and I waved it wildly in the air. Recognizing me immediately, she waved back just as wildly, and we continued to do this until she became just a dot in the matchbox-size launch swallowed up in the big blue sea.

I went back to my cabin and lay down on my berth. Everything trembled as if it had a spring at its very center. I could hear the small waves lap-lapping around the ship. They made an unexpected sound, as if a vessel filled with liquid had been placed on its side and now was slowly emptying out. —JAMAICA KINCAID


I THINK, THEREFORE I AM
BOW WOW BOW WOW BOW WOW
W Miller

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GO CLIMB A TREE DEPARTMENT

[*Rex Reed in the Post*]

The warm, affectionate story he tells in *Garbo Talks* is the sort of offbeat vignette you might find in the pages of the *New Yorker* if that magazine had a sense of humor.

ANNALS OF LAW

THE SULLIVAN CASE

OF all the striking decisions of the Supreme Court in the Earl Warren years, the most remarkable in terms of legal doctrine may have been one that did not address an agitating subject such as race or prayer. It was a libel case, New York Times Co. v. Sullivan. When it was decided, on March 9, 1964, it aroused no great public excitement: nothing like the uproar over the school-segregation decision, for example. But the school case, for all its social and political impact, was in law a natural extension of earlier decisions forbidding segregation in higher education. Times v. Sullivan was written on a clean slate. Until that day, libel in the United States had been entirely a local matter, left to the law of each state; no award of damages for libel, however large the sum or outlandish the legal theory underlying it, had ever been held to violate any provision of the federal Constitution. Now the Supreme Court decided that a judgment against the publishers of a false statement harmful to reputation could violate the clauses of the First Amendment guaranteeing freedom of speech and of the press. The effect was to transform a whole branch of the law. The decision, and decisions that followed, made every libel case in the country subject to federal law: the law of the Constitution.

The Sullivan case, as it is known in lawyers' shorthand, laid down a rule for libel actions by government officials. Justice William J. Brennan, Jr., who wrote the opinion of the Court, said the First Amendment required "breathing space" for criticism of officials. "Erroneous statement is inevitable in free debate," he wrote. If critics of official conduct could be penalized for mistakes honestly made, they would tend to steer clear of controversy—and this country had "a profound national commitment to the principle that debate on public issues should be uninhibited, robust, and wide-open." Brennan concluded that it was not enough, constitutionally, for an official to show that he was the subject of a defamatory publication; he had to prove that it was false and had been published with knowledge of its falsity or in reckless disregard of its truth or falsity. Later cases applied the same rule to libel suits by "public figures"—people who, though they hold no official position, are prominent. Suits by purely private persons were also brought within the Constitution, but these have to meet a somewhat less stringent test.

The decision in Times v. Sullivan was hailed as a landmark in the law of free expression. Alexander Meiklejohn, the philosopher and educator, who had been arguing for years that the First Amendment gave absolute protection to all political speech, said it was "an occasion for dancing in the streets." The press saw it as a great advance in the freedom to report and comment boldly: the most important legal victory for the American press since the Supreme Court—in 1931, in the case of Near v. Minnesota—said the First Amendment disfavored prior restraints on publication.

Twenty years later it all looks less simple, and less triumphant for freedom of expression. Libel suits, which for a while seemed to be fading from the American legal landscape, are flourishing. Juries are awarding huge sums to plaintiffs: twenty-six million five hundred thousand dollars to a former Miss Wyoming who claimed that a character in a *Penthouse* short story resembled and insulted her. That judgment was upset on appeal, as some other large jury awards have been, but publishers and their lawyers are not confident of continued success in winning from appellate judges what they have lost before juries. The *Wall Street Journal*, which had had an announced policy of refusing to settle any libel suit against it before trial, paid eight hundred thousand dollars to settle one last June. As important as the threat of large damages is the reality of high costs; they have risen even more precipitously in libel cases than in litigation generally. Nowadays, each side in a major libel action that goes to trial can expect lawyers' fees and other expenses in the millions of dollars. The rule of the Sullivan case, which to

"We're in the market for a good time."

"I am cooking for Daddy, honey, but don't forget that sometimes he cooks for me. We do it because we love each other."

the untrained eye might seem straightforward, turns out to bristle with questions. What constitutes "reckless disregard" of the truth? How does a plaintiff discover what the defendant knew, and may have disregarded, when he published? Who is a "public figure"? Lawyers and judges and law professors argue these questions of constitutional law and others that did not exist until the Sullivan case made libel subject to constitutional standards.

The case had and has an intellectual fascination beyond the concerns of lawyers, raising as it does questions about the values of our society. What weight should we give to reputation as against freedom of expression? Does our tradition of uninhibited political discourse discourage good people from going into public life? Is a rule limiting responsibility for the publication of damaging falsehoods good for the press? More than with most great Supreme Court cases, the philosophical debate continues decades after the decision.

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LEGAL doctrine has a life of its own, and we tend to forget the circumstances in which it was formulated. But the facts of the Sullivan case are so rich and compelling that without knowledge of them the resulting constitutional rule cannot really be understood. It all began with an advertisement in the *Times* on March 29, 1960: a full page headed "HEED THEIR RISING VOICES." It sought support for the civil-rights movement in the South and for Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., who, as a minister in Montgomery, Alabama, had been the movement's principal leader. The advertisement, accusing no one by name, said that "Southern violators" had arrested Dr. King seven times and had persecuted black students who sang "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" on the steps of the State Capitol in Montgomery, locking them out of their dining hall "in an attempt to starve them into submission." At the bottom, as endorsers, appeared the names of twenty Southern supporters of the movement, including four black clergymen from Alabama—Ralph D. Abernathy, Fred L. Shuttlesworth, S. S. Seay, Sr., and J. E. Lowery.

Sullivan was L. B. Sullivan, an elected commissioner of Montgomery, whose functions included supervision of the police. Even though he was not named in the advertisement, he claimed that its charges of police abuse would be taken as reflections on him. He also showed, and the *Times* in due course conceded, that the advertisement was mistaken in some particulars: Dr. King had been arrested only four times, not seven; the students on the Capitol steps had sung "The Star-Spangled Banner," not "My Country, 'Tis of Thee;" and they had not been locked out of their dining hall. Sullivan sued the *Times* and the four Alabama ministers whose names had appeared at the bottom of the advertisement for libel, asking half a million dollars in damages. Three other Montgomery officials sued for the same amount, and Governor John Patterson, of Alabama, for a million dollars—a total of three million dollars in libel claims on the basis of that advertisement.

The climate in which the lawsuits were brought was one of racial oppression whose intensity is hard to remember now. People were murdered then for encouraging blacks to register and vote in the Deep South. At the time of the disputed advertisement, six years after the Supreme Court had held segregated public schools unlawful, not a single black attended a public university with whites in Alabama or Mississippi, much less a public school. On April 12, 1960, two weeks after the advertisement, the *Times* carried a report by Harrison E. Salisbury on conditions in Birmingham, Alabama. The headline was "FEAR AND HATRED GRIP BIRMINGHAM." Salisbury wrote, "Ball parks and taxicabs are segregated. So are libraries. A book featuring black rabbits and white rabbits was banned. A drive is on to forbid 'Negro music' on 'white' radio stations. Every channel of communication, every medium of mutual interest, every reasoned approach, every inch of middle ground has been fragmented by the emotional dynamite of racism, reinforced by the whip, the razor, the gun, the bomb, the torch, the club, the knife, the mob, the police, and many branches of the state's apparatus."

The racial attitudes of the whites who held power in Alabama made themselves manifest in the libel litigation from the start. The *Times* had trouble finding a lawyer in Alabama who would represent it. Its regular counsel, Louis Loeb, of the New York firm of Lord, Day & Lord, approached well-known firms in Birmingham and was turned down. He finally succeeded in getting a Birmingham lawyer considered something of a maverick—T. Eric Embry, whose firm had had black criminal defendants among its clients. (It is an indication of how Alabama has changed that in 1975 Embry became a justice of the State Supreme Court.) When Loeb went down to Alabama to do some work on the case, Embry got him a motel room under an assumed name. Association with the *Times* had become even more dangerous in Alabama because of the Salisbury article. It produced more libel actions: three million one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in claims against the *Times* and one and a half million against Salisbury.

Commissioner Sullivan's suit was the first to come to trial, on November 1, 1960. The judge was Circuit Judge Walter Burgwyn Jones, of Montgomery County, a man who left no doubt, then or later, of where his sympathies were on the racial issue. Montgomery had been the first capital of the Confederacy. When the Confederacy's hundredth anniversary was celebrated, in 1961, Judge Jones administered the oath of office to the man who played Jefferson Davis, and some jurors took their seats in the jury box of his courtroom wearing Confederate uniforms. Judge Jones published "The Confederate Creed," a statement beginning, "With unfaltering trust in the God of my fathers, I believe, as a Confederate, in obedience to Him; that it is my duty to respect the laws and ancient ways of my people, and to stand up for the right of my State to determine what is good for its people in all local affairs." During the years 1960 and 1961, Judge Jones issued orders forbidding the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People to do business in Alabama, barring demonstrations by Freedom Riders against segregation on buses, and preventing the United States Department of Justice from examining any voter-registration records in Alabama. Seating in his courtroom was segregated. During the libel trial held after Sullivan's—of an action brought by Mayor Earl James, of Montgomery, over the advertisement—black spectators one day took seats among the whites. The next day, Judge Jones ordered segregation enforced again and blamed "recognized rabble-rousers and racial agitators" for what had happened. When it came to his authority over the seating, he said, the Fourteenth Amendment and its prohibition of racial discrimination had "no standing whatever in this court."

EP
a. ehrenberg

Embry's first move as the *Times*' lawyer was to challenge what is called the in-personam jurisdiction of the court: its power to bring the *Times* into court in Alabama. There are fifty state legal systems in this country, each operating in a sense within Chinese walls. The courts of one state can constitutionally command a party from another state to appear before them only if the distant party has some meaningful connection of business or property or person with the commanding state. Embry argued that the *Times* did no substantial business in Alabama; of its daily circulation of six hundred and fifty thousand in March

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NEW ENGLAND, AUTUMN

Our daughter dreamt of magnolias—
That one mammal among flowers.

You dreamt of bluets
And the hearts of celery. The cat
Had dreamt of his old sock
And the black
Beetle scratching inside the matchbox.

We burned the toast.

The whole house peppered with the cold.
I missed the shadowy hardpan of the desert floor
With the smoke trees and palo verde.
You both asked about my dream.

It was evening.
My dead grandmother was in the yard
That sloped down to the pond;
She'd carefully placed a linen tablecloth
Over the clotheshorse for drying . . .

I watched a mosquito,
Which rose from the back of my hand
Heavy with blood, vanish
Into the caption of a saw-toothed mouth—
The old pike
Striking from under the lily pads.

In a matter of seconds that blood had travelled
From my heart
To the very bottom of the chilled pond.

I woke with a start as if we had set an alarm.

—NORMAN DUBIE

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"But enough about my unique brand of Americanism. Tell me about your unique brand of Americanism."

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of 1960, for instance, only three hundred and ninety-four copies went to Alabama. In filing a motion to challenge the jurisdiction, Embry had to take care to make what is called a "special appearance"—one for that purpose only—since a "general appearance" by a lawyer on behalf of a distant party may itself subject the party to the court's jurisdiction. To do it right, Embry followed the form given in a leading text, "Alabama Pleading and Practice at Law," by Walter Burgwyn Jones—the same Walter Burgwyn Jones who was the judge in the case. But Judge Jones overruled his book and Embry; he held that the lawyer had inadvertently made a general appearance, waiving the objection and bringing the *Times* within his court's jurisdiction. (Herbert Wechsler, who argued the case for the *Times* in the Supreme Court, took a copy of the Jones book on Alabama practice to the argument with him, so that he could show it to the justices in support of a contention that the jurisdictional ruling against the *Times* was itself so unfair as to be unconstitutional; but he decided that the point would distract attention from his First Amendment argument, and he didn't mention it.)

At the trial of New York Times Co. v. Sullivan, six witnesses for the plaintiff testified that they would tend to connect some of the language in the advertisement with him. If they believed the statements about police abuse, they said, they would think worse of Sullivan—but not one of the six testified that he actually did believe the critical statements. Sullivan offered no proof that he had been hurt financially by the advertisement. (In the Supreme Court, Justice Hugo L. Black, who was from Alabama, wrote that "viewed realistically . . . instead of being damaged Commissioner Sullivan's political, social, and financial prestige has likely been enhanced by the *Times*' publication.") Judge Jones charged the jury that the statements in the advertisement were "libellous per se," that "the law implies legal injury from the bare fact of publication," that "general damages need not be alleged or proved but are presumed," and that punitive damages could also be awarded. To give judgment for Sullivan, he said, the jury had only to be satisfied that the statements in the advertisement were "of and concerning" him. The jury returned a verdict giving him all he had asked: half a million dollars—at that time the largest libel judgment in Alabama history. It ran against the *Times* and the four black ministers, though the ministers had said all along—and introduced evidence to corroborate the claim—that their names had been used in the advertisement without their knowledge or permission.

When the ministers asked for a new trial, Judge Jones found that they had failed to make a necessary procedural motion and hence had waived their right to be heard on that request. On the same ground, he ordered their cars and other property attached to help pay the half million dollars if and when the judgment became final. (The files of the *Times* show that its publisher, Arthur Hays Sulzberger, read about the seizures of property and asked Louis Loeb how the *Times* could help the four ministers in their financial distress. Loeb replied that it might be legally risky to help at that time but that he was confident the judgment would eventually be reversed, and the *Times* could "then lend them every conceivable assistance in recovering the meager assets of

"And this is the proverbial husband, I presume."

which they are being deprived in this heartless and vindictive manner.")

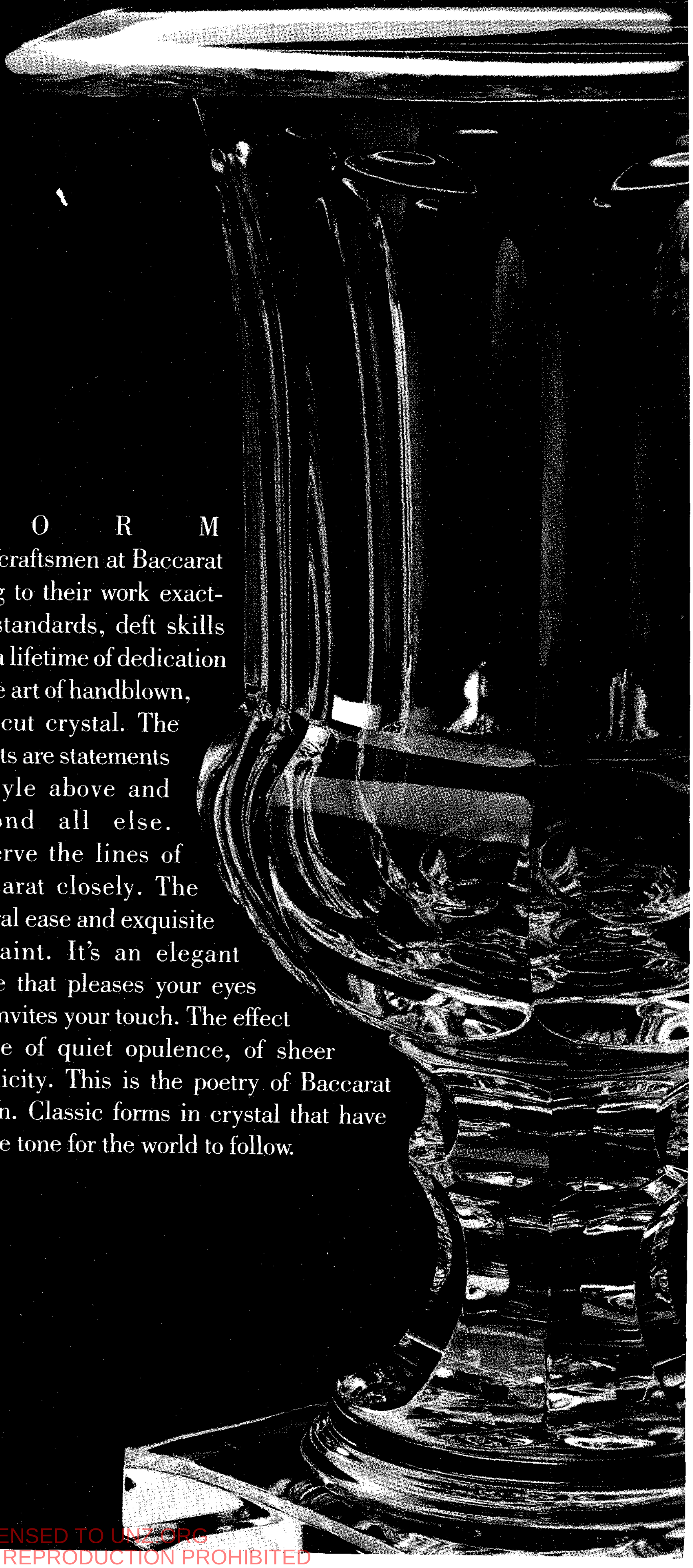
THE next move was an appeal to the Supreme Court of Alabama. The *Times* now retained Herbert Wechsler—a step that played a large part in shaping the constitutional result in New York Times Co. v. Sullivan. A professor of law at Columbia University, Wechsler is a constitutional scholar known especially as an expert on federalism, on the relationships between state and federal law in our complex system. He was coauthor, with Professor Henry M. Hart, Jr., of the Harvard Law School, of what is generally regarded as the most profound and original American legal textbook, "The Federal Courts and the Federal System." In 1944-46, he was an Assistant Attorney General of the United States; in 1932-33, he was law secretary to Justice Harlan F. Stone, of the Supreme Court; and he helped to write the Supreme Court brief in the 1937 case of Herndon v. Lowry, an important victory for freedom of expression, reversing the conviction of a black Communist Party organizer in Georgia. Professor Wechsler has in extraordinary degree the lawyer's analytic ability to take the disparate facts of a situation and organize them into an intellectual structure, and he does so with alarming instancy. I first met him in 1956, and I remember feeling then as I still do—that he thinks my thoughts before I think them.

The case that Wechsler constructed for New York Times Co. v. Sullivan proved decisive—but not in the Alabama Supreme Court. On August 30, 1962, that court affirmed the five-hundred-thousand-dollar judgment, agreeing with Judge Jones's strict statement of the law of libel. The *Times* had made a constitutional argument, relying on the First Amendment, but the Alabama Court dismissed it with the comment that "the First Amendment of the U.S. Constitution does not protect libellous publications." As far as any court had held up to that point, it was a correct statement.

Then came an odd episode. Professor Wechsler was invited to a meeting of *Times* executives to discuss the Sullivan case. He thought he would be asked about the strategy to be used in the Supreme Court of the United States, and the prospects there. Instead, he encountered doubts about whether to take the case to the Supreme Court at all. "I found myself defending the legal position I was advancing in defense of the *Times*—that the First Amendment applied in libel cases," he recalled recently. "People were asking why it wasn't enough for the *Times* to 'stick to our established position that we never settle libel cases, we publish the truth, if there's an occasional error we lose and that's one of the vicissitudes of life'—that at a time when, I was told, the paper was barely making a profit, and these judgments were mounting up." (In the one other case that had gone to trial, that of Mayor James, the jury had also returned a verdict for the full five hundred thousand dollars claimed in damages.)

"As soon as I realized what was involved," Wechsler said, "my reaction was, first, to give them a sense of how the scope of the First Amendment had been progressively expanded by the Supreme Court in the previous fifteen years, so that every one of the old shibboleths had gone—the idea that contempt isn't covered by the First Amendment, unlawful advocacy isn't covered—and libel would logically follow. And, second, I said that if the *Times* didn't make this argument, in what was over all a very sympathetic case, who could be expected to make it? I did tell them there was a substantial chance that the Court would decide the case on its individual facts rather than by a broad rule, but I pointed out that even to hold that factual shortcomings in a libel case could be a federal constitutional matter would have large implications. I don't remember how the meeting ended. But I do recall that the publisher, Orvil Dryfoos, was sympathetic to the idea of making the constitutional argument. Shortly afterward, Louis Loeb, who had been at the meeting and of course agreed that we should go on to

IT TAKES TIME TO UNDERSTAND WHAT TOOK TIME TO CREATE



FORM

The craftsmen at Baccarat bring to their work exacting standards, deft skills and a lifetime of dedication to the art of handblown, handcut crystal. The results are statements of style above and beyond all else. Observe the lines of Baccarat closely. The natural ease and exquisite restraint. It's an elegant shape that pleases your eyes and invites your touch. The effect is one of quiet opulence, of sheer simplicity. This is the poetry of Baccarat design. Classic forms in crystal that have set the tone for the world to follow.

BACCARAT FRANCE

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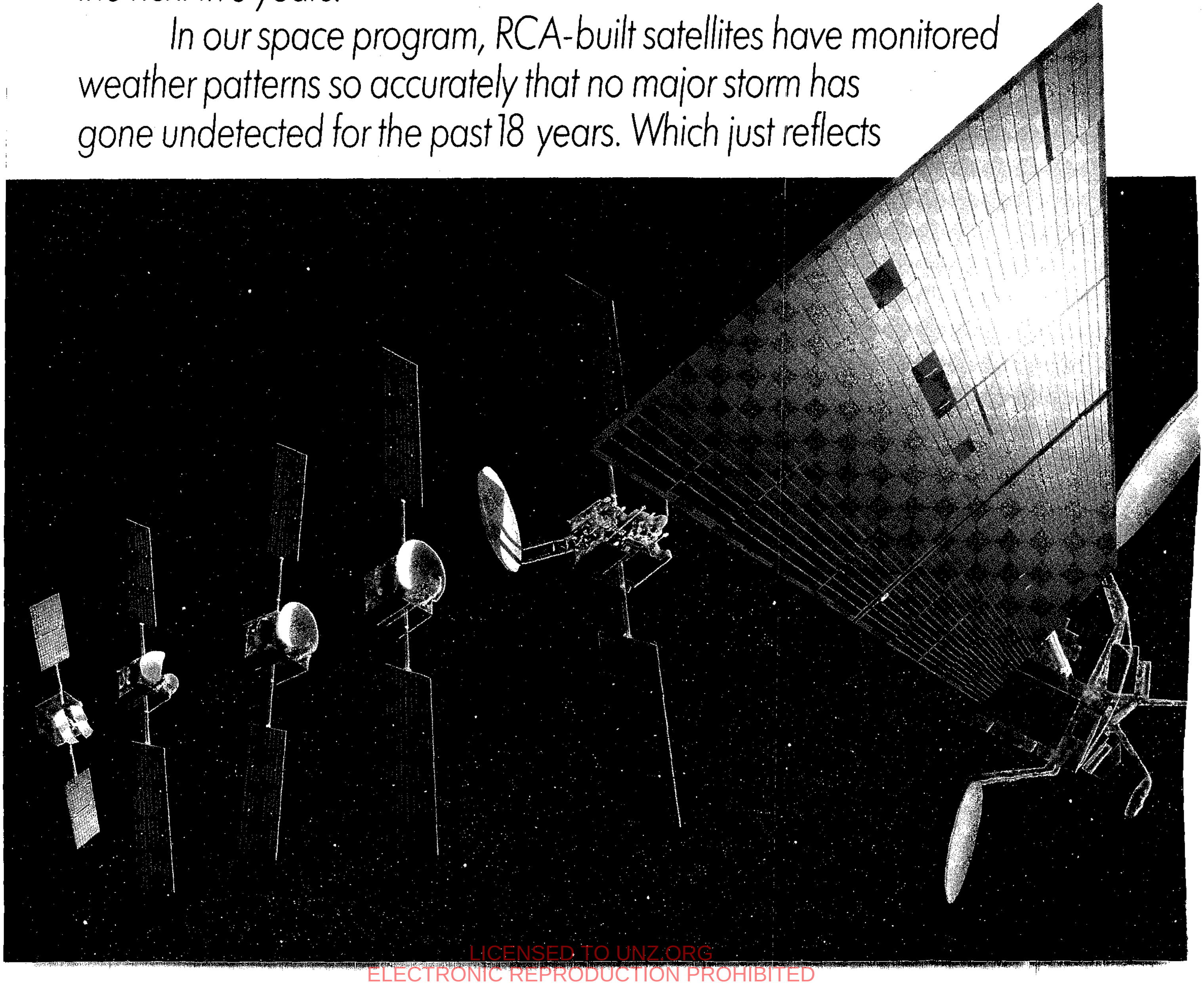
Most people think of countries having space programs. At RCA, we have a bigger one than most countries.

Since 1958, we've built more than 80 satellites and been involved in 70 other space missions. With over 40 more satellites planned for launch during the next five years.

In our space program, RCA-built satellites have monitored weather patterns so accurately that no major storm has gone undetected for the past 18 years. Which just reflects



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Aboard the Space Shuttle, RCA is also a pioneer. It was our cameras and video equipment that sent back the dramatic, live television pictures of every shuttle mission. And we'll continue to do so over the next decade.

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Now if all this surprises you, be prepared for a few more. In fact, if you'd like to learn more about RCA as a corporation, an investment or as a place to work, write for "This is RCA," P.O. Box 91404, Indianapolis, Ind. 46291.

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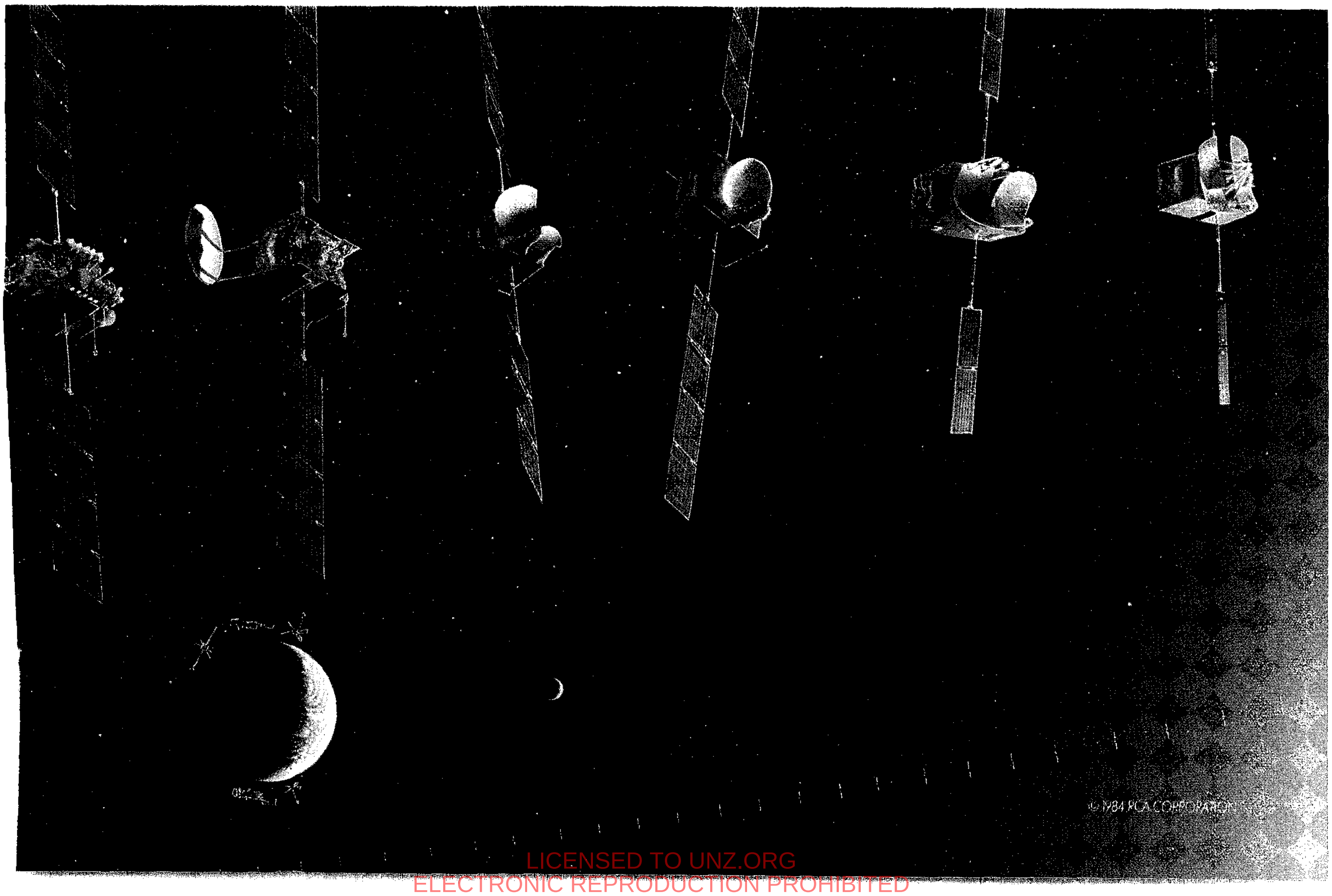
Below, just a few of the satellites that RCA has built or is currently building. (Left to right) RCA Satcom III & IV, Spacenet, GSTAR, RCA Satcom V, STC/DBS, ACTS (Center), USSB, Rainbow, ASC, RCA Americom Ku, Anik-B, RCA Satcom I & II. (Orbiting the globe, read clockwise from upper left) Dynamics Explorer, TIROS-N, Nova, Navsat, DMSP.



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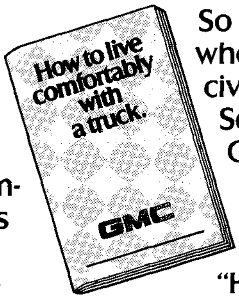
The four-wheel drive that can go anywhere.

And fit in anywhere.

That's the real beauty of the 1985 GMC S-15 4x4 Jimmy. It's obviously a tough little truck. You even get Insta-Trac, to shift back and forth between two-wheel and four-wheel drive — without stopping. The S-15 Jimmy offers an impressive 1,000-lb payload and the ability to tow up to 4,000 lbs, with the proper equipment.

But Jimmy is much more than a rugged truck. It's stylish, comfortable — and contemporary. Jimmy is available with the amenities of a luxury car: power steering and brakes, automatic overdrive transmission, air conditioning and plush interiors. And is it ever fun to drive.

The 4x4 Jimmy offers Delco-Bilstein gas-charged shock absorbers in an optional off-road package for impressive off-road agility and improved ride, on or off the pavement. Also available for '85: stylish, new two-tone paint schemes of real distinction.


How to live comfortably with a truck.
GMC

So you can take Jimmy just about anywhere, from uncivilized terrain to a very civilized country club.

See the Yellow Pages for your nearest GMC dealer. Then, buckle yourself into an S-15 Jimmy.

You'll fit right in.

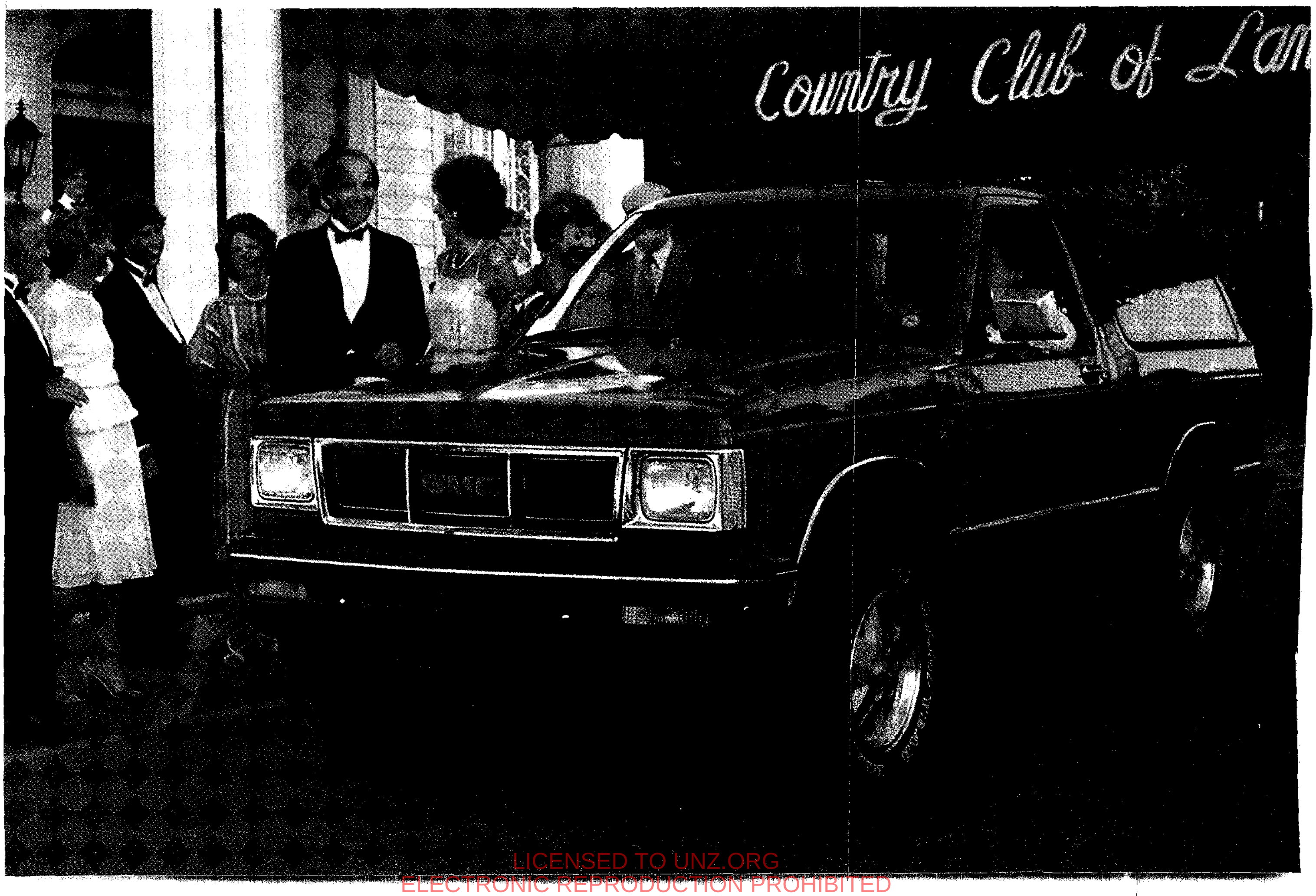
For a free copy of GMC's 28-page "How To Live Comfortably With a Truck," please write to: GMC Truck Merchandising Headquarters, Drawer 30093, Department 34 J, Lansing, MI 48909.

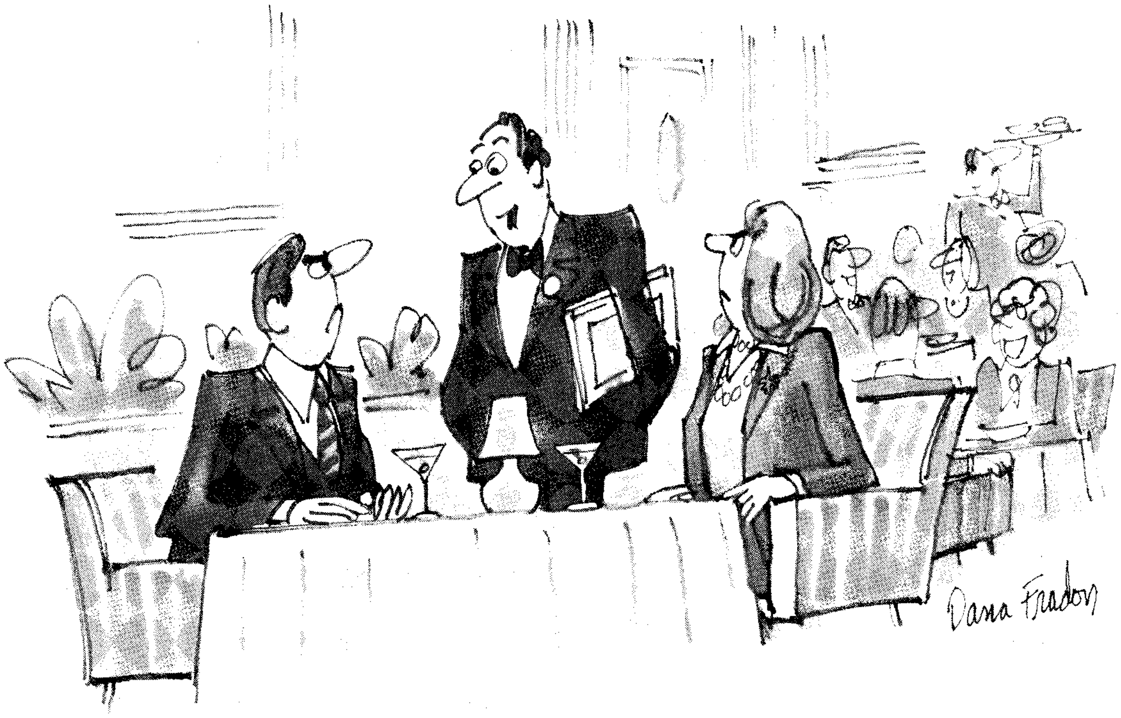
GMC

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

A truck you can live with.

GMC S-15 four-wheel drive Jimmy.





"The Martinis may not be perfect, sir, but then we live in an imperfect world."

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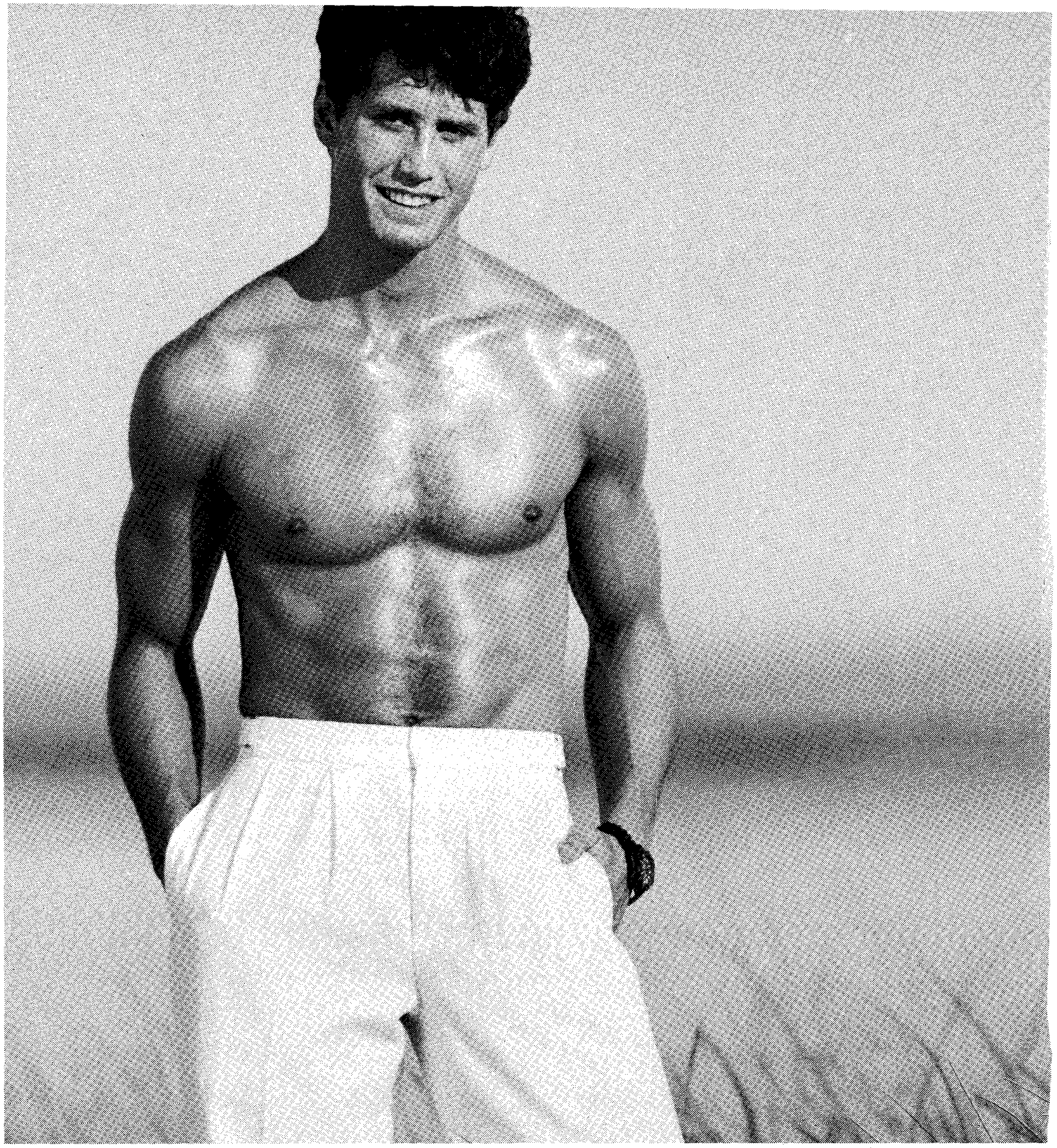
the Supreme Court, telephoned and told me to go ahead." (Dryfoos did not live to see the outcome of the Sullivan case; he died of a heart condition on May 25, 1963.)

A petition asking the Supreme Court to review the Alabama decision was filed on November 21, 1962, and granted the following January 7th. I have sometimes wondered whether the case would ever have reached the Supreme Court, and the Constitution been so dramatically reinterpreted, if Commissioner Sullivan and the other Alabama officials had been more modest in their libel claims. Suppose Sullivan had sought and won from the jury only five thousand dollars. Would the case have been impressed with the urgency that led the Supreme Court to use it as a vehicle for constitutional change? Would the *Times* have carried the fight beyond the Alabama courts? But the speculation is unrealistic, because Sullivan and the others had a larger purpose in asking for those huge damages: a political purpose.

In the civil-rights struggle of the nineteen-fifties and sixties, the national press—print and broadcast—played a crucial role. The country still had, on the whole, a romantic image of the South: "Gone with the Wind," not brutal sheriffs and pathetically unequal schools for black children. Maintenance of that state of mind—that ignorance of reality, or perhaps unconcern about it—was necessary to the South's ability to continue white supremacy, untouched by federal law. For eighty years, the white South had successfully resisted federal legislation that would drastically change its racial practices. The rules of the Senate, allowing filibusters, were a great help; but political defenses, including the filibuster, were bound to crumble when the rest of the country came to care enough to make a serious challenge to Southern racism. And now the press began to make the country care. A great regional correspondent like Claude Sitton, of the *Times*, would simply describe a rural sheriff's attempt to intimidate a black church congregation out of a voter-registration campaign, and the meaning of official racism would become irresistibly clear to the reader. Television was even more immediate in its impact. The late Alexander Bickel, of the Yale Law School, writing in 1962 about the confrontations over school desegregation in Little Rock, Arkansas, and elsewhere, said that television coverage had made a decisive difference in the national reaction. "Compulsory segregation, like states' rights and like 'The Southern Way of Life,' is an abstraction and, to a good many people, a neutral or sympathetic one," Professor Bickel said. "These riots, which were brought instantly, dramatically, and literally home to the American people, showed what it means concretely. Here were grown men and women furiously confronting their enemy: two, three, a half dozen scrubbed, starched, scared, and incredibly brave colored children. The moral bankruptcy, the shame of the thing, was evident."

It was that role of the national press, awakening the country to the nature of racism in the South, that was the real target of Commissioner Sullivan's lawsuit and the others. If mistakes in an advertisement or a news report about racial conflict in the South could subject a newspaper to huge damages, it might well steer clear of the subject—might keep its reporters away. Justice Black, in his concurring opinion in the Sullivan case, said that by that time eleven libel actions by Alabama officials, seeking a total of five million six hundred thousand dollars in damages, were pending against the *Times*, and five, totalling a million seven hundred thousand dollars, against the Columbia Broadcasting System. Black noted the Southern habit of blaming "outside agitators" for racial troubles—a term, he added dryly, that "can be made to fit papers like the *Times*, which is published in New York." In short, the Sullivan libel suit was a weapon in a political struggle. And it was in those terms that Professor Wechsler addressed the case when he wrote his brief for the Supreme Court.

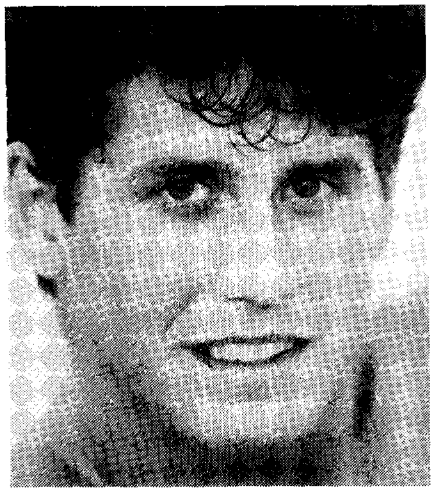
"This is not a time—there never is a time—when it would serve the values enshrined in the Constitution to force the press to curtail its attention to the tensest issues that confront the country," Wechsler wrote. But the brief did not focus on the racial issue. It dealt in broad terms with what it called "the central meaning of the First Amendment": the right of the people, who are the ultimate governors in our democracy, to criticize their officials. The advertisement was "a recital of grievances," Wechsler said, as much entitled to constitutional protection as political debate or soapbox



You spend hours taking care of your body. The time has now come to take care of your skin.

INTRODUCING SKIN MAINTENANCE FOR MEN FROM PACO RABANN

Now you can take care of perhaps the most vital part of your body — your sk
Now there is a new line of technically advanced products, just for men, th
clean, protect, and enhance your skin. From Paco Rabanne.



There has long been a misconception hat men — unlike women — do not need to take care of their skin, that it is all somehow a frivolous waste of time.

"Rubbish!" says Dr. Fernando Aleu of Paco Rabanne. "A man's skin s just as vulnerable to sun and sweat and oil and dirt and premature wrinkling. And he abuses it even further by scraping a razor across it every day.

"Where is it written that a man's skin should make him look older than he really is?"

Here, then, are Paco Rabanne's hree steps that help a man to look cleaner, healthier, younger looking. They should take you about five minutes a day.

1. CLEAN YOUR SKIN. "If you aw your skin under a microscope," says Dr. Aleu, "you'd have a fit. It's all coated with dead surface cells, oil, and tiny particles of pollutants. No wonder your pores become plugged and form blackheads. Not a pretty sight!"

Paco Rabanne Facial Scrub leanses the skin, removes the dead surface cells, and bsorbs excess oil.

Paco Rabanne Facial Toner hen refreshes and tones the skin ter cleansing. You can actually feel he tightening, the clean sensation.

Developed in European laboratories, the Paco Rabanne skin maintenance products help stave off premature aging of the skin.

2. PROTECT YOUR SKIN. "We men can be stubborn fools," says Dr. Aleu. "We scrape our faces raw with sharp razor blades...and then we pour alcohol after-shaves on the wounds.

"The pain of it! The dry skin it causes! The premature wrinkling from all that dryness!"

Paco Rabanne Maintaining After Shave Soother is the new way to coddle your face after shaving. It soothes the skin. Helps restore the normal moisture balance. And forms a clean layer that protects your skin from pollutants.

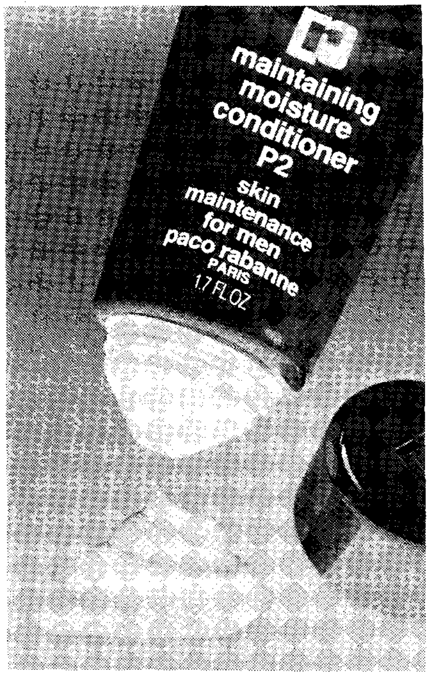
Paco Rabanne Maintaining Moisture Conditioner. Here is an absolute must if you wish to stave off looking old before your time. It helps minimize existing wrinkles. Helps slow down premature aging of the skin. Protects the skin from pollutants and from exposure to sun and the weather.

3. ENHANCE YOUR SKIN. Like most medical men, Dr. Aleu worries about the damage that too much sun can do to the skin. "A little sun is good for you. But a lot of sun can be murderous to your skin and eventually cause solar fibroelastosis (i.e., turn you into an old leather bag)."

Paco Rabanne Auto Bronzing Emulsion. The look of an absolutely natural tan for those of us who must linger mostly in the shade.

Paco Rabanne Maintaining Color Tone. For a healthy, natural outdoor color without exposure to the sun. Deep moisture penetration helps improve skin texture and elasticity.

Note: All Paco Rabanne protectors and enhancers contain a No. 5 sun screen to help prevent the ultraviolet A and B rays from damaging your skin's inner layers.



Radically new seramnio complex in Maintaining Moisture Conditioner penetrates outer skin layers, markedly improves the look and feel of your skin.

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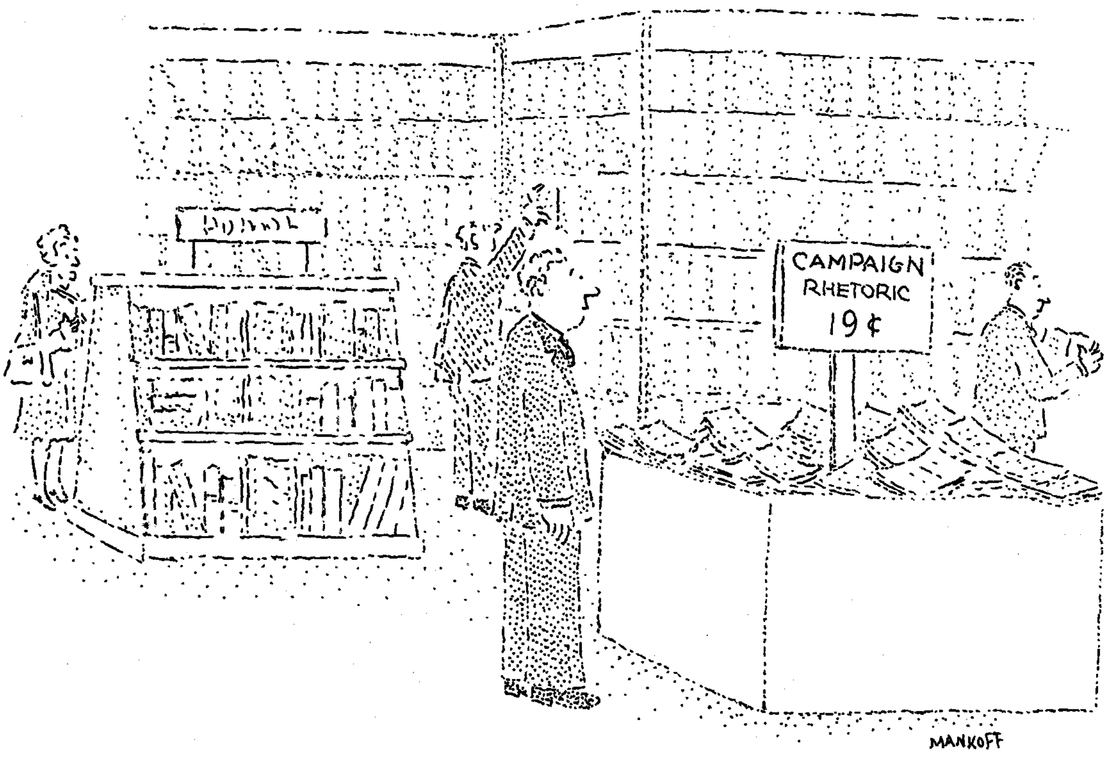


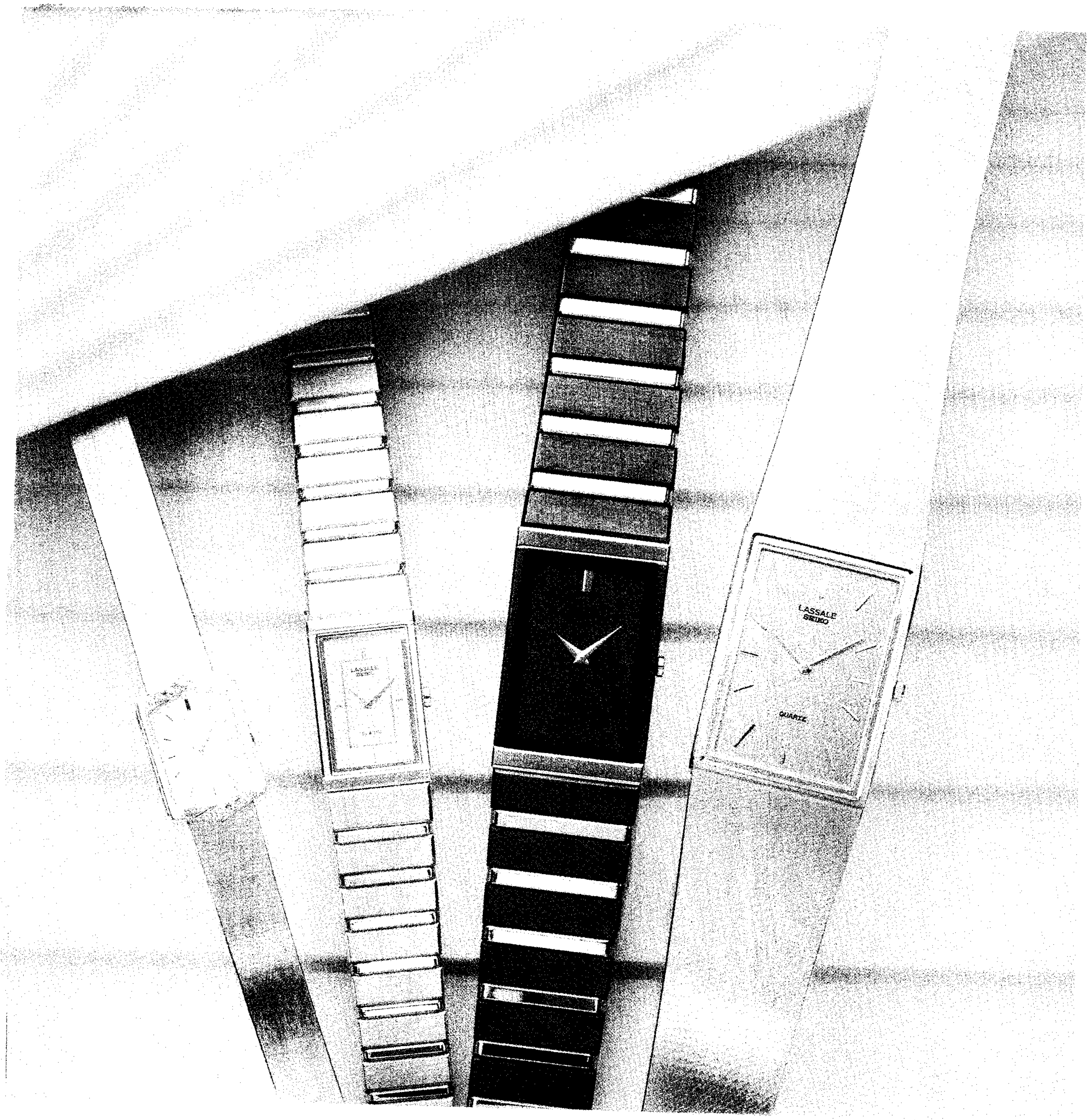
oratory. The label "libel" did not take it out from under the First Amendment any more than other labels disregarded by the Court in recent years: contempt, sedition, obscenity, breach of the peace. The brief quoted Justice Owen Roberts's opinion of the Court in a 1940 decision reversing the conviction of a Jehovah's Witness proselytizer for breach of the peace: "In the realm of religious faith, and in that of political belief, sharp differences arise. . . . The pleader, as we know, at times resorts to exaggeration, to vilification of men who have been, or are, prominent in church or state, and even to false statement. But the people of this nation have ordained in the light of history that, in spite of the *probability of excesses and abuses*, these liberties are, in the long view, essential to enlightened opinion and right conduct on the part of the citizens of a democracy."

Then came a daring piece of advocacy. Professor Wechsler drew an analogy between what had happened in the Sullivan case and punishment for seditious libel, the old English crime of printing something offensive about the crown or the government. He looked back in history to the early days of the American Republic and said an episode then showed that this country had rejected the concept of seditious libel—showed that the Constitution protected political speech even when it was false and harmful to official reputation. The episode was the fight over the Sedition Act of 1798. Passed by Congress and signed by the last Federalist President, John Adams, the act made it a crime to publish "false, scandalous, and malicious writing or writings against the government of the United States, or either house of the Congress . . . or the President." It allowed the defense that a criticism was true—a liberalizing change from the English law of seditious libel—and provided that juries should decide both fact and law. But despite those reformist features the statute was bitterly attacked by the Jeffersonian Republicans as a violation of the new constitutional system, with its assurances of free speech and of limited federal power. The Kentucky Resolutions, written by Thomas Jefferson, and the Virginia Resolutions, by James Madison, remonstrated against the act. Madison's report on the Virginia Resolutions said that "the right of freely discussing public characters and measures" was essential in a republican system, and it suggested that that freedom was responsible for the rise of the United States. If Sedition Acts had stopped the American press from attacking government in earlier years, Madison asked, "Might not the United States have been languishing, at this day, under the infirmities of a sickly Confederation? Might they not, possibly, be miserable colonies, groaning under a foreign yoke?" Recalling his study of the history, Wechsler said this year, "Madison had laid the whole case out—defamation is intrinsic in the criticism of officials, the discussion of public affairs."

The Sedition Act was never tested in the Supreme Court; it expired in 1801. But "the verdict of history," Wechsler wrote, had found it "inconsistent with the First Amendment." On that ground, Congress had repaid the fines of those convicted under the act, and various later congressmen and commentators had assumed its invalidity. In effect, Wechsler was asking the Supreme Court to look back a hundred and sixty-six years and find the Sedition Act unconstitutional. And that is what the Court did.

Justice Brennan made the Sedition Act the crux of his opinion. The attack on its constitutionality had "carried the day in the court of history," he wrote. He quoted the Virginia Resolutions on the right to examine "public characters and measures." He said the Sullivan case was like a prosecution for seditious libel, or even more threatening. The money judgment for Commissioner Sullivan was a hundred times the penalty fixed in the Sedition Act—and there could be more such judgments, because there is no protection against double jeopardy in civil cases, as there is in criminal. Brennan wrote, "Whether or not a newspaper can survive a succession of such judgments, *the pall of fear and timidity* imposed upon those who would give voice to public criticism is an atmosphere in which the First Amendment freedoms cannot survive."

Another important element in the opinion also reflected a point in the Wechsler brief. Federal and state officials are immune from libel suits over what they say in the line of duty, lest fear inhibit the vigor of their performance. Taking note of that established privilege, Justice Brennan said it must work the other way around, too: "Analogous considerations support the privilege for the citizen-critic of government. It is as much his duty to



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The boys try a new place in their Peugeot

They have driven almost two hours to get to this place, a lake with an old Indian name that means "Fish jump out."

It was still dark when the man woke the boy and they both tiptoed around the house, the floorboards cold under their feet, getting ready. Getting ready consisted of climbing into some clothes and taking the sandwiches out of the refrigerator. The man did not make the boy wash his face or brush his teeth, which made the day seem even more special.

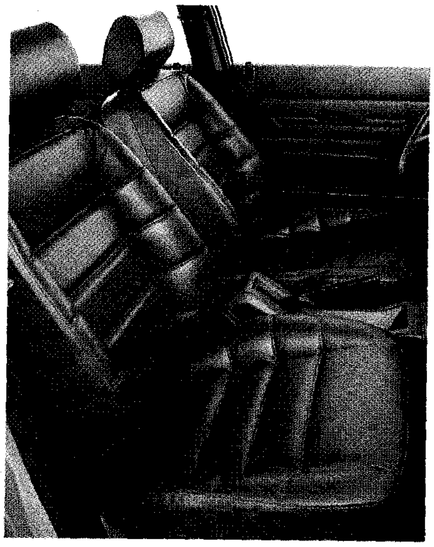
They do not bring the boy's sister this time. She is only four and makes a lot of noise and thinks fish stink. It is just the two of them, the big one and the little one. "The boys," as the mother calls them.

"Do you think it's true?" the boy asks.

"Is what true?"

"Fish jump out."

The man nods. "You'll see."



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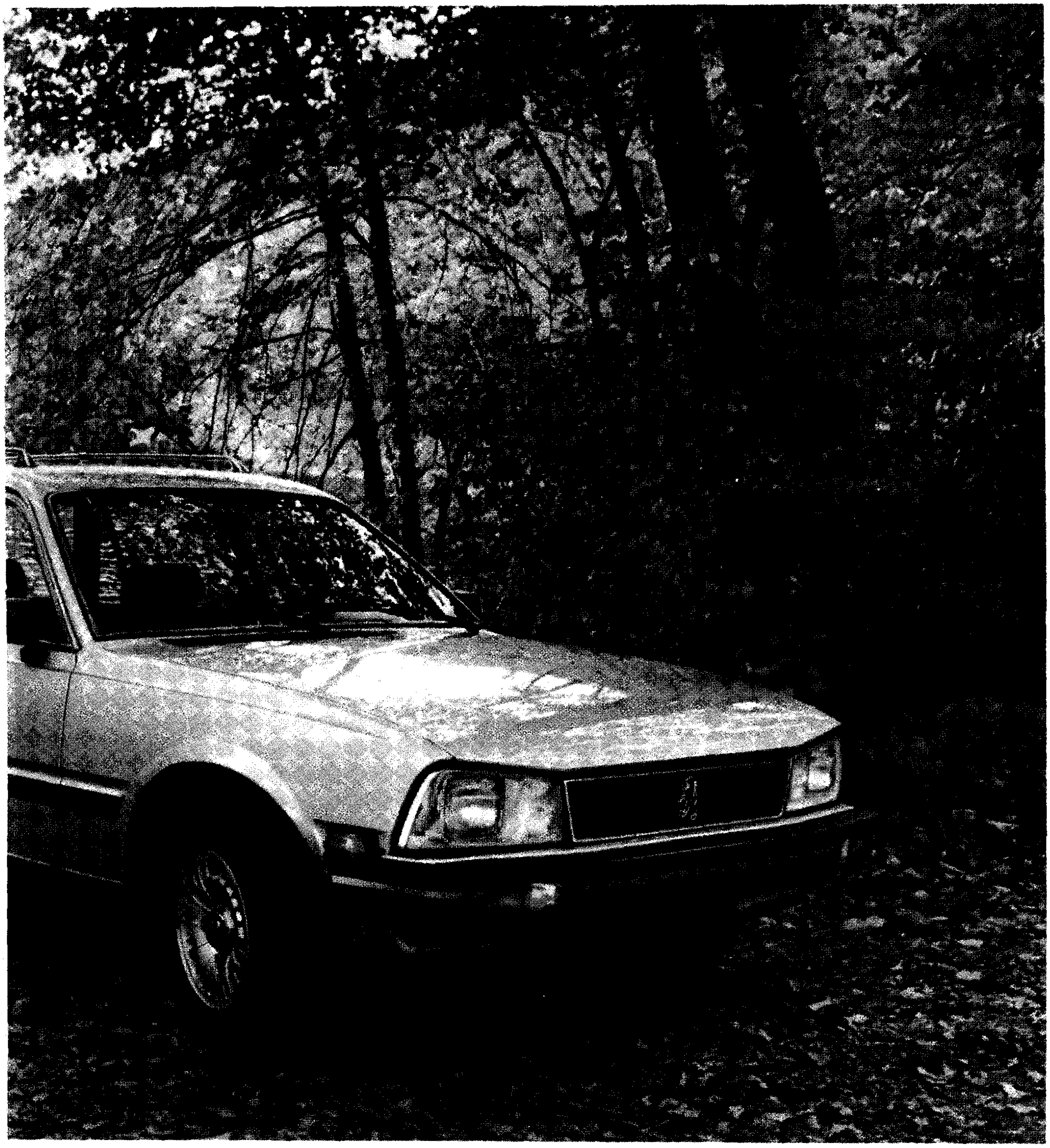
It is also a wagon for comfort o



mind. The Peugeot is one big wagon that is designed *not* to wag its tail clumsily from side to side on the highway. It handles *exactly* like a sedan.

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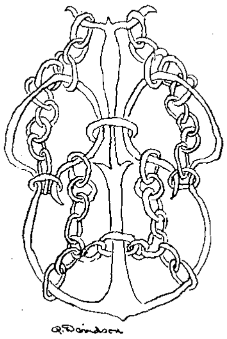
THE ART OF THE TOWEL.

criticize as it is the official's duty to administer." That language evoked Alexander Meiklejohn's view that in a democracy the governed are also the ultimate governors, with rights to match the responsibility. A year after the Sullivan decision, in a lecture at Brown University dedicated to Meiklejohn, Justice Brennan explicitly drew the analogy between the Meiklejohn philosophy of democracy and the reasoning in New York Times Co. v. Sullivan.

The lesson drawn by Justice Brennan from the Sedition Act controversy—indeed, the whole thrust of his opinion—pointed toward an absolute immunity for criticism of official conduct, however false or harsh the criticism might be. The opinion did not use any of the formulas adopted by the Supreme Court in the past to balance the interest of free speech against other interests, such as Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes's idea that speech may be punished if it presents a "clear and present danger" of bringing about a substantive evil. Similarly, the main thrust of Professor Wechsler's brief was that criticism of officials should not be subject to libel actions at all. When he argued the case before the Court, on January 6, 1964, Justice Arthur Goldberg put to him the hypothetical case of a citizen who states falsely and maliciously that his mayor has taken a bribe. Did Wechsler mean, Justice Goldberg asked, that the mayor could not sue for libel? Wechsler said he did: The mayor's only "avenue of retaliation" would be corrective speech. When the decision came down, scholars viewed it as a break from the old interest-balancing in speech cases. A much-noted article by Professor Harry Kalven, Jr., of the University of Chicago Law School, saw the analysis in terms of seditious libel as a liberating philosophy for freedom of expression generally.

THE reality has turned out to be somewhat different—and in truth always was different. For the sweep of Justice Brennan's approach to "the central meaning of the First Amendment," the right to criticize government, stopped short when it came to the remedy in the particular case of Commissioner Sullivan. Brennan and a majority of the Court did not altogether bar Sullivan and other officials from suing, as in Justice Goldberg's hypothetical example. Rather, the Brennan opinion picked up an alternative suggestion that Professor Wechsler had offered in his brief in the event that the justices did not want to go all the way to an absolute bar—as he knew they were not likely to. He asked the Court to hold unconstitutional the strict libel rule applied by Alabama in this case—one presuming that a statement defamatory on its face is false unless the defendant proves it true. At a minimum, he argued, the Constitution should be read to require that an official plaintiff prove the statement was false and, moreover, had been published with knowing or reckless disregard for the truth: the formula that has come to be known as the rule of the Sullivan case. In effect, that rule *is* a way of balancing constitutional values—that of free speech with that of reputation. In one of the early decisions following Times v. Sullivan, Justice Potter Stewart said reputation reflected "our basic concept of the essential dignity and worth of every human being—a concept at the root of any decent system of ordered liberty." Once the Court read the Constitution as allowing some, if reduced, weight to be given to the reputation of public officials—and allowing them to vindicate it by libel actions—there was bound to be continuing litigation over just how to weigh the balance.

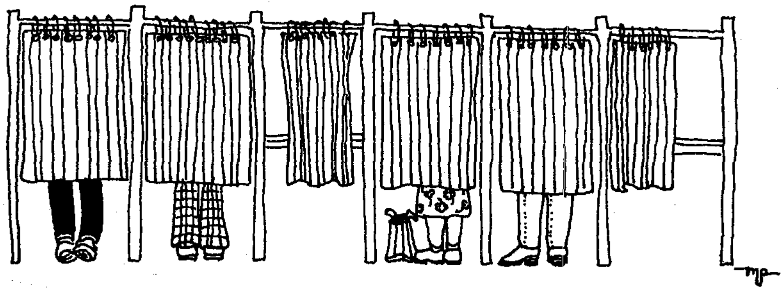


Three members of the Court—Justices Black, Goldberg, and William O. Douglas—wanted to avoid the balancing and the litigation by giving critics of official conduct absolute immunity from libel actions. Justice Black's concurring opinion in the Sullivan case said the Court's rule would be "an evanescent protection" for freedom to criticize, because juries and lower-court judges would simply find that plaintiffs had proved knowing or reckless falsehood. In a private note to Brennan, however, Black said that Brennan had done "a great service to the freedoms of the First Amendment," and went on, "For your opinion I believe will inevitably lead to a later holding that people have complete immunity from having to pay damages for criticism of Government or its officials in the performance of their public duties." The prediction has not worked out—not so far, at least. But Justice Black was surely correct in another point in his note: in complimenting Justice Brennan for having obtained the agreement of Justice John Marshall Harlan to the general approach of his opinion. Harlan was the most respected conservative member of the Court, at the time. ("Moderate" might be a better adjective by today's standards.) He had a particular sensitivity to the independence of the states in the federal system, so it was significant that he went along with this bold imposition of federal constitutional standards in an area of law traditionally left to the states. Also joining Justice Brennan's opinion were Chief Justice Warren and three justices on the relatively conservative side of that Court, Tom C. Clark, Potter Stewart, and Byron R. White. Given the frequent divisions of the Court on questions of freedom of expression, it was altogether remarkable that there was unanimity on making libel actions subject to the First Amendment.

There remained one practical problem for the Supreme Court: how to deal with Commissioner Sullivan's lawsuit on its facts. The Court could simply have announced the new constitutional rule and sent the case back to the Alabama courts to decide whether Sullivan had met the requirement to prove knowing or reckless falsehood. But that course might have invited the very response that Justice Black had gloomily predicted: a finding by the Alabama courts that such extreme falsehood had indeed been proved. To avoid that possibility, Justice Brennan took a most unusual step. After announcing the new constitutional test, his opinion went on to appraise the evidence introduced at the trial to see whether it met the test. That was unusual because the principles of federalism require respect for findings of fact by a state court; ordinarily, the Supreme Court has no power at all to review them. But the Court can do so, and in past decisions made clear that it would when a state court's findings are intertwined with a claimed federal right. Professor Wechsler, urging the point in his brief, relied on the 1927 case of Fiske v. Kansas. Fiske was an organizer for the Wobblies, the Industrial Workers of the World, who was convicted under a Kansas law that prohibited advocacy of violent revolution. The Kansas courts found as a fact that the preamble to the I.W.W. constitution, copies of which Fiske had handed out, urged that end. But the Supreme Court, reading the preamble itself, found no language advocating violence and held that Fiske's conviction violated his right of free speech. Professor Wechsler argued that the Court could similarly "make its own appraisal of the record" in the Sullivan case, deciding, for example, whether the jury had a constitutionally acceptable basis for finding that statements in the advertisement were "of and concerning" Sullivan.

Justice Brennan did just that. He found the evidence supposedly linking the advertisement's "Southern violators" to Sullivan "constitutionally defective." Moreover, he said, the whole idea that generalized criticism of official policy could be treated as an attack on an individual had "disquieting implications," opening the way to a doctrine of "libel on government" that had never existed in this country. More generally, he found that the evidence had not shown knowing or reckless falsehood on the part of the *Times* in accepting the advertisement.

That left the four ministers, and Justice Brennan was brusque in disposing of the libel action against them. Even assuming that they had authorized the use of their names, he said, there was "no evidence whatever that they were aware of any erroneous statements. . . . The judgment against them is thus without constitutional support." That aspect of the case—the victory of the four ministers—seems to me to have an import not sufficiently recognized. Some lower courts in recent years have held that the rule of Times v. Sullivan is for the benefit of press defendants only—that an ordinary citizen gets no constitutional protection if he libels an official. The question is raised in a case that was heard by the Supreme Court last term and reargued at the Court's direction last month. But surely what was said about the ministers in the Sullivan case indicated that constitutional rights in the libel field are not for the press alone. And Justice Brennan's opinion, after all, turned not on the role of the press but on the role of "the citizen-critic of government."



THE great lawmaking power of judges in the United States follows from their function of applying the large abstractions of the Constitution in concrete cases. In that process of interpretation, as it is called, judges are admonished to look beyond the particular facts before them and fashion a rule of law that will deal satisfactorily with different facts in the future. Professor Wechsler made the point in a notable Oliver Wendell Holmes Lecture at the Harvard Law School in 1959, entitled "Toward Neutral Principles of Constitutional Law." The lecture set off much scholarly controversy, the critics doubting whether there were such things as "neutral principles." Professor Wechsler, no doubt acknowledging the difficulty of definition, would nevertheless urge that the legitimacy of judicial power depends on its making the effort—on its caring about more than the result in the immediate case. But he would of course not disagree with Justice Holmes's insight—shocking when first stated, in 1881, in his book "The Common Law"—that in shaping and reshaping rules of law judges are moved less by logic than by experience, by such things as "the felt necessities of the time" and "intuitions of public policy."

The constitutional text on which the Sullivan decision was built was the blunt command of the First Amendment: "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press." (The Supreme Court held in 1925 that the Fourteenth Amendment applied the prohibition to state law.) To anyone thinking about bringing defamatory speech within the First Amendment's protection, the facts of the Sullivan case were, as Professor Wechsler had told the *Times* executives, "very sympathetic": large damages awarded for trivial errors in a statement about important public issues—a statement that did not mention the plaintiff's name. But what would happen when other libel cases, with facts less sympathetic to the claims of free expression, were tested under the new rule? Professor Wechsler said this year, "One could not fairly ask the Court to foresee in one opinion all the problems that would evolve from this demarche in constitutional law." For twenty years now, the Supreme Court has applied the Sullivan rule in a great variety of factual situations. Dilemmas unimagined in 1964 have arisen. New legal and philosophical themes have been worked out. Libel has proved to be a subject richly illustrative of the process by which judges make constitutional law.

One major struggle has been over whether and how to draw a line between the public and the private spheres of life. Professor Meiklejohn, a self-proclaimed absolutist for free speech in public matters, wrote in 1961 that "private defamation" was entitled to no protection from the First Amendment, because the "verbal attack has no relation to the business of governing." At first, the Supreme Court seemed to be following that path. The Sullivan case focussed on seditious libel, the criticism of government. When, a few months later, the Court held that its new doctrine covered criminal libel prosecutions as well as civil damage suits, Justice Brennan, again speaking for the Court, wrote, in Meiklejohnian language, "Speech concerning public affairs is more than self-expression; it is the essence of self-government." But the focus shifted in 1967—first in an interesting privacy case with implications for libel, and then in a libel case.

The privacy action was brought by James Hill, who had been held hostage in his home with his family by escaped convicts. When a play about such a hostage episode, "The Desperate Hours," opened on Broadway, *Life* recalled the story of the Hills but distorted the facts. Saying that the family had been shown in a false light, Hill sued under the New York law that protects privacy, and won thirty thousand dollars in damages. The Supreme Court set that judgment aside, because the trial judge had not instructed the jury that it must find knowing or reckless publication of a falsehood by *Life*. The decision was an intellectual leap from the Sullivan case. What did an inaccurate article on a family that valued its private status have to do with the right to criticize government officials? Justice Brennan again wrote the Court's opinion, but this time for a bare majority of five. The First Amendment, he said, was "not the preserve of political expression or comment upon public affairs, essential as those are to

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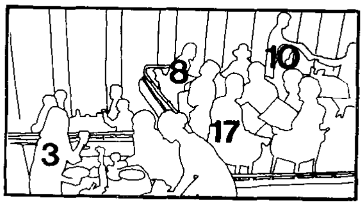
There are four ex-Jaded New Yorkers visible in our illustration:



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healthy government." Nowadays both private citizens and public officials were exposed to public view in many publications, and "the risk of this exposure is an essential incident of life in a society which places a primary value on freedom of speech and of press." Justice Harlan, dissenting in part, saw it very differently. Warning against "the dangers of unchallengeable untruth," he said that people in public life could usually find a forum to answer falsehoods but private citizens like the Hills could not. A dissenting opinion by Justice Abe Fortas, who had replaced Justice Goldberg, was joined by Chief Justice Warren and Justice Clark.

A sidelight of the Hill case is that the Hill family was represented in the Supreme Court by Richard M. Nixon, then practicing law in New York. Six years after the decision, as President, he discussed it with John Dean, the White House counsel, in a taped conversation that was transcribed and released by the House Judiciary Committee during its Watergate impeachment inquiry. The date was February 28, 1973. Dean said that the threat of a libel suit had had "a very sobering effect on several of the national magazines," making them check before printing "this Watergate junk." These exchanges followed:

President: "Well, you of course know that I said at the time of the Hills' case—well, it is God-damned near impossible for a public figure to win a libel case anymore. . . . What's the name of that—I don't remember the case, but it was a horrible decision."

Dean: "New York Times v. Sullivan."

President: "Sullivan case."

Dean: "And it came out of the South on a civil-rights—"

President: "Selma. It was talking about some, some guy that was—yeah, he was a police chief or something. Anyway, I remember reading it at the time when—that's when we were suing *Life*, you know, for the Hills. When *Life* was guilty as hell."

Dean: "Did they win it?"

President: "Supreme Court—four to three. There were a couple of people who couldn't—no, five, five to four—five to three and a half."

Dean: (laughs).

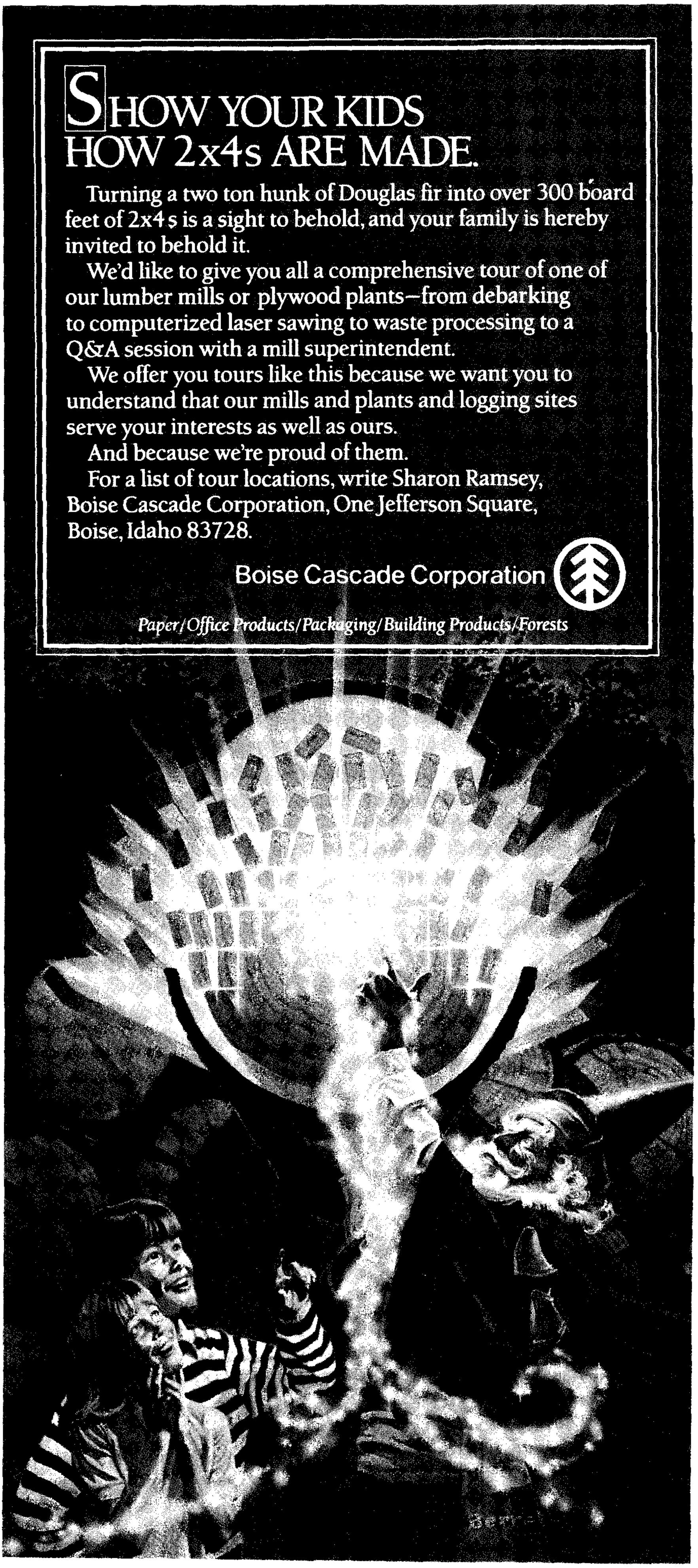
Soon after the Hill case, the Supreme Court decided that "public figures" who sued for libel must meet the same constitutional standard—proving knowing or reckless falsehood—as public officials. An article in the *Saturday Evening Post* had charged Wally Butts, the athletic director of the University of Georgia, with giving the Georgia game plan to the rival coach before the big game with Alabama. Butts sued and won four hundred and sixty thousand dollars in libel damages. Reviewing that judgment, the nine members of the Supreme Court divided four ways. Justice Harlan, in an opinion for himself and Justices Clark, Stewart, and Fortas, said the strict constitutional test of the Sullivan case should not apply to a plaintiff like Butts, who was a public figure but not an official; they suggested a less stringent standard and said Butts had met it by showing that the *Saturday Evening Post* had ignored elementary journalistic precautions in publishing its story. Justices Brennan and White voted to apply the strict Sullivan test to public figures and said the Butts case should be tried again, because the trial judge had not charged the jury that Butts had to meet that test. Justices Black and Douglas voted to reverse Coach Butts's judgment, because they believed that the Constitution ruled out libel actions altogether, but as a secondary position they said in a companion case that they would accept extension of the Sullivan test to public figures. With four justices voting to uphold the judgment and four to reverse it, the deciding vote was Chief Justice Warren's. He wrote an opinion extending the rule of the Sullivan case to Butts and others like him. "Increasingly in this country," he said, "the distinctions between governmental and private sectors are blurred. . . . Many who do not hold public office at the moment are nevertheless intimately involved in the resolution of important public questions. . . . Our citizenry has a legitimate and substantial interest in the conduct of such persons, and freedom of the press to engage in uninhibited debate about their involvement in public issues and events is as crucial as it is in the case of 'public officials.' " Thus the principle was established that public figures must, like officials, show knowing or reckless falsehood to recover libel damages. But on the facts Chief Justice Warren went against the *Saturday Evening Post*. He said that the magazine's lawyer had deliberately chosen not to raise a constitutional defense at the trial of the libel, and in any event the Chief Justice found in the record evidence of reckless disregard for truth in publishing the article. He therefore voted to uphold the judgment, and with Justice Harlan and his three colleagues that was five votes for Butts. Herbert Wechsler had argued the case in the Supreme Court for the Curtis Publishing Company, publishers of the *Saturday Evening Post*, urging extension of the Sullivan doctrine; it was agonizing to win on the principle but see his client lose the case.

Justice Brennan offered a different approach to the public-private question in a 1971 decision. He was joined by two others in a plurality opinion—one that did not speak for a majority but was the dominant voice in a fractured Court. What really mattered in First Amendment terms, Brennan said, was not whether a person who was attacked was famous or anonymous but the subject under discussion. "If a matter is a subject of public or general interest, it cannot suddenly become less so merely because a private individual is involved," he said. That view drew dissent even from Justice Thurgood Marshall, who had replaced Tom Clark and had become Brennan's closest collaborator on many issues. To focus on the subject matter instead of the person hurt by a publication, Marshall said, would threaten "society's interest in protecting private individuals from being thrust into the public eye by the distorting light of defamation."

The Brennan subject-matter formula had only a brief life as the law. Three years later, in 1974, the Court returned to the distinction between public and private persons. The case was a libel action by Elmer Gertz, a liberal Chicago lawyer, whom the John Birch Society magazine, *American Opinion*, had falsely labelled a "Leninist" with a police file that took "a big Irish cop to lift." Justice Lewis F. Powell, Jr., who had succeeded Black, wrote for a majority of five. In a memorable passage, he made clear that the Constitution does not allow punishment for expression of opinions. "Under the First Amendment, there is no such thing as a false idea," he wrote. "However pernicious an opinion may seem, we depend for its correction not on the conscience of judges and juries but on the competition of other ideas." The passage in effect wrote into law the dissents of Holmes and Louis D. Brandeis from decisions upholding punishment for the advocacy of socialism and pacifism. But false facts were different, Powell said: As Times v. Sullivan had recognized, they had no intrinsic value, and were protected only to the extent necessary to promote vigorous debate. Powell said that public figures, like officials, had sought their status and hence, in a sense, had waived their objection to strong criticism—so they, too, must prove knowing or reckless falsehood to win a libel suit. He defined a "public figure" as someone who is generally prominent or, alternatively, has thrust himself into a particular public controversy. Neither definition applied to Gertz, Powell said, so he did not have to meet the demanding test.

But there was more to the Gertz case. Justice Powell said that a defamatory comment about even a purely private person, like Gertz, deserved some protection under the First Amendment. The private libel plaintiff, he said, must at least show that a falsehood was published negligently. What is the difference between negligence and reckless disregard? It seems to come down to this: Someone who published a falsehood without first checking the story was negligent; but unless he was actually aware of its likely falsehood at the time, or unless it was inherently improbable, he was not reckless in failing to check it. The distinction lies in the duty to check.

It may seem a modest step for the Supreme Court to insist, as it did in the Gertz decision, that a publisher must be shown to have been negligent before he can be held for libel damages. But the ancient concept of libel, which was still the law in most states in 1974, had no such requirement; rather, it held that if a publisher made a harmful mistake, for whatever reason, he had to pay damages. In superimposing a new federal rule, the Supreme Court completed the process started by Times Co. v. Sullivan: the federalization of the law of libel. Now every American libel action had to pass a constitutional test. That step drew an outraged dissent from Justice White. To upset generations of state law "in a few printed pages" was offensive to federalism, he said; constitutional intrusion on state libel law should be limited to the official context of New York Times Co. v. Sullivan. Then he made this remarkable statement: "The central meaning of New York Times, and for me the First



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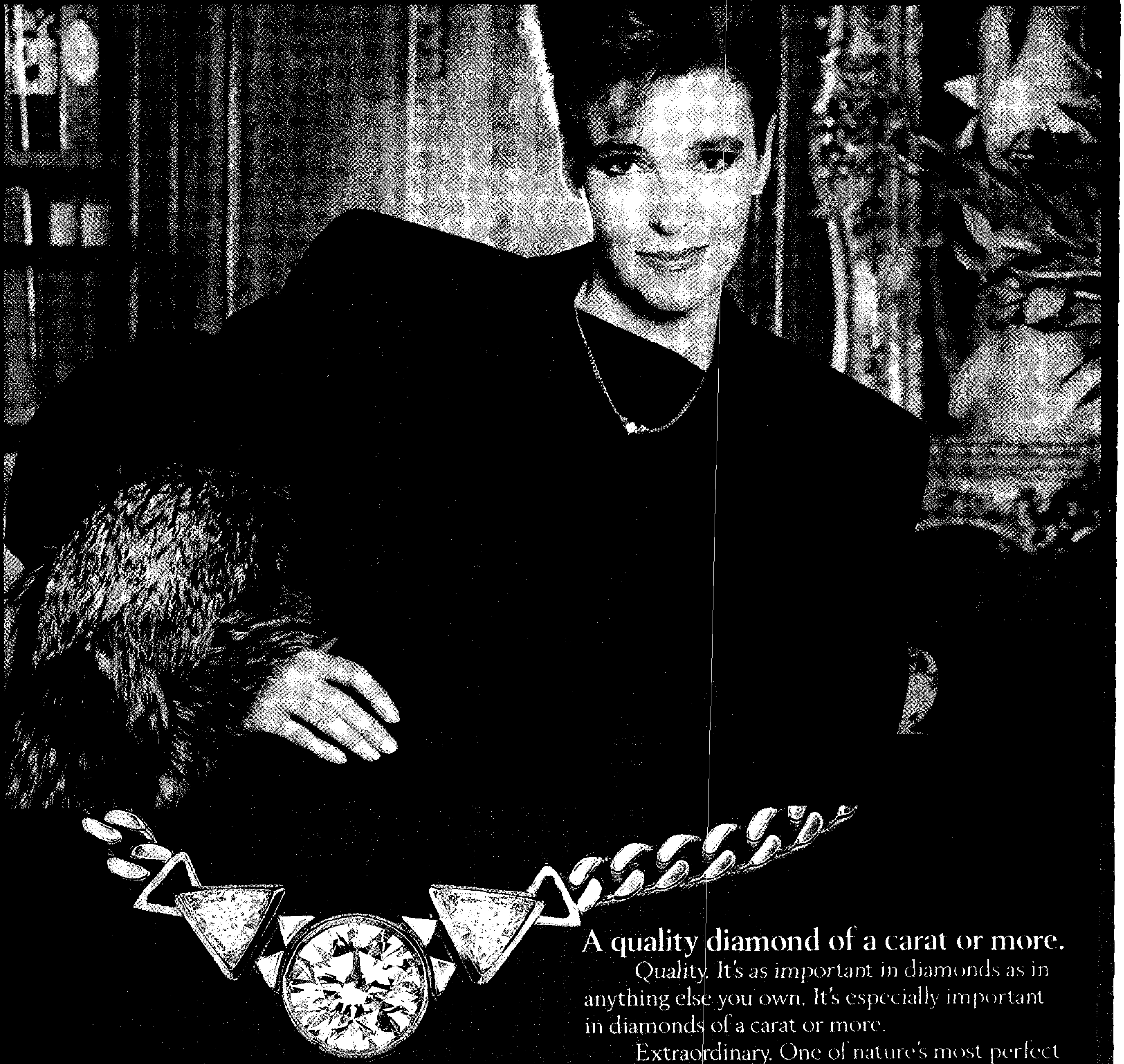

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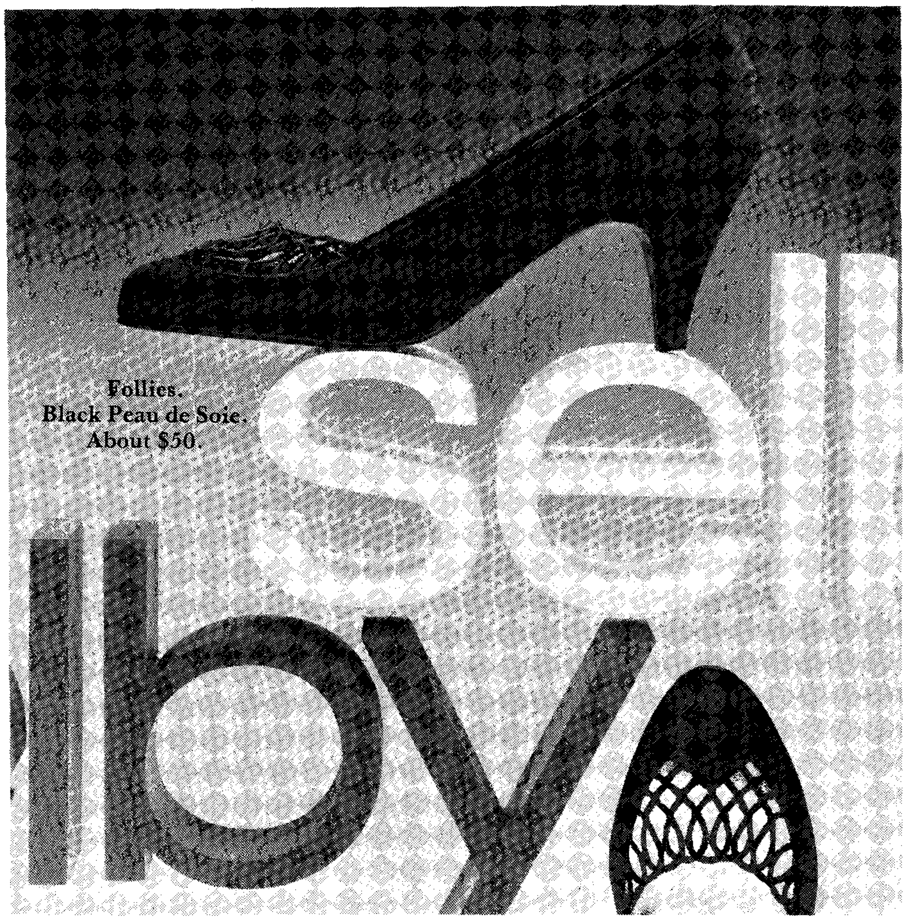
Amendment as it relates to libel laws, is that seditious libel—criticism of government and public officials—falls beyond the police power of the State." It was remarkable because if Justice White meant those words precisely he was saying that public officials should be barred altogether from suing over criticism of their official conduct: the position taken by Justices Black, Douglas, and Goldberg in the Sullivan case.

A decade after the Gertz decision, the law remains as it was stated by Justice Powell: The constitutional test is knowing or reckless falsehood in cases brought by public figures or officials, negligence in all others. But intellectual doubts persist, and so do practical ones. For one, there is undeniable force to the Meiklejohn argument that debate about public affairs is the central concern of the First Amendment. The Gertz rule, in focussing entirely on the fame of libel plaintiffs, and making the subject at issue irrelevant, may sometimes turn that concern on its head. Movie stars are among the most famous Americans, and therefore qualify as public figures, yet they are not usually at the center of debate on public issues; why should, say, inaccurate gossip about their private lives deserve an especially high standard of First Amendment protection? Moreover, the Supreme Court has thrown doubt on the meaning of its own "public figure" standard by deciding in successive cases that plaintiffs with some degree of notoriety were not, legally speaking, public figures: not Mary Alice Firestone, a society figure who was involved in a much-publicized divorce proceeding; not a researcher into the emotional responses of monkeys whose federal grants were ridiculed in a Golden Fleece Award by Senator William Proxmire; not a man who had pleaded guilty to contempt for failing to appear under a grand-jury subpoena.

There is a deeper question about the Gertz decision: As the Court extends the Constitution to all libel cases, may the protection be spread too thin? Judges are usually readier to protect an interest that is narrowly and convincingly defined than they are to protect an indefinite class. Most of the Supreme Court's recent libel decisions have gone against the claimed interest of free expression, and some specialists think that the rules that were enforced so vigorously against Commissioner Sullivan are being diluted. If the constitutional libel defense covered only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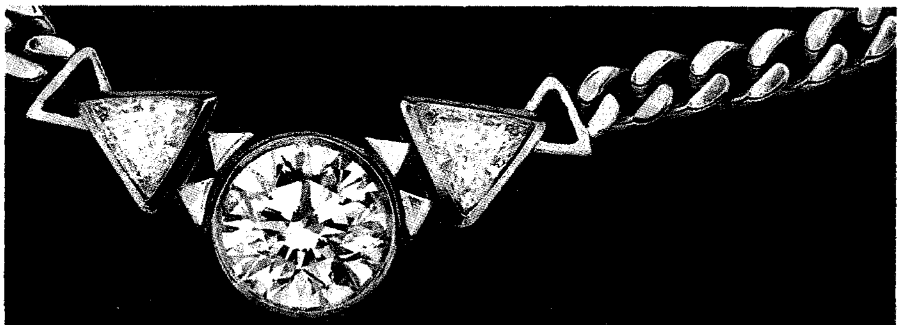
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criticism of government and its officials, the protection might be firmer and more consistent.

THE extension of constitutional defenses to cases involving private persons and private concerns raises a particular danger for the press. It faces a good deal of public animosity these days, and the impression that journalists can wound relatively helpless individuals with impunity may contribute to that feeling. The possibility was foreseen by Justice Fortas when he dissented from the Court's decision setting aside the damage award won by the Hill family from *Life*. "For this Court totally to immunize the press . . . in areas far beyond the needs of news, comment on public persons and events, discussion of public issues and the like," Fortas wrote, "would be no service to freedom of the press, but an invitation to public hostility to that freedom."

Some critics of the press today argue that the Sullivan case encouraged undesirable journalistic tendencies: excessive zeal in the hunt for official wrongdoing and too frequent reliance on anonymous sources of criticism. A leading British editor, Harold Evans, who made the *Sunday Times* of London a highly effective investigative newspaper despite that country's restrictive libel law, has said that he would not want to introduce the Sullivan rule into Britain; in his view, the threat of having to pay libel damages for a factual mistake, however inadvertent, provides a necessary measure of discipline for the press. In the United States, with its tradition of reliance on the press to check an increasingly powerful central government, the feeling is very different. The press regards Times v. Sullivan as a charter of freedom essential to its modern function.

The victory in the Sullivan case carried more than one unexpected consequence for the press. An especially unwelcome one followed from the subjective nature of the reckless-disregard rule: the principle that the maker of a false statement can be held accountable for it only if he was aware of its probable falsity. As libel plaintiffs tried to meet that difficult test, they inevitably began trying to find out what the author of a statement knew at the time he made it—and who better to ask than the author? But editors and reporters deeply resent outside intrusion into the journalistic process, not least by lawyers. Any print or broadcast

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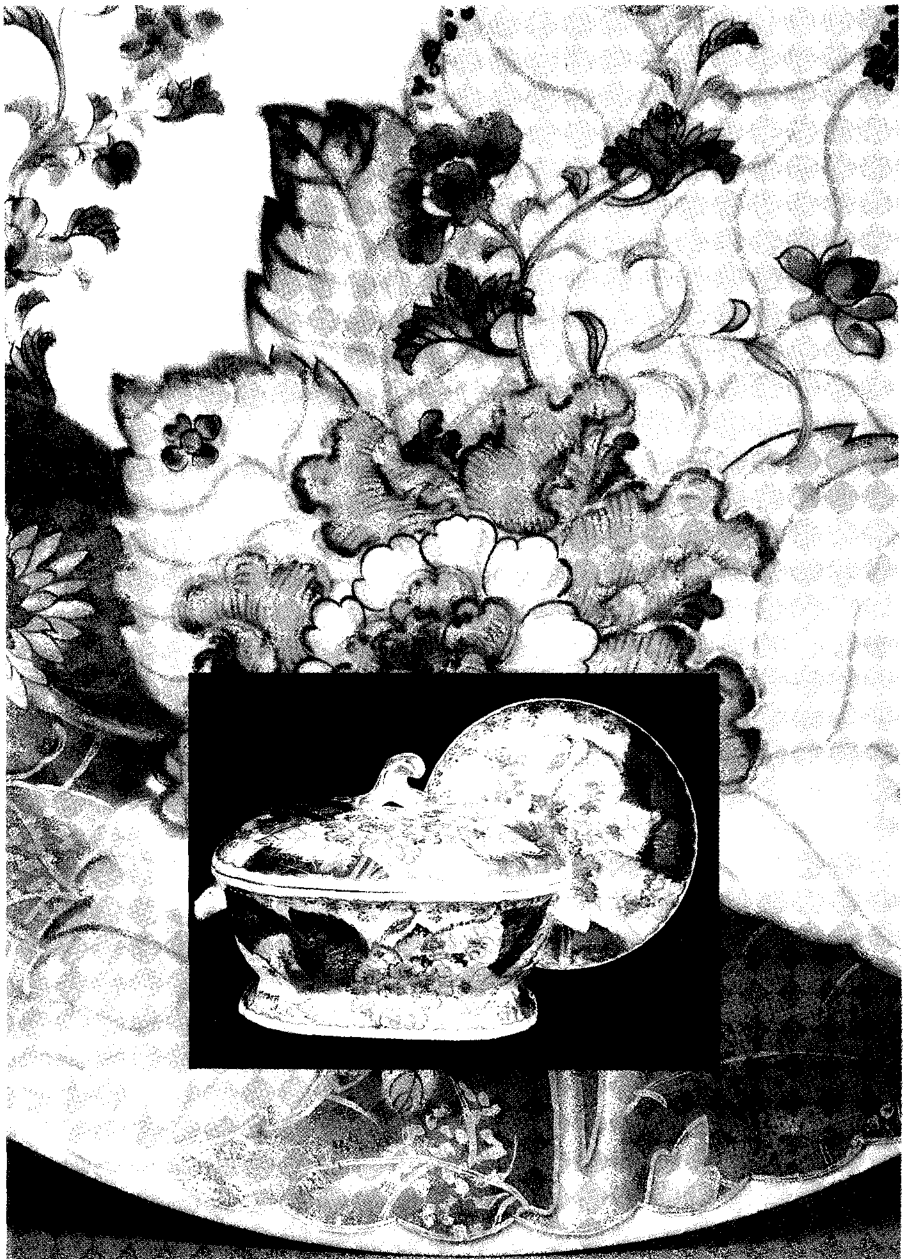
report on a controversial subject necessarily involves choices of emphasis and of what facts or footage to use. Journalists feel, with reason, that they will be less than free if they conduct that process of choosing with the expectation that outsiders may later comb through the raw material and second-guess their judgments. The issue was tested when CBS television broadcast a program scouting claims by Colonel Anthony Herbert that he had been punished for trying to report to the Army massacres by Americans in Vietnam. Colonel Herbert sued, and in the discovery phase of the case—the questioning and searching for evidence that goes on before trial—his lawyer asked for CBS files and unedited film to explore why some segments were used and others cut. After answering many requests, CBS drew the line, arguing that intrusive questions would lead to self-censorship of the kind that the Sullivan decision sought to prevent. But the Supreme Court rejected the argument. To win a libel case, Justice White said for the Court in 1979, public figures or officials had to prove what the publisher knew when he published; if you did not let them find out, you might effectively bar them from libel suits altogether—a step that the Court had consistently refused to take.

A related problem arises from the use of anonymous sources. If the target of a publication based on unnamed critics brings a libel action, does he or she have a right to discover the names? The Supreme Court has not yet squarely faced the question, but its decisions on similar matters suggest that it will answer yes. As in the Herbert case, that is, those who publish defamatory falsehoods will not be allowed to use a backdoor method of closing off the libel remedy to those injured. Lower courts have said that anonymous sources must be disclosed when they go to the heart of a libel plaintiff's claim.

The decision in Colonel Herbert's case has proved to be a significant factor in the rising cost of libel suits. The discovery process is expensive. Lawyers for both sides attend the depositions taken from persons who may know about the issues, and stenographers take everything down and transcribe it. Libel plaintiffs, emboldened by the Herbert decision, now often explore the minds and files of editors at enormous length. Libel defendants, not to be outdone, subject the plaintiffs to a painstaking process of discovery—



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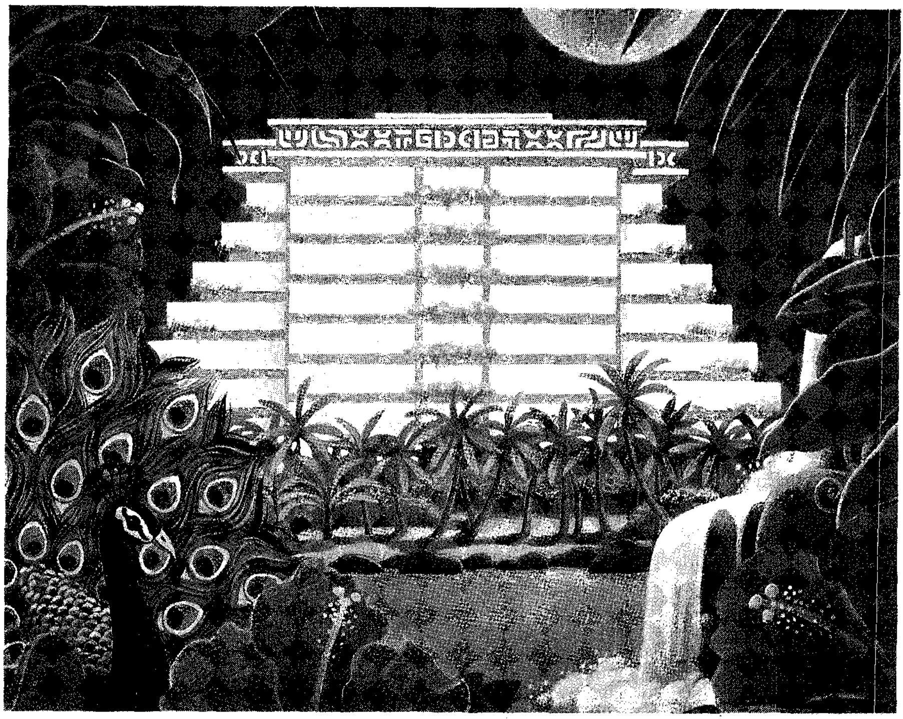
so painstaking that some lawyers for plaintiffs speak of intimidating tactics on the part of large media enterprises. The Herbert case itself is now more than ten years old. In pre-trial discovery, the producer of the documentary was questioned at twenty-eight lengthy sessions that produced almost three thousand pages of transcript and two hundred and forty exhibits; he also turned over all his files and the complete videotapes of all interviews done for the program; CBS's lawyers got from Colonel Herbert twelve thousand pages of documents. Mike Wallace, of CBS, who is a defendant in the case, estimated in 1982 that by then the network had spent between three million and four million dollars on legal fees.

CBS and other corporate giants can afford to litigate against libel claims. Smaller defendants may find the cost ruinous. *The Milkweed* is a monthly in Madison, Wisconsin, that reports on milk marketing. It has a circulation of thirteen hundred and a journalistic staff of one—Peter L. Hardin, editor and publisher. In 1981, a milk coöperative with headquarters in Syracuse, New York, sued *The Milkweed* for twenty million dollars in libel damages for an article, based on files obtained from the government through the Freedom of Information Act, about the coöperative's application for a federal-loan guarantee. Hardin was lucky. Only a year passed before a federal judge in Syracuse, where the action was filed, dismissed it. In that year, Hardin spent four months of his own time on the case; he had to go to Syracuse five times; he copied hundreds of pages of documents; he spent twenty thousand dollars, mostly on lawyers' fees. All that was modest—indeed, almost laughable—compared with today's big libel cases, but it would have put *The Milkweed* out of business if readers had not responded to appeals. "I still owe my lawyer a few thousand dollars," Hardin said not long ago. "But at least it's over."

The damages awarded by juries in libel cases have become as alarming to the press as the cost of litigating has. In more than twenty recent libel cases, juries have awarded the plaintiffs damages of a million dollars or more, according to an analysis published last March by the Libel Defense Resource Center—an organization whose very existence, as a research group serving those who have been or may be sued, demonstrates the growing number and the sensed threat of libel actions. The



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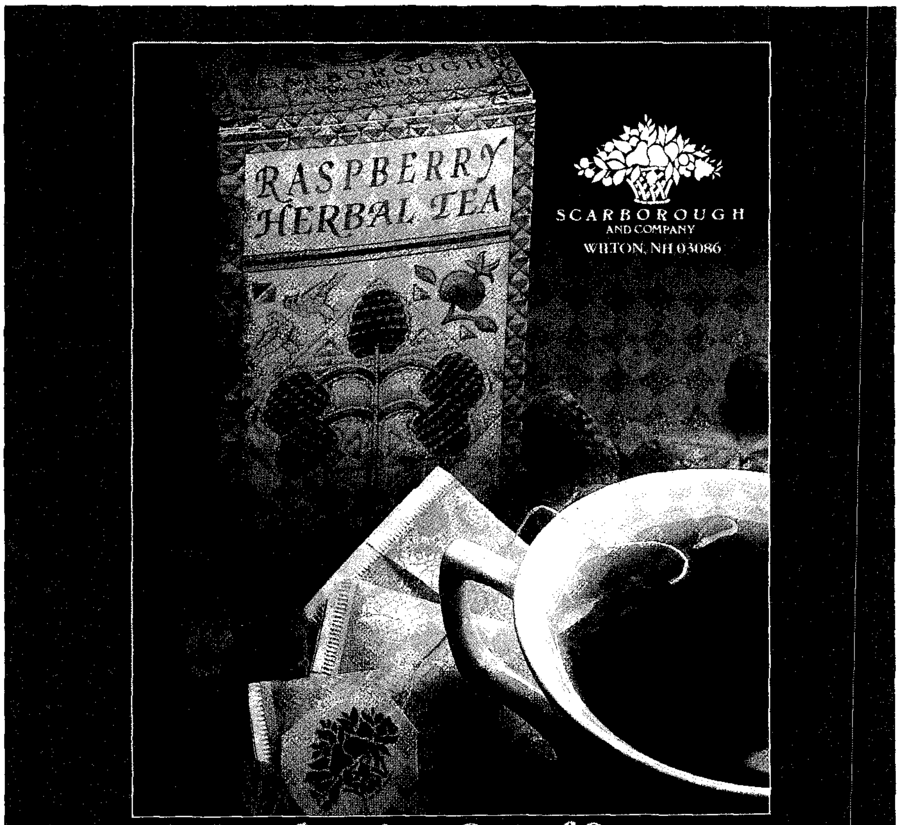

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Center said a survey of damage judgments awarded in eighty libel trials between 1980 and 1983 showed that the average award was $2,174,633. (That was about triple the average award in a survey of medical-malpractice cases, $665,764.) A recent example was a four-and-a-half-million-dollar award to Richard Sprague, a former Philadelphia prosecutor, for articles in the Philadelphia *Inquirer* that charged him with acting improperly in the case of a friend's son. (The *Inquirer* is appealing.) A jury gave Carol Burnett a million six hundred thousand dollars for a piece in the *National Enquirer* suggesting that she was drunk when she encountered Henry Kissinger in a restaurant. (A California appellate court reduced her damages to two hundred thousand dollars.) Most of the colossal verdicts have been reduced or reversed on appeal. As far as I know, the largest jury award that has actually gone through appeal, become final, and been paid was Elmer Gertz's. On May 17, 1983, more than fourteen years after Gertz sued, Robert Welch, Inc., the publisher of the Birch Society magazine, sent him a certified check for $481,808.09. It covered damages of $400,000, interest of $78,521.04, and court fees of $3,287.05.

The jury historically has been regarded as a bulwark of press freedom. The classic American example is the jury that acquitted John Peter Zenger in 1735 of charges that the newspaper he printed had criminally libelled the colonial governor of New York. No publisher expects to be saved by a jury today. Hostility toward the press, evidenced notably last year in public support for the Reagan Administration's exclusion of reporters from the invasion of Grenada, seems to be reflected in the attitudes of jurors. There is also reason to believe that jurors do not understand the federal constitutional rules designed to protect freedom of comment—the requirement that knowing or reckless disregard of the truth be proved, for example. In 1979, the Washington *Post* reported that William Tavoulareas, the president of the Mobil Corporation, had "set up his son" in a shipping-management firm that did business with Mobil. The *Post* had checked the story with unusual care. When Tavoulareas sued, a three-week trial in July of 1982 produced evidence of a few mistakes in the story but none that by the standards of Supreme Court decisions could be called deliberate or

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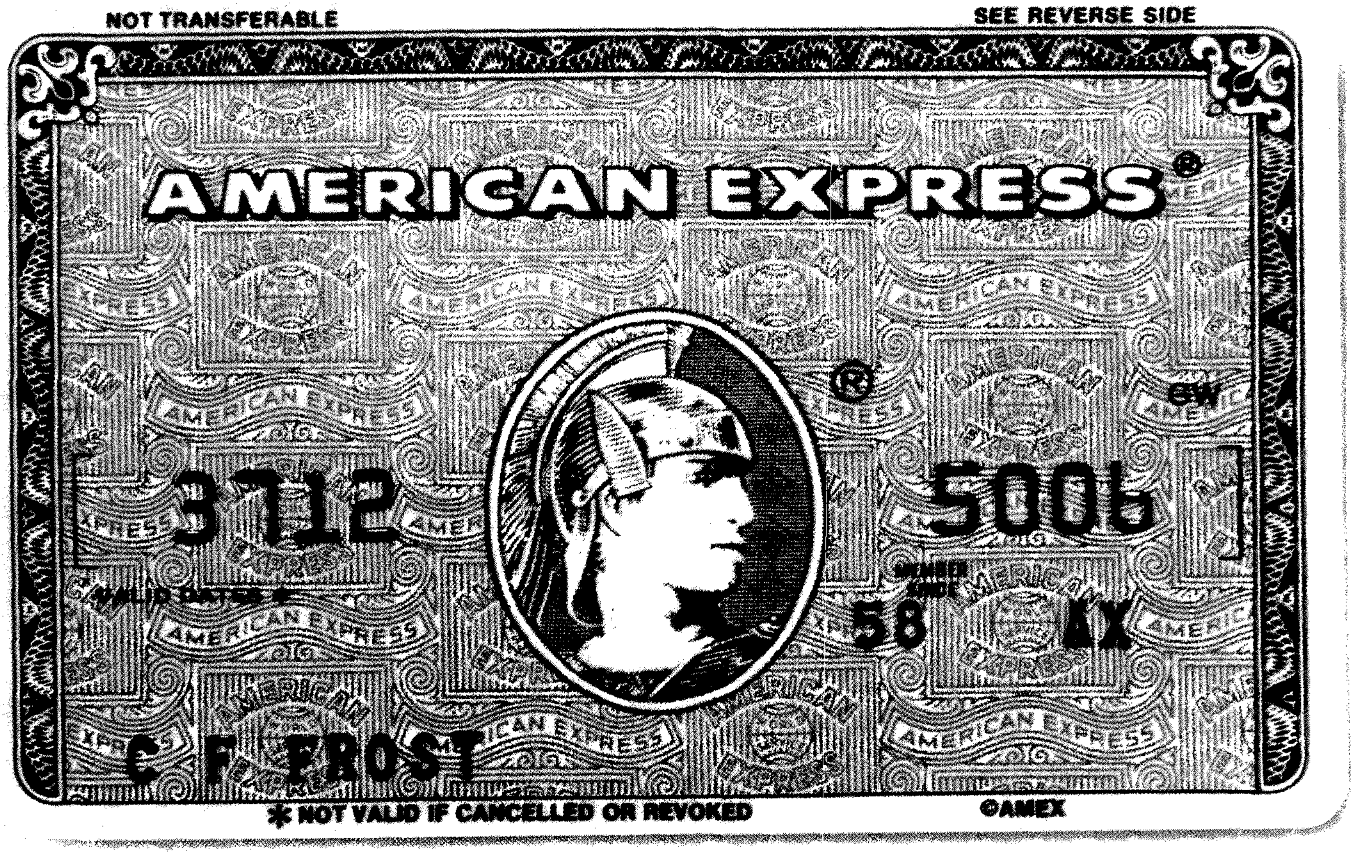
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reckless. The jury was instructed by the judge that Tavoulareas had to meet that standard of proof, because he was a public figure. It nevertheless awarded him two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in compensatory and a million eight hundred thousand dollars in punitive damages. *The American Lawyer*, a magazine serving the legal profession, looked into what had happened. It interviewed five of the six jurors and found that they had never even discussed the constitutional standard. (Months later, the judge set aside the jury verdict as unsupported by the evidence; his decision is on appeal.) Judges are now generally more considerate of libel defendants than juries are.

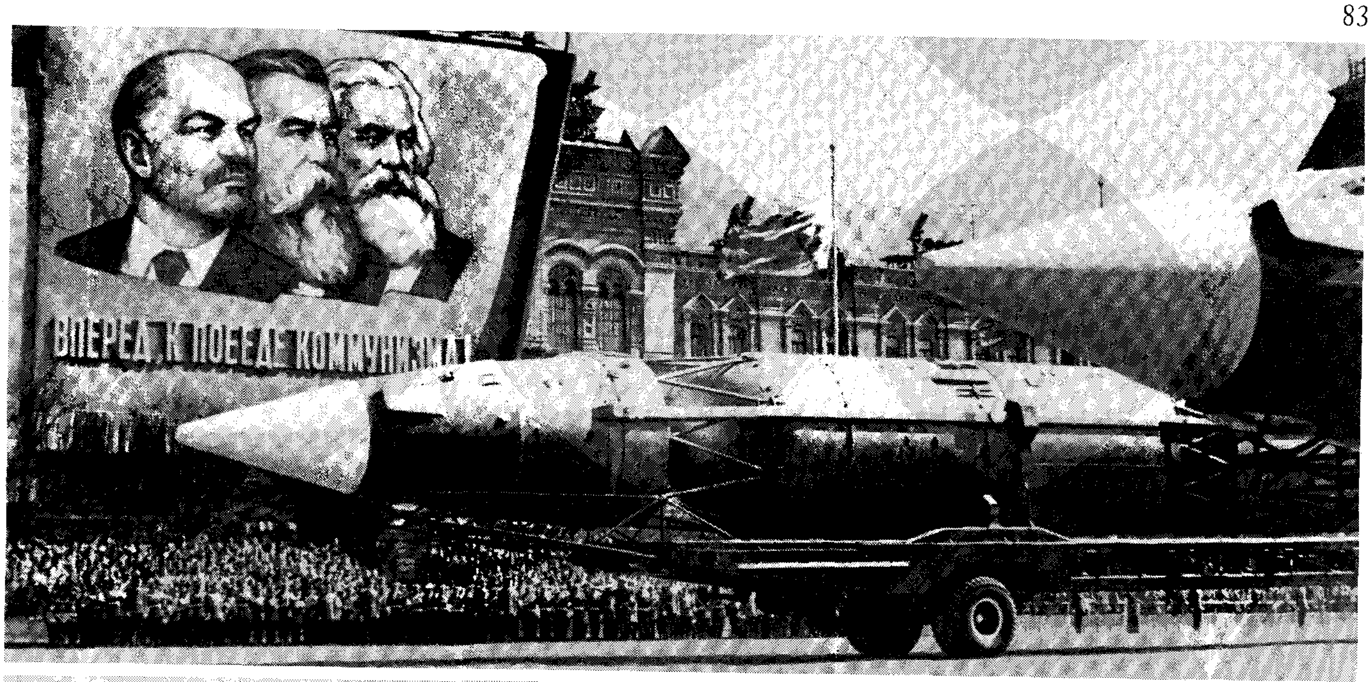
Megadamages, as the lawyers call those huge jury verdicts, may obviously chill a publisher's enthusiasm for investigative journalism. One notorious case illustrates the point: that of the Alton *Telegraph*, a southern-Illinois daily with a circulation of thirty-eight thousand. Alton is the town where a press hero, an abolitionist editor named Elijah Lovejoy, was killed by a pro-slavery mob in 1837. And the *Telegraph* has an enterprising tradition of uncovering public wrong; its stories once led to the resignation of two State Supreme Court justices. In 1969, two *Telegraph* reporters got a tip that underworld money was going to a local builder. In an effort to check it, they wrote a memorandum to a Justice Department investigator; he passed it on to federal bank regulators, and they got a local savings institution to cut off the builder's credit. The builder sued for libel over the memorandum—no story ever appeared in the *Telegraph*—and a jury awarded him nine million two hundred thousand dollars. In order to appeal, the paper had to put up a bond of more than ten million dollars. Unable to raise that, the *Telegraph* sought protection in a federal bankruptcy court—and was then not allowed to press its libel appeal. Finally, it settled for a million four hundred thousand dollars; libel insurance covered a million dollars, and the paper borrowed the rest. The *Wall Street Journal* told the story of the episode last year under the headline "HOW LIBEL SUIT SAPPED THE CRUSADING SPIRIT OF A SMALL NEWSPAPER." Today, it said, the Alton *Telegraph* has just about stopped looking into official wrongdoing. Reporters ask editors before writing letters, and destroy their notes to keep them from possible future libel plaintiffs. When someone told the *Telegraph* about misconduct in a sheriff's office, the editor decided not to investigate, saying, "Let someone else stick their neck out this time."

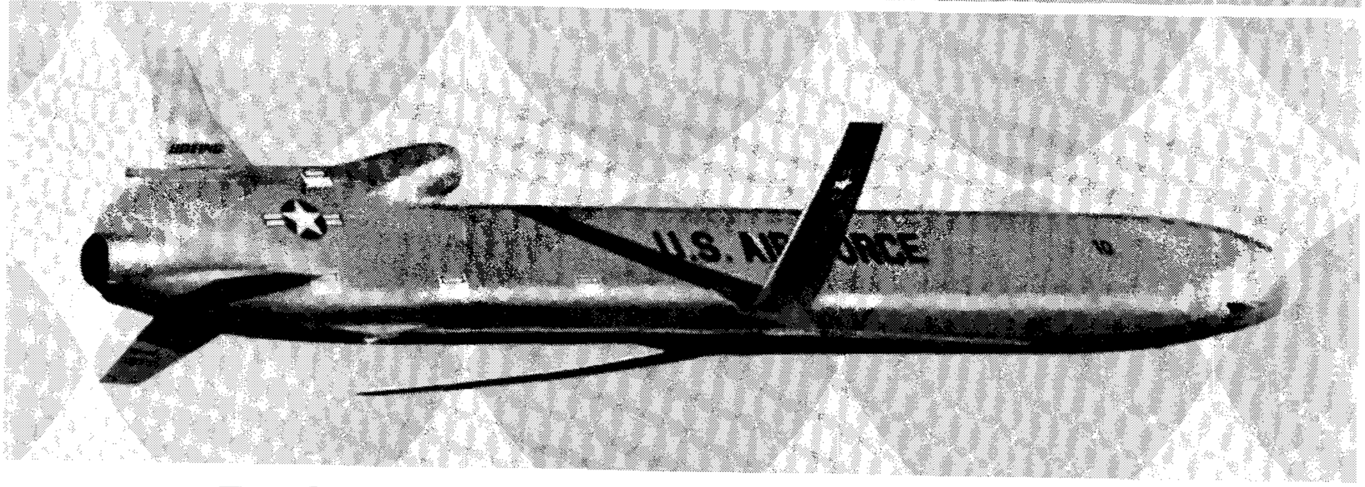
But if a person has been damaged by the circulation of a falsehood, there is a social interest in seeing him made whole. If the tip about the Alton builder was in fact false, for example, and he lost his credit as a result, then our legal system would usually afford him a remedy. The law of torts, or civil wrongs, has generally been moving toward the position that those who cause injury should be held more strictly responsible for compensating the injured; and some think press enterprises should do the same when they get it wrong and harm someone. Judge Henry Friendly, of the United States Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit, in New York, wrote in 1967, "Newspapers, magazines, and broadcasting companies are businesses conducted for profit and often make very large ones. Like other enterprises that inflict damage in the course of performing a service highly useful to the public, such as providers of food or shelter or manufacturers of drugs designed to ease or prolong life, they must pay the freight." But the growing size of libel damages and their lack of connection with any injury done make a businesslike approach to the problem difficult. Publishers can and do take libel insurance. But if jury verdicts go on up, and if more are sustained on appeal, insurance rates may become prohibitive—as they have threatened to become in the case of malpractice insurance for doctors. As it is, a tiny paper like *The Milkweed* would find it hard to insure against the possibility of a twenty-million-dollar libel suit.

Libel damages have always been something of an oddity in the law. In libel, as opposed to other torts, injury was presumed and "compensatory" damages were assessed without proof of actual financial loss. No doubt the reason for that was the difficulty of proving the amount of one's loss from injury to reputation. But the way libel damages are figured presents a danger—one that Justice Powell discussed in his opinion in the Gertz case. Under the guise of compensating for injury, he said, juries can "punish unpopular opinion." That is even more true of punitive damages, which juries can award in any amount to deter what they consider bad conduct. Powell said punitive damages were "wholly irrelevant" to the social interest in vindicating reputation, and he said jury discretion to award them "in wholly unpredictable amounts . . . exacerbates the danger of media self-censorship."

Damages and the way they are fixed in libel cases have been the subject of much scholarly and judicial questioning. As long ago as 1971, Justice Marshall urged the Supreme Court, in a dissenting opinion, to rule out punitive libel damages altogether as unconstitutional. At least one State Supreme Court, Oregon's, has done that on the basis of the state constitution. In the Gertz case, Justice Powell dealt with the question of damages for the first time in a majority opinion of the Supreme Court. To get compensatory damages, he said, a plaintiff must show "actual injury"—but that may include such intangibles as "mental anguish," Powell added, and there need be no proof of financial loss. As for punitive damages, Powell said, they could be awarded constitutionally only on proof of knowing or reckless falsehood by the publisher—which a public figure or official plaintiff has to prove anyway. The lines drawn in that opinion were too vague to have much effect. Huge awards of both compensatory and punitive damages have continued, and so has talk among lawyers about defining the constitutional limits on libel damages more tightly and, particularly, eliminating punitive awards. Lower-court judges, too, are showing concern about the problem. In September, the United States Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit set aside a ten-million-dollar jury verdict against a magazine distributor in a privacy case. The language of the opinion extended to libel as well. "No doubt such an enormous verdict chills media First Amendment rights," Judge Richard J. Cardamone said. Aside from constitutional doubts about the huge damages now so common "in media cases," he added, "the compensatory damages awarded shock the conscience of this court."

WHEN I talked with Professor Wechsler about the Sullivan case, he mused on what he might have done at the beginning about the damage question. His brief attacked the five-hundred-thousand-dollar judgment for Commissioner Sullivan as





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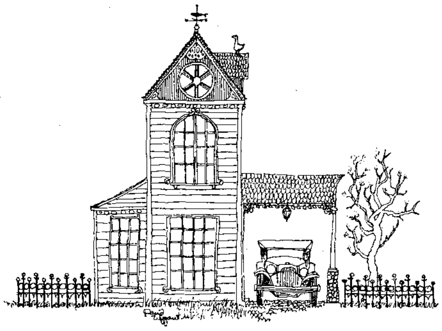
"monstrous" and mentioned the possibility of limiting libel damages, but it made little of the point. "As I've thought about the case over the years, I made only one judgment that I think was doubtful," Wechsler said. "The question was whether to attack the established doctrine on punitive and general damages—to argue that the Constitution limited libel damages to the amount of proved financial injury. I've often wondered whether, if libel law had gone off on that point in the Sullivan case, people might not be happier today. But as a matter of the strategy of advocacy I think my judgment was right. The way of awarding damages was so well established throughout the English-speaking world that I decided it would be unwise to attack it. The judicial reaction would have been negative then."

Unlimited libel damages are defended by some on a practical ground: that the hope of huge verdicts enables individuals who have been defamed to find lawyers to represent them. The lawyers, that is, would take the cases *on a contingency basis*—for a percentage of any final judgment for their clients. But the risks are so great—the cost to the lawyer of preparing and trying a case, the chance of losing a jury verdict on appeal—that not many lawyers are likely to go into a big libel case on such a basis. That, at least, seems to be a lesson of the case that may be the biggest of them all: Westmoreland v. CBS.

On January 23, 1982, CBS broadcast a ninety-minute television documentary charging that there had been "a conspiracy at the highest levels of American military intelligence" in the Vietnam War "to suppress and alter critical intelligence on the enemy." The program, called "The Uncounted Enemy: A Vietnam Deception," said General William Westmoreland, the commander of the American forces, had ordered that the number of North Vietnamese troops infiltrating into the South before the Tet offensive of 1968 be understated in reports to Washington. General Westmoreland criticized the program, and in May his view got powerful support from the magazine *T V Guide*. In a long article called "Anatomy of a Smear," *T V Guide* said that CBS had violated its own rules in producing the program—for example, by using a paid consultant as a witness. CBS management then had one of its own executive producers, Burton Benjamin, investigate the making of the program, and he found that there had been violations of CBS's internal guidelines. The network admitted some of these but stood by the conclusions of the program. It offered General Westmoreland fifteen minutes of unedited airtime for a reply, but his lawyer said that would only "dignify a lie." On September 13, 1982, he sued CBS for a hundred and twenty million dollars in compensatory and punitive libel damages.

The Westmoreland case is a grand example of the lawsuit as combat. The two sides have fought not only in the pre-trial discovery process and in the courtroom but in press conferences. The combat is unusually open, and entertaining, because of the contrast between the opposing lawyers. CBS is represented by the eminent New York firm of Cravath, Swaine & Moore, which is regarded with awe in the profession for the hours of detailed work it puts into a case. Lead counsel is David Boies, an anti-trust lawyer fresh from victories in defense of IBM against anti-trust charges. Nine other Cravath lawyers worked on the pre-trial phase, and CBS has also retained a public-relations firm to help on the case. General Westmoreland asked several prominent Washington lawyers in private practice to represent him, but they all advised him not to sue. His case was finally taken by a public-interest firm, the Capital Legal Foundation. It is usually described as conservative in orientation, but its president and dominant figure, a lawyer named Dan Burt, says that the label does not fit him. "I've never voted for a Republican," Burt told me. "I am a libertarian with a populist dislike for big institutions' beating up on little people. I don't believe in big institutions beyond accountability." Burt can be pugnacious in manner, and he does not seem to mind what he says. Asked how he arrived at the figure of a hundred and twenty million dollars in damages claimed by General Westmoreland, he replied, "The estimated audience for the program was forty million people. We figured it was basically entertainment. Out in the hinterland, tickets for entertainment are about three dollars a head, so it came to a hundred and twenty million." (CBS says that fewer than ten million people actually watched the program.)



In 1983, according to Burt, the Capital Legal Foundation spent around nine hundred thousand dollars on the Westmoreland case. The salaries of Burt and four other staff lawyers came to two hundred and ninety-five thousand dollars—not much by the standards of Wall Street fees. One outside lawyer who worked on the case almost full time was paid two hundred and seventy-one thousand dollars. A hundred and thirty-four thousand dollars went to enter documents in computers and call up information; thirty-one thousand dollars went for stenographers at depositions; and so on. Given those figures, Burt said, he did not believe that any ordinary lawyer would take a major libel case on a contingency basis; he would have to lay out just too much in time and money. Capital, which gets its money from contributors, mostly large and conservative, is not charging Westmoreland anything, but Burt said that the General had contributed twenty thousand dollars to the foundation—with borrowed money. CBS estimated that it spent on average a hundred thousand dollars a month on the case during 1983.

The judge assigned to try the Westmoreland case, United States District Judge Pierre N. Leval, of the Southern District of New York, was evidently determined not to let it drag on as so much litigation does nowadays. He pressed counsel to finish their pre-trial inquiries. By May of 1984, David Boies and other counsel for CBS had filed their most important pre-trial motion, one to dismiss the suit or, alternatively, to grant summary judgment for the defendants. The motion and the supporting briefs and appendices ran to one thousand three hundred and forty-two pages. Dan Burt replied in briefs totalling one thousand three hundred and eighty pages. The volume of argument reflected the scope of the pre-trial discovery that had taken place, with depositions of figures on both sides of the dispute—from General Westmoreland to George Crile, the producer of the broadcast—and documents running to four hundred thousand pages. The CBS motion made four alternative arguments:

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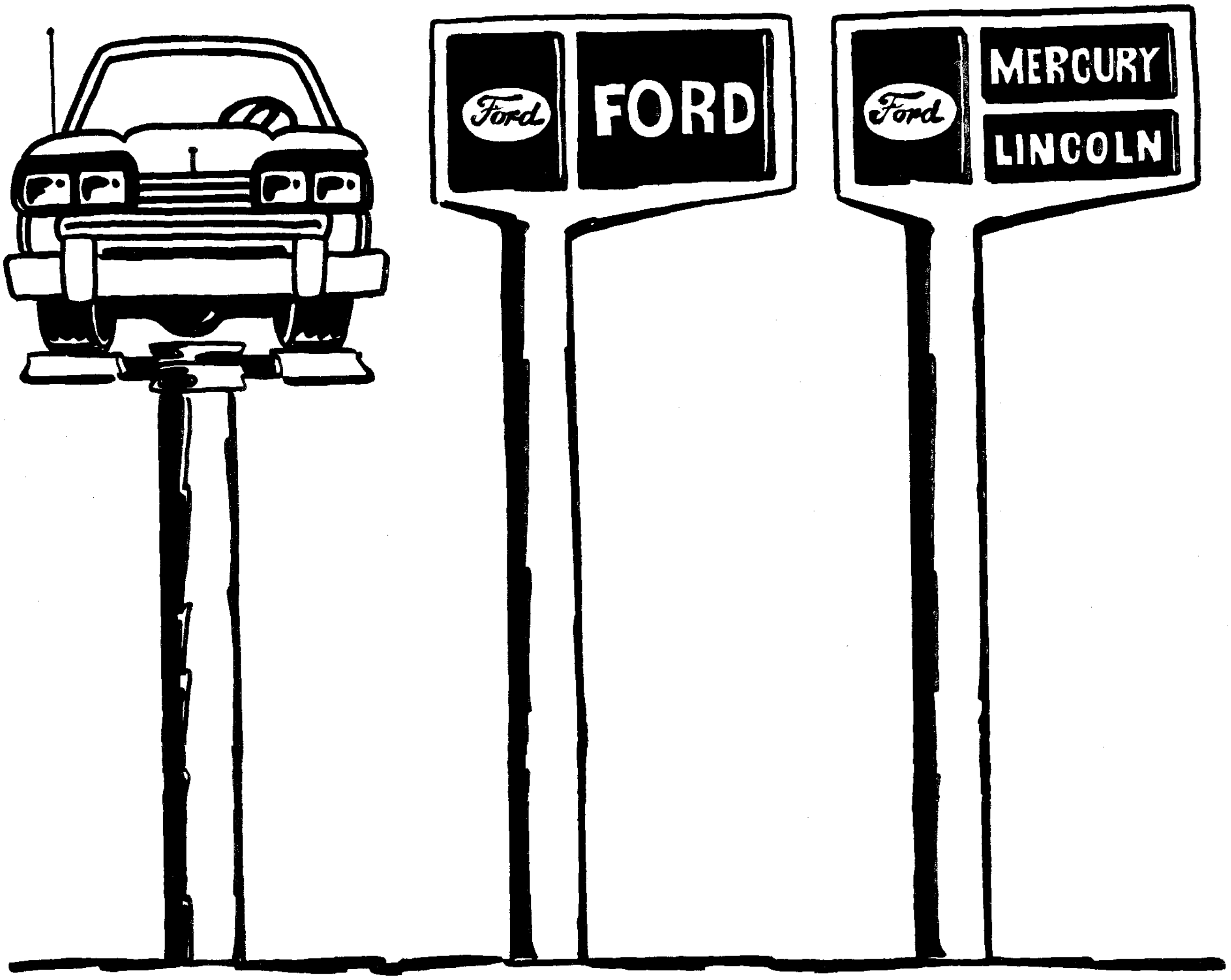

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that the broadcast was true, that it was in any event not recklessly or knowingly false under the Sullivan rule, that the criticism of Westmoreland was opinion and hence not libel under old common-law doctrine, and that the First Amendment should give an absolute freedom to criticize at least the highest public officials in the conduct of their duties. The last, and legally most interesting, in essence restated the broad ground that Professor Wechsler had argued in the Sullivan case but that the Supreme Court had not adopted.

Judge Leval denied the CBS motion on September 24th, in a detailed opinion indicating that he had absorbed the facts argued in those thousands of pages of briefs. He rejected the claims that the broadcast was true or, alternatively, not recklessly or knowingly false, on the ground that Burt had argued in his opposing briefs: that at least some facts were in dispute on those issues and hence that a jury should decide. Judge Leval found that what he called the heart of the alleged libel—"the accusations that General Westmoreland ordered, or prevailed upon, his officers to draw dishonest conclusions and give false reports evaluating intelligence data"—was factual charges rather than statements of "opinion." As for the claim that the First Amendment should provide absolute immunity for commentary on a high official's performance, Judge Leval noted the argument by CBS that suits such as Westmoreland's were bound to have an intimidating effect on the press and that they were therefore, as he put it, "functionally equivalent to the unconstitutional prosecution for seditious libel of the government." He said that "the libel action by very high public officials is an unusual phenomenon." But the Judge said it would be inappropriate to rule before trial on the argument for absolute constitutional immunity. Trial judges and appellate judges, he said, could better consider such "far-reaching changes in law" on the basis of a full trial record. The trial began on October 9th. By then, Burt estimated, his side had spent between one million eight hundred thousand and two million dollars; the CBS lawyers said that their figure was a little more. The CBS legal budget for the trial itself is two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a month.

General Westmoreland's lawsuit raises a number of troubling questions. One is why so many important people bring libel actions these days: generals and corporate executives and governors and senators, and even foreign politicians. Governor William Janklow, of South Dakota, has brought a libel action of great concern to book publishers—a twenty-four-million-dollar suit against Viking Press and Peter Matthiessen over references to him in Matthiessen's recent book "In the Spirit of Crazy Horse." He also named three South Dakota bookstores as defendants, in what the trade saw as an effort to force them to remove the book from their shelves. Senator Paul Laxalt, of Nevada, has sued the McClatchy Newspapers of California for two hundred and fifty million dollars over an article reporting allegations linking him to illegal "skimming" of a Nevada casino's profits. (C. K. McClatchy, the editor, said the suit was brought "to intimidate" the press and deter it "from pursuing the story." The McClatchy Newspapers brought a counter-suit for six million dollars against Senator Laxalt, claiming that his libel action infringed their constitutional rights.) Ariel Sharon, the Israeli politician, seeks fifty million dollars in libel damages from *Time* for an article on his role, when he was Defense Minister, in the Sabra and Shatila massacres in Lebanon. Mr. Sharon ascribed a broad purpose to his suit. He said, "I'm struggling to remove the mark of Cain from myself, from the state of Israel, and from the Jewish people."

The American tradition is to the contrary. In Harry Truman's words, "If you can't stand the heat, stay out of the kitchen." Why have American attitudes changed? One theory is that since the Sullivan case political figures have been exposed to a greater number of wounding assaults in the press. President Nixon so argued in a radio address on March 8, 1974, as Watergate was closing in around him. "I believe that we can reaffirm a public figure's private rights so that people interested in running for public office can have greater assurance of recourse against slanderous attacks on them or their families . . ." he said. "Unfortunately, some libel lawyers have interpreted recent Supreme Court decisions, particularly the decision in Sullivan v. New York Times, as being virtually a license to lie where a political candidate, a member of his family, or one of his supporters or friends is involved. This is wrong." Justice Fortas, who

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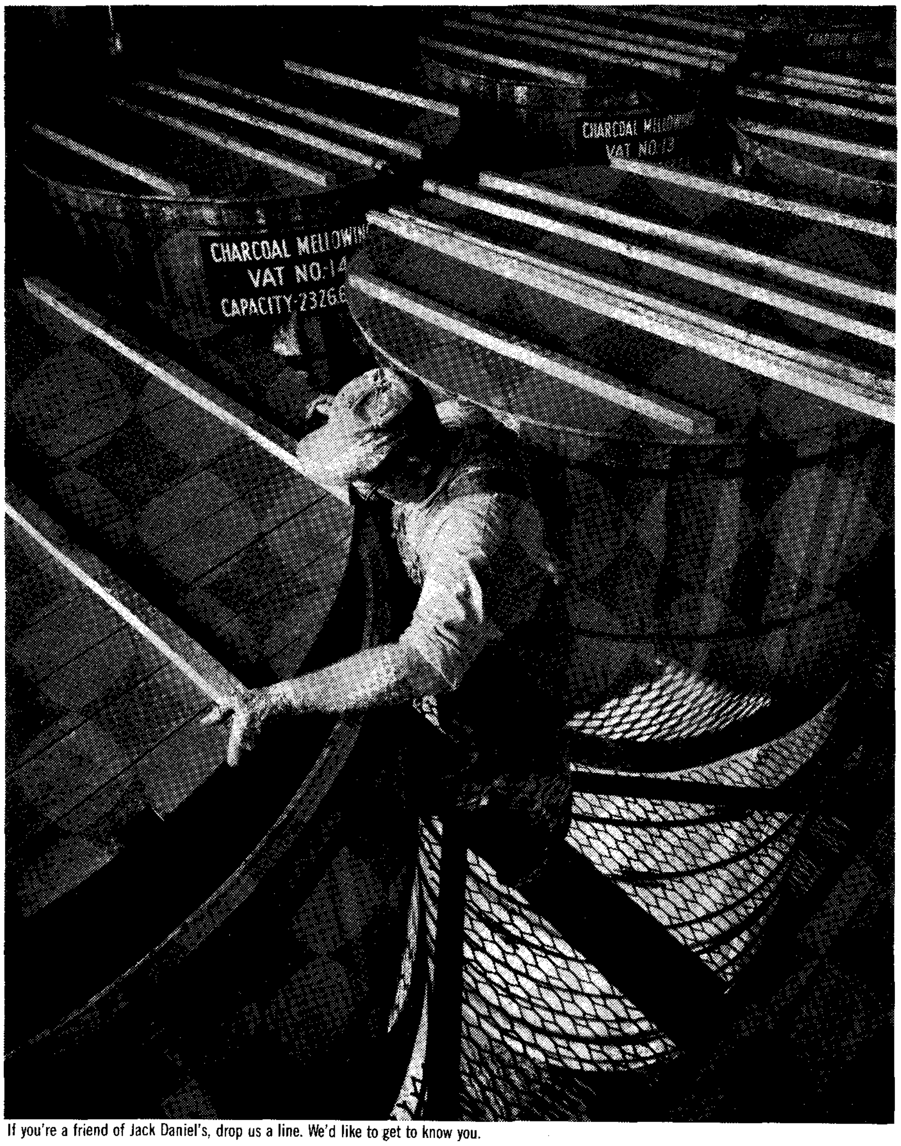
agreed with Nixon on few things, shared that concern. In a 1968 dissent from a decision reversing a libel verdict for a state official, he wrote, "The occupation of public officeholder does not forfeit one's membership in the human race." But there is every reason to think that press comment on political figures is blander today than it was in the American past. When George Washington's years as President ended, in 1797, the Philadelphia *Aurora* said, "Every heart in unison with the freedom and happiness of the people ought to beat high, with exultation that the name of Washington from this day ceases to give a currency to political iniquity, and to legalize corruption." Jefferson was called a libertine and an atheist. Harry Truman wrote his sister in 1948, "Every man in the White House was tortured and bedeviled by the so-called free press. They were lied about, misrepresented, and actually libeled, and they had to take it and do nothing." Grant and other Civil War generals underwent criticism far more savage than anything dreamed of by Westmoreland. Yet none of them sued for libel.

Not only the great but the small are eager to sue these days. When three families in Maine wrote a letter to the local police chief complaining that a policeman had threatened their children, kicked pets, and used bad language, the policeman and his wife sued for libel; last fall, a jury awarded them fifty-two thousand three hundred dollars. The owner of a Chinese restaurant in New York won twenty thousand dollars from the authors and the publisher of a restaurant review that said the pancakes it served with Peking Duck were too thick. Donald Trump, the real-estate developer, has sued the Chicago *Tribune* and its architectural critic for five hundred million dollars for an article ridiculing his plan to build the world's tallest building in New York. What is happening?

Rodney Smolla, an associate professor at the University of Arkansas Law School, writing last year in *The Washington Monthly*, offered some possible reasons for the libel-happy state of America. It is a time of narcissism, he said, and "the more concerned we become about ourselves, the more thin-skinned we become." When there were more newspapers competing for readers, none had the last word, and people cared less about what one said. In the old days, too, reporters were poorly paid and raffish, and thus



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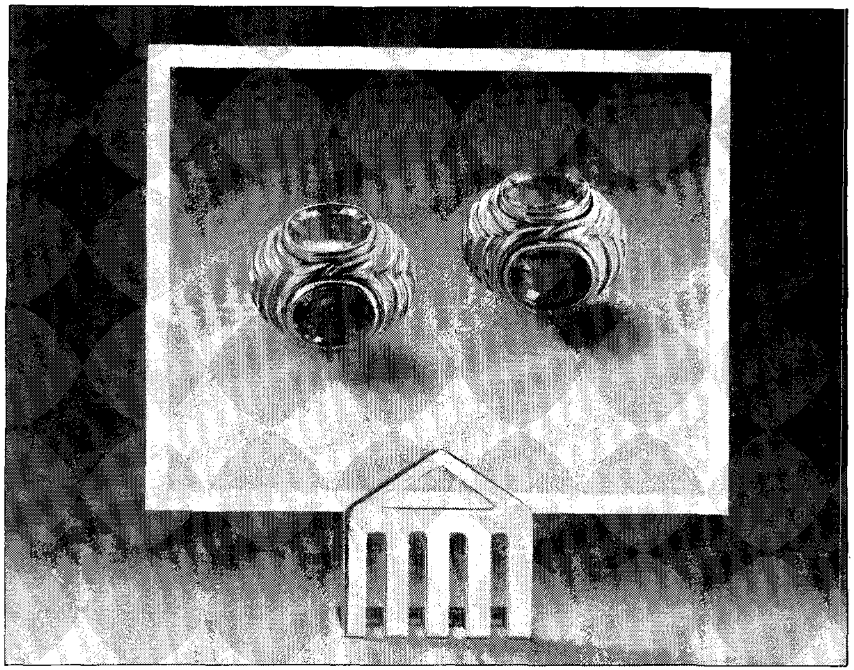

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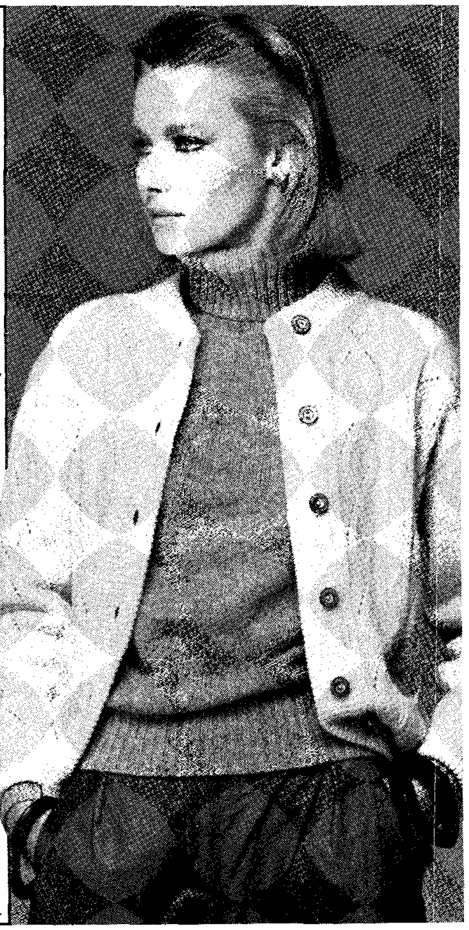

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might be regarded as unworthy adversaries: "Who cared what a scoundrel thought?" Today, reporters are likely to be well educated and well paid, and the press has "a more oracular tone," as if it were dispensing "not merely news but Truth. . . . Given this newfound arrogance, it's easy to see the attraction of libel action: it's a way to take on the big boys when they start to act like bullies," Smolla concluded. To that I would add that the power of television, its reach into every home and the sense it conveys of journalists' assuming equality with the great, is a particular cause of the desire to get even.

The public perception that the press is arrogant may be fed by the attitude that most of the press takes toward libel cases. Any defeat for a press defendant, on any issue, is treated as an alarming setback for American freedom. But the press is not always the good guy in these or other situations. The editor of *American Opinion*, the Birch Society magazine that called Elmer Gertz a Leninist, said he hadn't checked the article that included that statement because he had confidence in the author, whom he had commissioned to write it. The author had previously described others as Marxists, Communists, or under Communist control, among them John Foster Dulles, Pierre Trudeau, and Richard Nixon.

When the Supreme Court decided in Colonel Herbert's case that libel plaintiffs could ask editors what they knew about a story when they published it, the Los Angeles *Times* and the Miami *Herald* called the decision "Orwellian;" the managing editor of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* said it had "the potential of totally inhibiting the press to a degree seldom seen outside a dictatorial or fascist country." Justice Brennan, who is about as good a judicial friend as the press has, and who dissented in part in the Herbert case, said in a lecture that the press's reaction to it was out of proportion. He urged the press to be more careful in its rhetoric and in its constitutional claims. "This may involve a certain loss of innocence, a certain recognition that the press, like other institutions, must accommodate a variety of important social interests," he said.

As the Westmoreland case indicates, libel suits today are a clumsy, destructive way of accommodating the social interests in freedom of expression and reputation. Publishers large and small complain that they are being intimidated by fear of libel costs and damages, and they have reason for that fear. Individuals who feel wounded by published comment complain that they have to overcome enormous obstacles to retrieve their good names from a press too stiff-necked to admit a mistake, and they have reason for their feelings.

The purpose of the law of libel was movingly stated by one of our most thoughtful judges—the late Harold Leventhal, of the United States Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia Circuit. "The rule that permits satisfaction of the deep-seated need for vindication of honor is not a mere historic relic but promotes the law's civilizing function of providing an acceptable substitute for violence in the settlement of disputes," he wrote. If we think of a libel action in these terms—as a substitute for the duel in redeeming honor—then there must be a more civilized way to accomplish that end than the apparatus of libel litigation we have erected. Some European countries have changed their law to give the individual who feels wounded a way to vindicate his honor more easily but not to gamble for a huge financial windfall. This system does away with libel damages altogether but provides a legal forum to test the truth of a challenged statement: just its truth, not the recklessness or negligence that may have been involved in publication, with all the detours that such considerations involve. If the courts find the statement false, the publisher may be required to print a retraction. Justice Brennan and his conservative colleague William H. Rehnquist have suggested the possibility of such an approach in this country. Given the agitated state of feelings on both sides of the libel issue—the anger of a Governor Janklow or a General Westmoreland, the fear of the press that in libel as in other areas the First Amendment is under pressure—no such solution is likely. But perhaps, someday, some state will try the civilized alternative.

So long as these disputes are submitted to the combat of litigation, and juries can award damages in essentially unlimited amounts, the threat to expression will remain. Professor Wechsler realized from the start that the victory in the Sullivan case would not be a complete solution. Six months after the decision, he received a letter from Lester Markel, for many years the Sunday editor of the *Times* (he was then associate editor). Markel said

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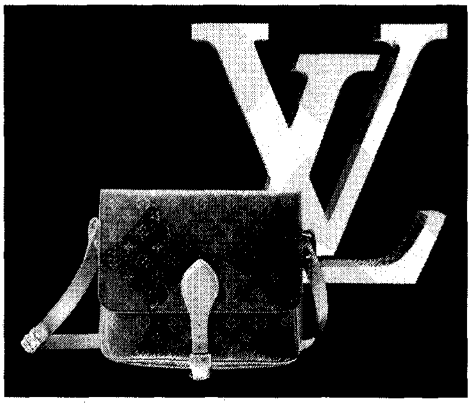

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he was troubled by the possibility that the decision might open the way "to complete irresponsibility in journalism." That would be a particular danger, he indicated, if an official could not even recover for a knowing falsehood—the broad immunity for which Wechsler had argued in the Supreme Court. Wechsler replied, in part, "The problem whether there should be immunity even though the report is knowingly false reduces, in my opinion, to the reliability of the ordinary jury trial as an instrument for adjudicating knowledge. This is the aspect of the matter that led Madison and those who shared his point of view to argue (in the Sedition Act controversy) for a broader immunity. . . . So long as the law of libel retains the punitive aspect that it still has, I think there is a solid basis for contending that it will impose a serious threat to public discussion of the conduct of public officials if a newspaper must run the gamut of a jury trial on the issues of falsity and knowledge. That was why I felt free to argue that point in our case. . . ." In reply, Markel asked whether "a decent jury system in the South" would not solve the problem. Wechsler said no, the difficulty was "likely to arise anywhere."

IN NEW YORK Times Co. v. Sullivan, the Supreme Court responded to a perceived new threat to the American tradition of uninhibited public debate: a new kind of libel suit, political in its circumstances and in the intended effect of the damages sought. The Westmoreland case and other recent developments make it clear that the threat did not end when L. B. Sullivan lost his case. Libel actions by high public officials, once virtually unknown in the United States, are multiplying. Suits by other individuals and organizations seek damages so huge that they seem to have a purpose beyond compensation for private injury—an intimidatory purpose. The press and its lawyers, at least, now regard as a fact of life what Justice Powell termed a possibility in his Gertz opinion: the use of libel damages as a weapon against unpopular views. The Libel Defense Resource Center, in a 1983 report, saw a growing use of libel actions to get at what critics call "the liberal media." The report noted the readiness of the Church of Scientology and of Synanon, the secretive drug-rehabilitation organization, to bring libel suits in order to discourage press coverage. It also said that conservative foundations were becoming active in support of libel suits. Last August, one of those foundations, the American Legal Foundation, in Washington, opened a Libel Prosecution Resource Center, which plans to set up a national network of plaintiffs' lawyers ready to help people sue for libel. The foundation's general counsel, Michael McDonald, told the *Times*, "We do want to chill certain types of speech. We don't want reporters to be able to engage in character assassination." A related new phenomenon is a corporate subsidy to libel plaintiffs. The Mobil Corporation, under William Tavoulareas, offered its executives "defamation insurance" to cover the cost of suits they may bring. In an advertisement in the *Times* and other papers last month, Mobil urged that "all public officials—generals, admirals, firemen, police officers, rubbish collectors—should be covered by insurance to allow them to sue for libel." It added the suggestion that "perhaps the system should be government-financed, since the government, through its judicial arm, has stripped public officials of some of their civil rights."

There is a felt need, reflected in much Anglo-American legal history, for those who believe they have been traduced to have a way of vindicating their reputations. What is different now, and unique to the United States, is the demand for damages in the millions. A claim for twenty million dollars from *The Milkweed* is designed not to compensate for injury but to silence critical inquiry, and even a newspaper as substantial as the Chicago *Tribune* may have to worry about its future when faced with a suit for half a billion dollars. The novel phenomenon of libel actions by high public officials raises special concern. It is true that officials may be unfairly maligned, but that has always been so in our unruly country. As the Sullivan decision noted, officials are themselves immune from libel suits for what they say, however falsely, about other people. And they can usually find a platform to respond to their critics. General Westmoreland has certainly made himself heard; I think his public standing is higher today than it was at the time of the offending program. To doubt that a libel suit is the appropriate response by someone in his high position is not to deny the existence of unfair attacks or to excuse them. It is to remember that Jefferson and Madison and their colleagues thought it

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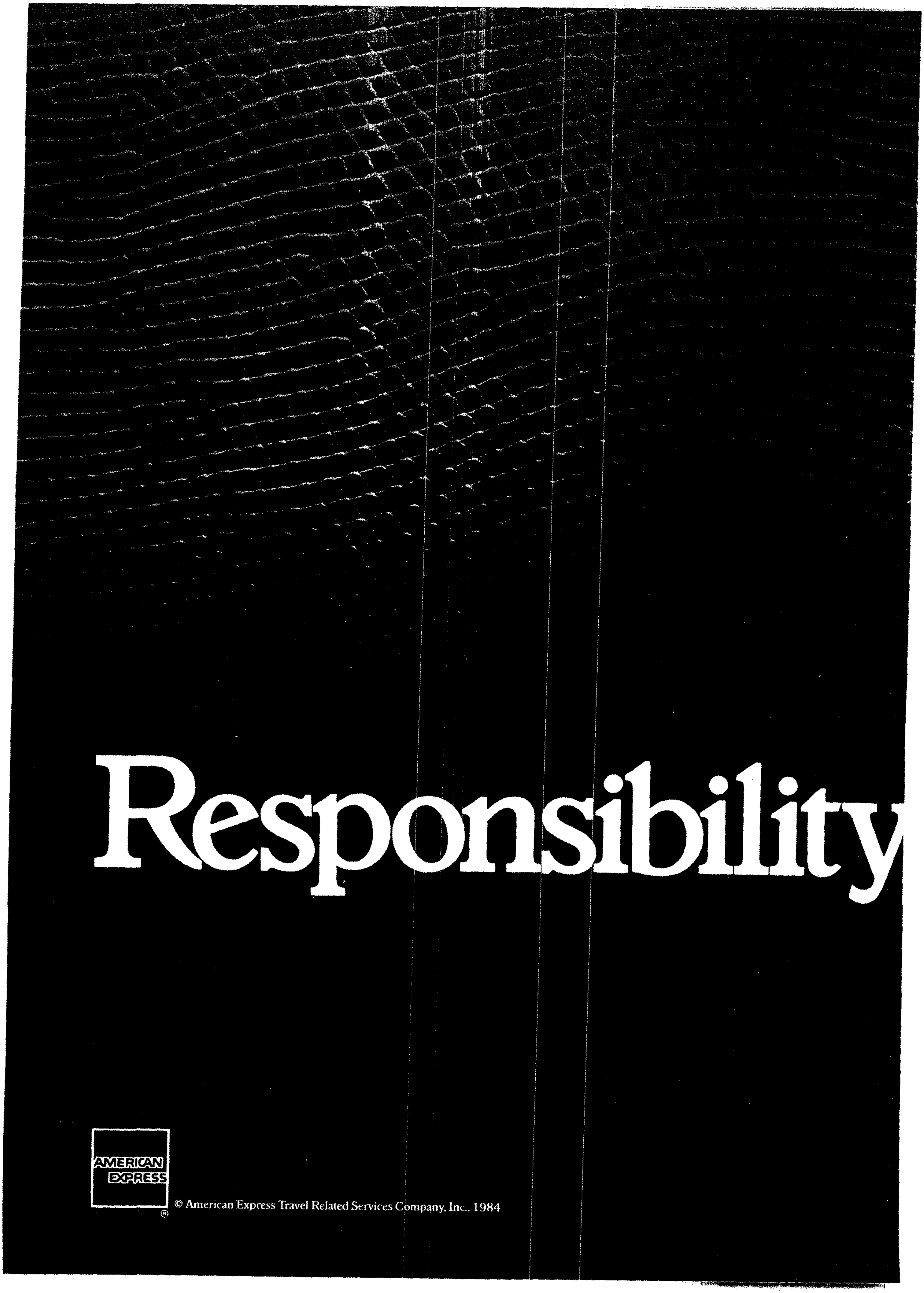
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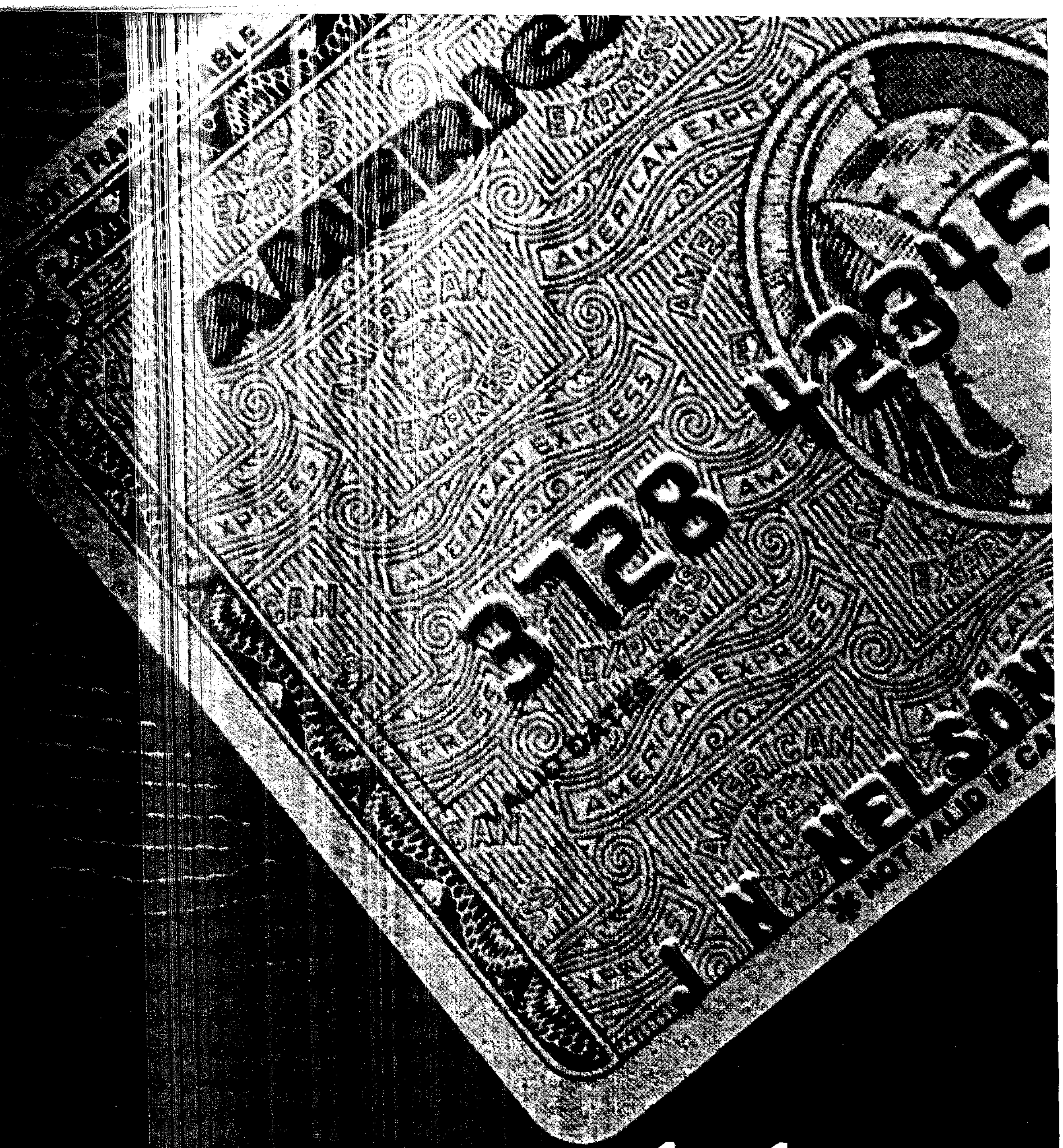

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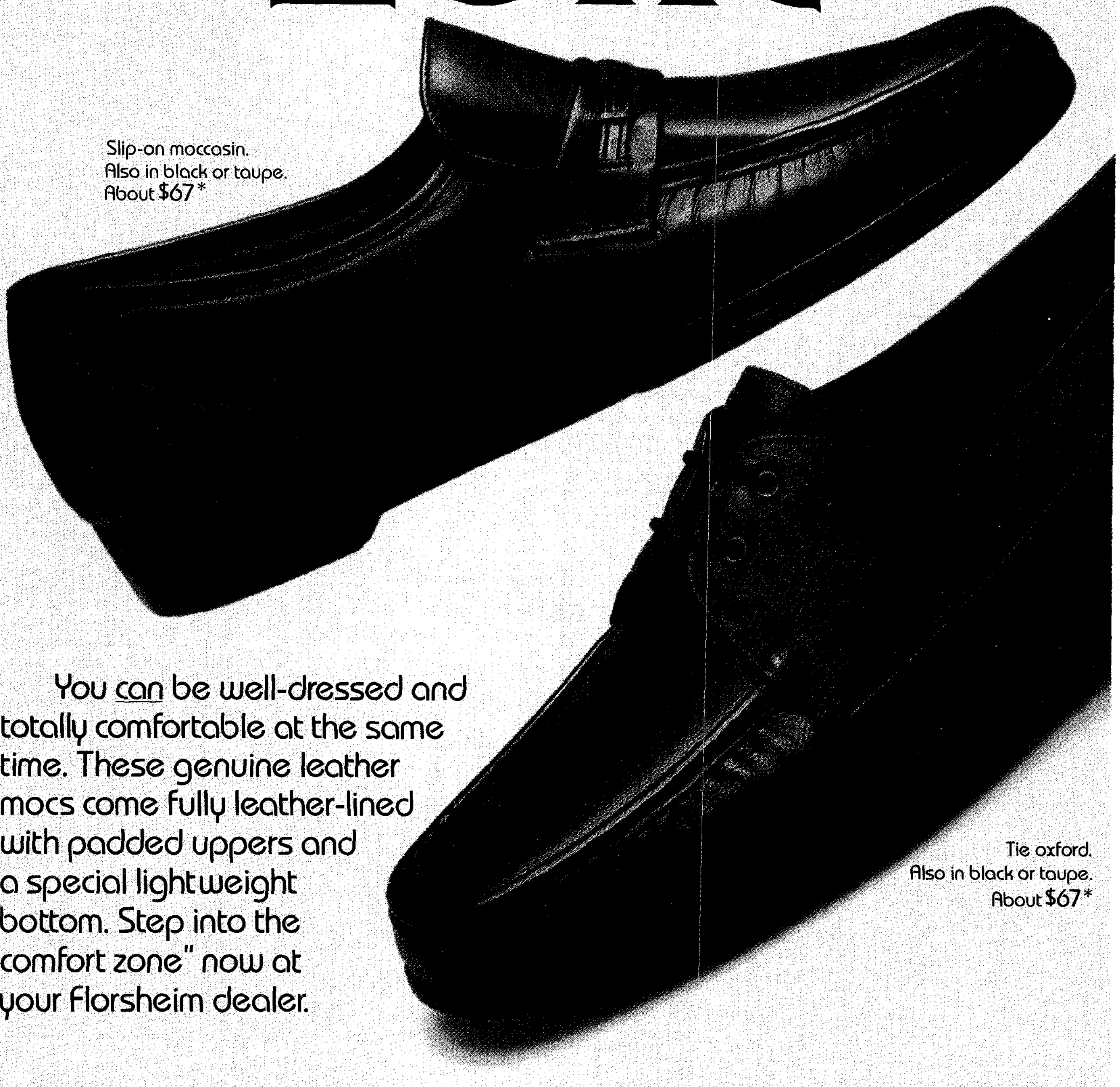

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was wrong in America—constitutionally wrong—to punish even false and malicious criticism of officials. Madison believed, as Professor Wechsler said, that "defamation is intrinsic in the criticism of public officials, the discussion of public affairs."

The most troubling aspect of the Westmoreland case is a question it puts to judge and jury. After hearing masses of conflicting evidence about what happened in Vietnam, they will be asked to determine "the truth" about what General Westmoreland and others did. But there can be no such truth about anything in Vietnam. All that happened there was, and is, the subject of the most intense political debate. That is the American system, the Madisonian system, for resolving questions of political truth: public debate. To stray from it is to forget the central meaning of the great case of New York Times Co. v. Sullivan. "Authoritative interpretations of the First Amendment guarantees have consistently refused to recognize an exception for any test of truth—whether administered by judges, juries, or administrative officials," Justice Brennan wrote then. The Sullivan decision recognized that the attempt to put questions of political truth to a libel jury may chill essential political discourse. No one can doubt that a judgment for William Westmoreland would inhibit reporting and debate on questions of war and peace as effectively as a final judgment for L. B. Sullivan would have discouraged coverage of the civil-rights movement in the South.

Reading the Sullivan opinion twenty years later, one detects the sense of a great occasion from the very first sentence. "We are required in this case to determine for the first time the extent to which the constitutional protections for speech and press limit a State's power to award damages in a libel action brought by a public official against critics of his official conduct," Justice Brennan wrote. In the literal sense, of course, the Court was not "required" to confront the question then; no one can tell the Supreme Court what to do. But at its best the Court meets the requirements of history, and it did in the Sullivan case.

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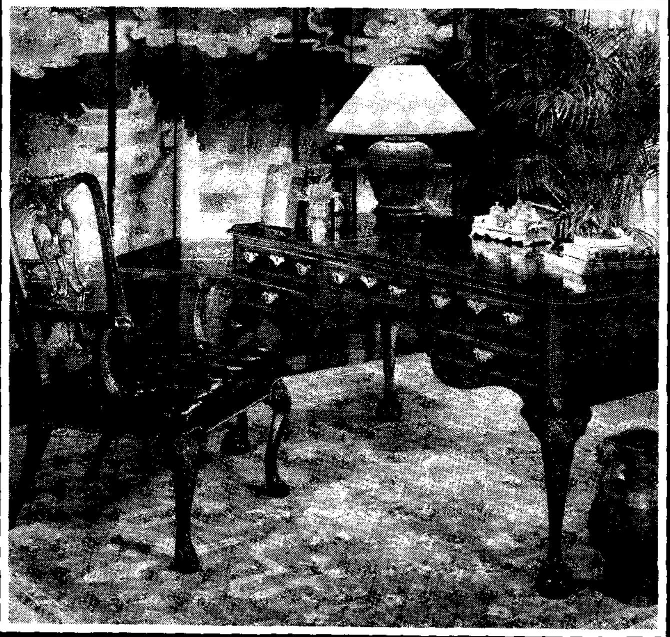

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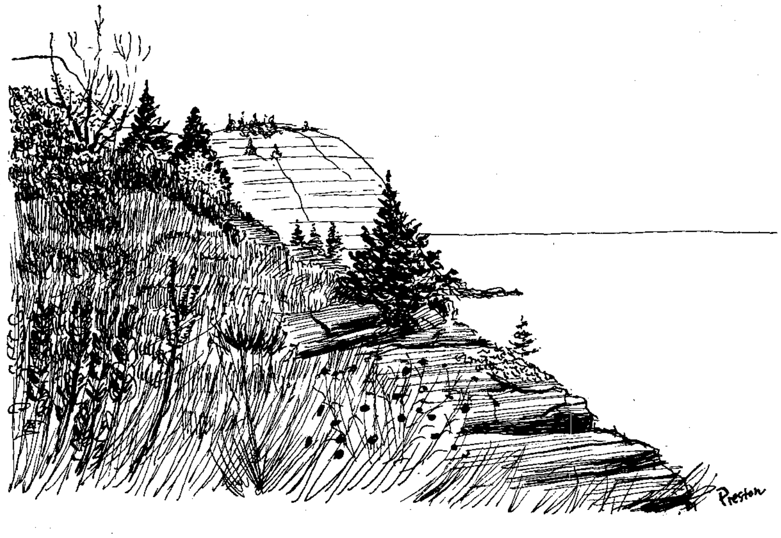
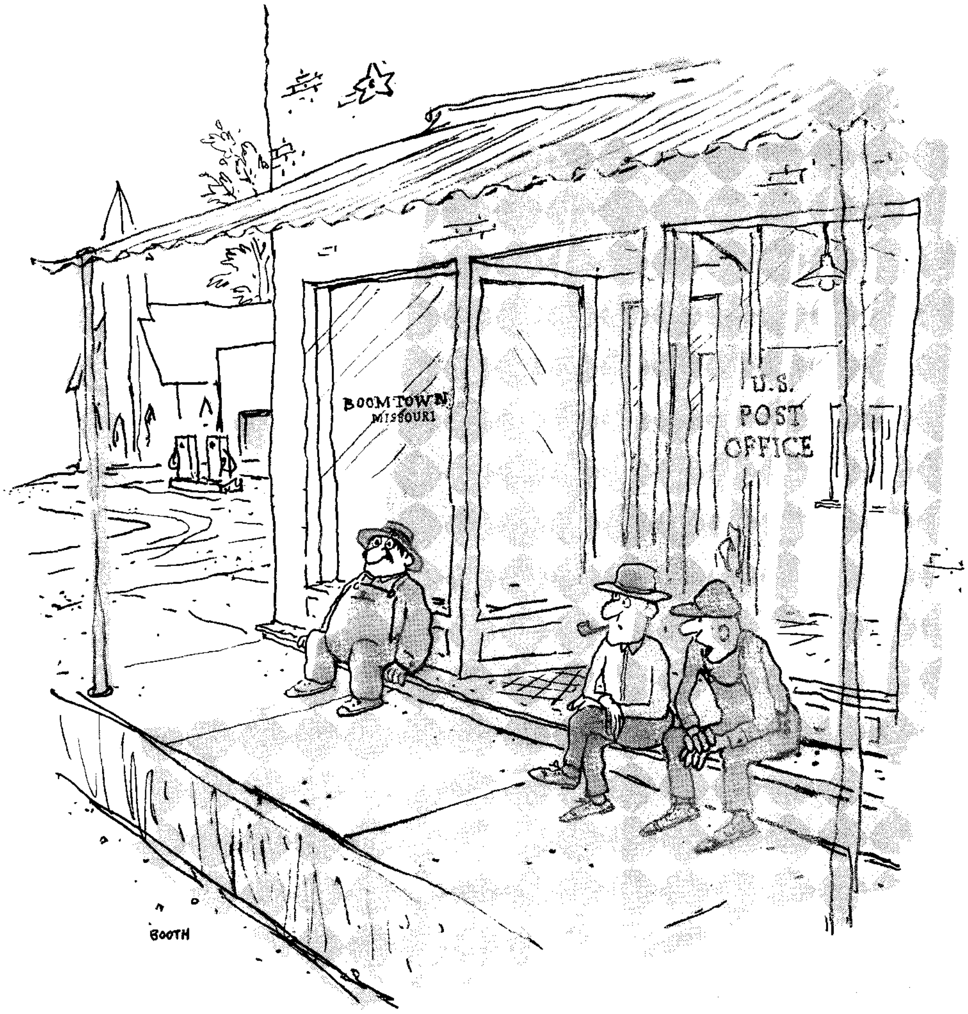
EVEN though each of the four major tennis championships lasts a full two weeks, it is always best to be on hand from the beginning to the end, despite the fact that this means sitting through many afternoons during the first week when very little happens and the desultory atmosphere isn't even enlivened by a new rumor about John McEnroe, Martina Navratilova, Ivan Lendl, or Hana Mandlikova. This year, I wasn't able to get to Wimbledon until the second week of the fortnight, but I was fortunate: nothing of real consequence had taken place during the first week. Miss Navratilova, seeded at the top of the ladies' singles, hadn't lost a set, although she was pushed to 6–4 in one set in the first round by Mareen (Peanut) Louie, a young American, and to a 7–5 set in the second round by Amy Holton, another young American of modest reputation. Chris Evert Lloyd, who was seeded second, unexpectedly lost a set to Betsy Nagelsen, still another American, in the second round. There was a bit more drama in the men's singles. The enigmatic Ivan Lendl, of Czechoslovakia—who in the French championship, in mid-June, had stunned the tennis world by upsetting McEnroe in the final, coming from behind to win 3–6, 2–6, 6–4, 7–5, 7–5—had his troubles getting past McEnroe's comparatively ancient countryman Dick Stockton in the first round, 4–6, 6–0, 6–3, 5–7, 6–4. Lendl isn't completely at home on grass yet—he grew up on clay courts—but the game's deep thinkers had naturally predicted that we would see a new and more assertive Lendl at Wimbledon this year because of his victory in the French Open, his first win in a major championship. In the second round, Mats Wilander, the Swedish star, who was seeded fourth, was still hampered by an injured wrist and was not expected to defeat Pat Cash, the rugged young Australian, and it worked out that way—he was beaten by Cash in four sets. The greatest surge of excitement during the first week was aroused during the ladies' singles by Virginia Wade, the bright, high-strung, and intensely verbal British tennis veteran (who is now also firmly launched on a career as a tennis broadcaster). Miss Wade will never be forgotten by the British people, because in 1977, the year of the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Elizabeth II and also the centenary of Wimbledon, she rose to the occasion and carried off the ladies' singles championship. This past June, on the verge of turning thirty-nine, Miss Wade, playing in her twenty-third Wimbledon, won her first-round match from Ann Henricksson, of the United States, 3–6, 6–3, 6–4. She next met another American, Zina Garrison, who was seeded fifth. After an exhausting struggle, Miss Wade emerged victorious, 3–6, 6–4, 7–5. "I could feel she was falling apart," Miss Wade said after the match. "I knew she was getting tentative in the third set—rattled a bit. That's what you must look for—people cracking on the other side of the net—and then you have to be tough." On Saturday, Miss Wade's progress was halted, after another protracted, nerve-racking battle—6–2, 4–6, 11–9—against Carina Karlsson, a pretty, blond Swedish girl, whose edge over her included eighteen years. (In both the men's and the ladies' matches at Wimbledon, tie-breakers are played except in the deciding set.) One other note on the first week's play: in the third round, Jimmy Connors beat Marty Davis, a young American, in four sets, for his sixty-fifth career victory at Wimbledon, erasing the old record held by Arthur Gore, the winner of the men's singles in 1901, 1908, and 1909.



On the Sunday between the two weeks of play, Wimbledon was closed, but everywhere I went in London people were brimming with eagerness about the great cornucopia of tennis that lay ahead, and the newspapers reflected this exuberant interest. For example, the cover girl on the *Sunday Telegraph's* magazine insert was Miss Navratilova, and she was the subject of a feature story, "Navratilova's Secret." I don't think I ever found out what her secret was, but I learned that in 1982 she had won ninety out of ninety-three matches, in 1983 she had won eighty-six out of eighty-seven matches, and this year she had been beaten only once. Some other interesting data were provided: her most significant match this year was the 6–2, 6–0 pummelling she gave Mrs. Lloyd in the Amelia Island tournament, in Florida, on the latter's favorite surface, clay; through last year Miss Navratilova's career earnings totalled six and a half million dollars; Team Navratilova, which gathers around her when she practices in her home town, Fort Worth, includes her nutritionist, her reflex trainer, and her coach, Mike Estep; and among her purchases in recent years have been a town house in Fort Worth and three condominiums—in Bonaventure, Florida (whose club she represents as its touring professional), in Palm Springs, and in the Trump Plaza, in New York. The author of the article, George Feifer, properly emphasized that the key to Navratilova's superlative play over the last three years was her learning to hit a reliable topspin backhand, the lack of which had previously been her one serious weakness. Nearly all the Sunday papers also devoted a good deal of space to the upcoming confrontation between McEnroe and Bill Scanlon, a Texan, who had beaten him—7–6, 7–6, 4–6, 6–3—in their fourth-round match in our Open, at Flushing Meadow, last summer. The *Sunday Telegraph's* tennis writer, Henry Raven (a pseudonym), quoted Scanlon as remarking acerbically about McEnroe, "I am not going to say I dislike him, as I don't know him," and as going on to say, "If you write all the lovely wonderful things that he wishes you'd write, he'd love you. If I rolled over to him every time, he'd love me." McEnroe had a ready answer when Raven asked him his feelings about Scanlon. "Scanlon tends to get under everyone's skin," he said. "I think he goes out of his way to do so, because it gives him a much better chance of winning. Some people don't realize the subtleties he uses. It is difficult to say exactly what he does, but it is a different attitude. One of the things is that he works on the crowd. It is like someone who is a friend on the outside but gives you a stab in the back on the inside. I don't respect his tennis, and I don't respect someone who does that."

These scorching words of McEnroe's summon up a brief description of his tennis and of his court behavior this year. He was in brilliant form in winning the Volvo Masters final, 6–3, 6–4, 6–4, from Lendl in Madison Square Garden in January. He used a new tactical plan against Lendl, and it was most successful. For one thing, he jumped all over Lendl's comparatively weak second serve. For another, whenever he made an approach shot during a rally, he played it down the center of the court, thus limiting the degree of angle that Lendl could get on his return and enabling himself to volley away many of Lendl's returns for clean winners. This year, McEnroe was clearly making an effort to keep his temper under control, and this was made easier by the consistently high quality of his play. He had won forty-two straight matches before suffering his grim defeat in the final of the French championship, at Stade Roland Garros, in Auteuil, when Lendl, taking full advantage of a mid-match drop in the standard of McEnroe's serving, swept the last three sets.

This loss was a big blow to McEnroe, but it did not excuse his errant behavior at the presentation ceremony, when he refused to say a few words of congratulation to the winner—standard procedure on such occasions. Then, at the Queen's Club tournament, in London, a warmup for Wimbledon, concluding a week before the championship began, he lost his grip on himself and reverted to his old boorish ways in the final, in which he defeated Leif Shiras, a young American, 6–1, 3–6, 6–2. It came about like this: In the second set, McEnroe hit a drive on which the baseline judge made no call, the implication being that the shot was good. The umpire, however, acting a little late, chose to overrule the line judge and said that the shot was out. McEnroe thereupon went into a frenzy in which he called the umpire a moron and demanded that the referee be summoned, and when the referee tried to clarify the situation McEnroe called *him* a moron. The episode lasted about five minutes; McEnroe was not penalized in any way for his outburst. His conduct, however, gave the London tabloids a field day, moved a Conservative Member of Parliament to propose that McEnroe be internationally banned from tournament tennis, and prompted Alan Mills, the tournament referee at Wimbledon, to declare that the officials at the championship would strictly enforce the International Tennis Federation's four-step procedure for disqualifying a player for breaches of the rules of conduct whether the player was a comparative nobody or one of the top-seeded favorites. On the day before the first day of play, R. E. H. Hadingham, the new chairman of the All England Club's Committee of Management, dispatched a letter to McEnroe to the effect that some of the London papers had not properly presented the committee's position, and that McEnroe, like all the players, could count on receiving fair treatment from the officials. That day—Monday, the twenty-fifth of June—was a full one for McEnroe. For some inexplicable reason, he walked onto the court for his first match wearing dark-blue shorts. When the umpire reminded him of Wimbledon's all-white dress code, he went back to the dressing room and changed into a pair of white shorts. In his first match, he was thoroughly tested by Paul McNamee, a tubby Australian with a subtle touch, who is better known for his proficiency in doubles. McEnroe was forced to play heady, crisp tennis in



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winning 6–4, 6–4, 6–7, 6–1. In an interview with the media after the match, he insisted that no television crews be admitted to the room, on the ground that in the past they had distorted some of his remarks unfairly, shifting them out of context. The Committee of Management stood behind McEnroe on his request, and only print journalists were permitted to attend this and subsequent McEnroe interviews. In his two other singles matches during the first week, McEnroe, playing well within himself, won as he pleased. He defeated Rodney Harmon, of the United States, and Wally Masur, another Australian, in straight sets, seemingly content to gain a service break in each set and to let it go at that. On Sunday, when Wimbledon halted for a day of rest, one could understand why so much was being made of the McEnroe-Scanlon match the next day. During the first week, Wilander, playing despite his injured wrist, had been eliminated, and, combined with the fact that Lendl and Connors had been placed in the lower half of the draw, this meant that Scanlon stood as the only opponent McEnroe might have trouble with in the relatively weak upper half.

WHILE dramatic collisions had been infrequent during the first week, on the Monday of the second there was an overabundance of matches that one didn't want to miss. On the Centre Court, Jo Durie, one of the two surviving British players, was to meet the sensational fifteen-year-old Steffi Graf, of West Germany, who had eliminated Bettina Bunge, also of West Germany. After this, Lendl would play Scott Davis, a promising young Californian. On Court No. 1, which holds around eight thousand spectators—slightly more than half the capacity of the Centre Court—McEnroe was to face Scanlon, and then Connors was to face the hard-hitting young American Tim Mayotte. On Court No. 3, the other surviving British player, Anne Hobbs, would be up against Manuela Maleeva, the attractive seventeen-year-old Bulgarian, who earlier this year had defeated Mrs. Lloyd in the final of the Italian championship. Later, on that court, Miss Navratilova was to play Elizabeth Sayers, of Australia. There were other matches on tap, too, but those listed will give an idea of the impossibility of seeing everything that one wanted to see on Monday's schedule.

After the flamboyant buildup that the match between McEnroe and Scanlon had been given, it was hardly surprising that it drew a full, expectant house. The match produced very few fireworks, however. To stay with McEnroe, Scanlon had to be able to worry him with his hard, heavy service. McEnroe, though, won the first game Scanlon served, and won it without much trouble, and after that he saw to it that this break stood up and that he won the first set, 6–3. In the second set, Scanlon, trailing 1–3, fought back to 3–3, but that was the maximum indentation he could make. McEnroe collected himself, and, cleverly mixing the speed of his shots, and never putting the ball where Scanlon wanted it, he ran off nine of the next ten games to take the second set, 6–3, and the third, 6–1. Neither man expressed antagonism toward the other. Indeed, the match was played in such a restrained and chilly atmosphere that a spectator might well have concluded that the two players were strangers who spoke different languages.

Although I caught just peeks of the matches between Miss Durie and Miss Graf and between Miss Hobbs and Miss Maleeva, both were strongly contested and good to watch. Miss Maleeva—who, by the way, hits a better two-handed backhand than any other member of the battalion of young women who took up the stroke after Mrs. Lloyd made it famous, in 1971—played an extraordinarily good first set against Miss Hobbs, scoring often with her fast sliced forehand. Miss Hobbs, a fighter, took the second set with some determined volleying, but Miss Maleeva had too much left and won the deciding set. She looks as if she might develop into a player capable of winning major championships. As for Miss Graf, who turned fifteen less than two weeks before Wimbledon, she went down to Miss Durie in a hard match filled with protracted rallies, 3–6, 6–3, 9–7, but the picture that remains in one's mind is that of the elfin, blond Miss Graf flying to the ball and dispatching nicely stroked forehand shots to the open corners of the court as if it were the easiest thing in the world. Maybe it is, if, like Miss Graf, one has started playing tennis at four under the direction of a father who was a tennis professional. Of course, what women's tennis sorely needs is for a few youthful prodigies, of whom it has had its share during the last dozen years,

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That afternoon, I also managed to take a quick look at the Tim Mayotte–Jimmy Connors match. I like Mayotte because he approaches tennis like a sportsman—he is called Gentleman Tim by his admirers. With his heavy serve functioning well, he took the first set from Connors in a tiebreaker. I left then to watch Lendl play Scott Davis, and was somewhat incredulous when I later learned that Connors had raced through the next three sets against Mayotte with the loss of only four games. As for the Lendl-Davis match, the last time I saw Davis in action he was just another of those tall, strong college stars that Southern California turns out as plentifully as avocados. His only individual quirk was a tendency to trip over his own feet when he swung into some of his ornate serves. I was quite unprepared for the well-grounded tennis that Davis produced against Lendl. Not only did he serve with force and grace but after he had played a shot that gave him control of a rally he frequently went on to win the point with an imaginative and well-disguised variety of drop shots, lobs, and oddly angled and off-pace shots. Looking back at this match in the years ahead, many people, I suppose, may regard this five-setter as just another match that Lendl should have won easily but, with his penchant for allowing games and sets to slip away, had let get out of hand. It was a much better match than that. Its outcome remained in doubt until Lendl broke Davis's serve in the eleventh game of the fifth set, mainly on the strength of two stunning backhand placements on his return of serve. Then, in the next game, Lendl held serve at love to wrap things up: 4–6, 6–4, 6–4, 5–7, 7–5.

In the semifinals, after defeating his fellow-Czechoslovakian Tomas Smid, in straight sets, Lendl played Connors. Although Lendl is relatively new to grass, I thought he had a fairly good chance of winning. He had been playing patchy tennis at Wimbledon, but his victory over McEnroe in the French Open certainly must have given him an added resolution that might see him through against Connors. I was wrong. Connors won their match 6–7, 6–3, 7–5, 6–1. Fully warmed up by the second set, Connors sped along the baseline and, bending low over the ball as he whirled himself into his drives, ran Lendl from corner to corner until Lendl gave him the short return he was looking for; then

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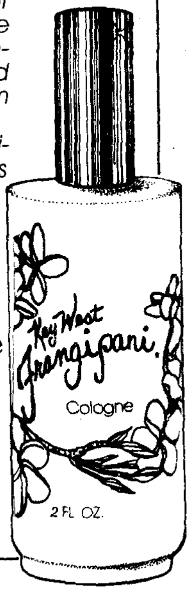

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he moved in and put the ball away. Incidentally, at the end of the second set there was one of the few altercations, to my knowledge, during the tournament between an official and a player. In the last game of the second set, Connors showed his disapproval when the umpire, Malcolm Huntington, did not call one of his serves an ace. Connors thought it was, and he expressed his feelings about the matter by pinching his nose grotesquely. Thereupon Connors drew a warning from the umpire. At the end of that game, as the players changed courts, Connors, after taking a step or two toward the umpire, told him, "Why don't you settle down and relax? If you want to play the power game and get me out of this event, just say the word, and I'll quit now. I don't think you would like that to happen with fifteen thousand people here." Huntington chose to let things go as they were.

In the upper half of the draw, McEnroe had advanced to the final without much difficulty. In the quarter-finals, he lost only seven games in defeating John Sadri, an American whose serve is his major weapon. Then, in the semifinals, he defeated the nineteen-year-old Pat Cash, but Cash, the son of an Australian Rules Football star, is a stalwart young man with quick reflexes and good speed of foot, and he was in the match all the way. The scores were 6–3, 7–6, 6–4. So once again we had a Connors-McEnroe Wimbledon final. In the fierce head-to-head competition between these two left-handers, which began in 1977, McEnroe had won fourteen of their twenty-six matches. Moreover, he had taken their last five encounters, and in the eight sets they had played this year Connors had managed only twice to win three or more games. Still, one had to hand it to Connors. Here he was in the Wimbledon final again, ten years after he had first won the championship.

It didn't take long to get a pretty clear idea of what the outcome would be. McEnroe, serving the opening game, ran off four straight points, including an ace. When McEnroe's serve is on, it is the best in the game, and he had been serving wonderfully well from the second round on. In the second game of the final, Connors won the opening point on his serve by moving to net and putting away a sharp volley, but McEnroe won the next four points—two by forcing Connors to make volley errors, a third on a crosscourt backhand placement off a

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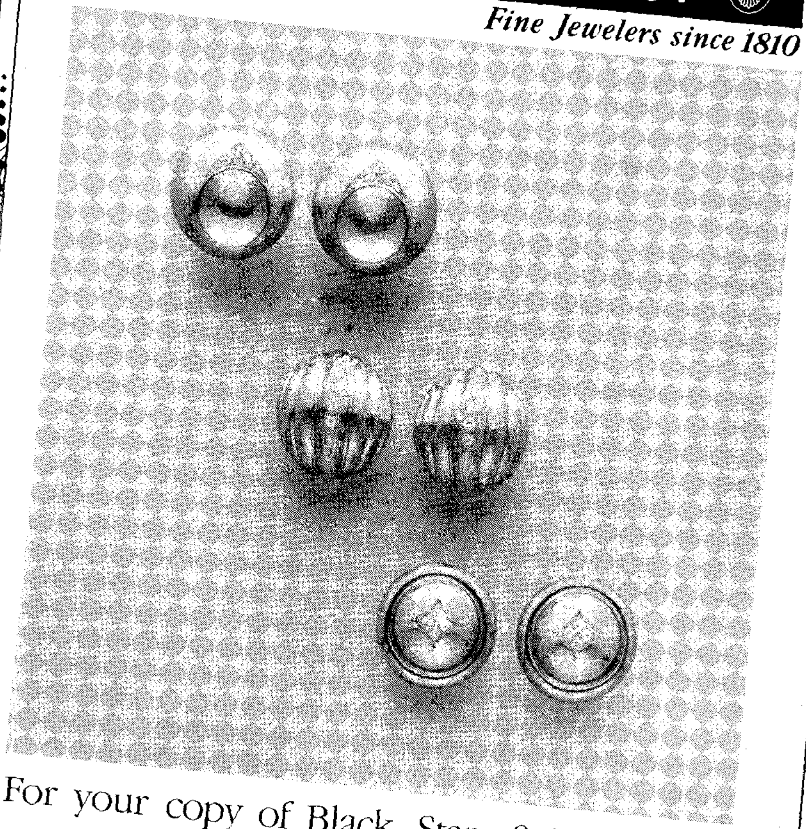

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first serve, and the fourth on a forehand placement down the line, also off a first serve. And that is the way the first set went except for the fourth game, in which Connors held serve. From the start of the match, Connors had looked stiff. I wondered if he had a back injury or if something else was ailing him, for he never got down into his familiar crouch and he never swatted the ball with his usual sting. Maybe, approaching thirty-two, he hadn't recovered fully from his arduous match with Lendl two days before.

There was, of course, another possible explanation of why Connors had looked so feeble in losing the first set, 6–1, and why he went on to lose the second, 6–1, and the third, 6–2. McEnroe was simply playing majestic tennis. His service, in particular, was giving Connors trouble, kicking into him, shooting away from him, puzzling him with its changes of speed. Statistics can be overdone, but here are two to chew on: McEnroe served eleven games and lost eleven points, while Connors served eleven games and lost thirty-nine points; over the three sets, Connors was able to win two or more successive points only seven times. McEnroe performed with such panache that he made his old arch-enemy look like a club player. In the course of his seven matches at Wimbledon, McEnroe never once acted up, as he had done so often in the past. He was delighted with his victory. "I think it's the best match I've ever played," he said at his press conference. "I felt really good when I went out there. That isn't necessarily a sign that you're going to play well. I got my serve in a good groove right away. I was able to hit a variety of serves—slicing it wide and popping it up the middle." He said of Connors, "He looked a step slower out there today than he's looked in the tournament, and he didn't have anything that could hurt me. He tried playing a serve-and-volley game, which is not the way he plays." Later, he said, "I do not think the officiating was better this year, but I decided to let my tennis do the talking."

AS was not unexpected, since it has happened so often, the first- and second-seeded players, Martina Navratilova and Chris Evert Lloyd, met in the final of the ladies' singles. It was the sixtieth time they had played each other since their first meeting, in 1973, and when Miss Navratilova carried the day, 7–6, 6–2,

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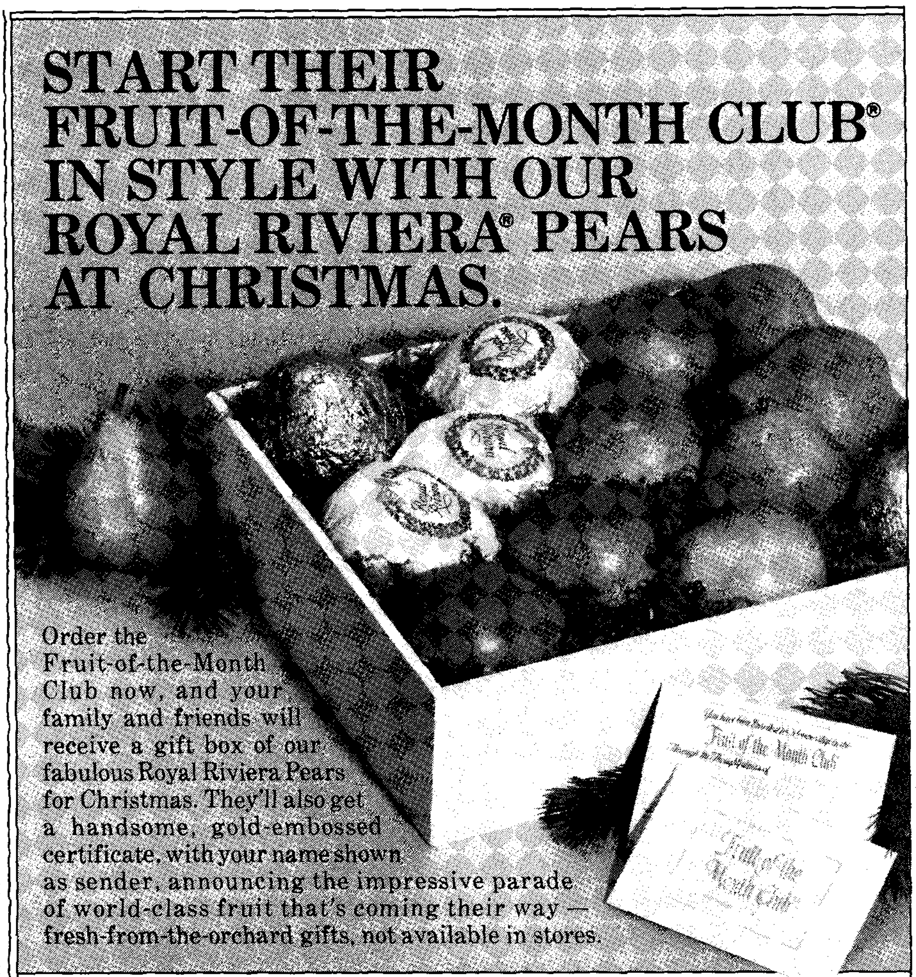
it brought their long and intense rivalry to the point where each had won thirty times. Miss Navratilova was highly favored to win. The last time she had been beaten by Mrs. Lloyd was in the Australian Open in 1982; she had subsequently won eleven matches against her. These included the one in the Amelia Island tournament last spring, in which she beat Mrs. Lloyd for the first time on clay. A month before the Wimbledon final, they had met on clay again, in the final of the French Open. While the score of the match—6–3, 6–1—indicates Miss Navratilova's superiority that afternoon, it doesn't tell the whole story. Mrs. Lloyd was very much on her game, moving to the ball quickly and hitting it solidly, but Miss Navratilova kept scoring winners off shots that looked like winners by improvising whatever strokes were necessary, be they delicate crosscourt drop shots hit while she ran at full tilt or overhead smashes after she was caught off balance and had to reverse direction, leap high, and reach the ball at full stretch. A well-conditioned young woman of twenty-eight, who stands five feet seven and a half and weighs a hundred and forty-five pounds, she is a fantastic athlete, combining strength, speed of foot, an eye for the ball, and lots of confidence. Even Mrs. Lloyd's band of loyal supporters felt that her chances of winning the final were small and depended on her getting off to a fast start—something she usually doesn't do—and putting herself in a position where Miss Navratilova had to play *her* game.

Mrs. Lloyd has seldom got off to a better start against Miss Navratilova than she did in the Wimbledon final. (Incidentally, for the first time, a woman, Georgina Clark, umpired the final, and all the line judges and the net-cord judge were also women.) In the opening game, Miss Navratilova got her big, whistling first serve in only once, and Mrs. Lloyd's positive returns of the second serve put her in charge of the exchanges and won her the game. Mrs. Lloyd went to 2–0 on her serve, and then broke Miss Navratilova's a second time by moving into the forecourt behind forcing shots. In this game, she won her third point with a running backhand that landed at Miss Navratilova's feet, and the point that won her the game was a forehand off a second serve which she banged straight down the line. She was now at 3–0, two service breaks up. A few of Mrs. Lloyd's supporters



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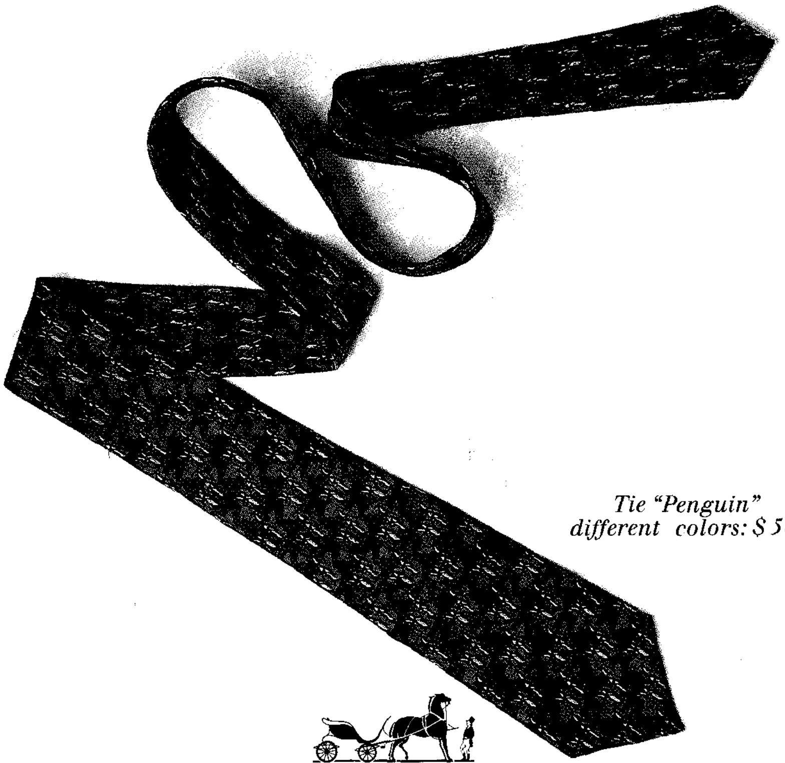

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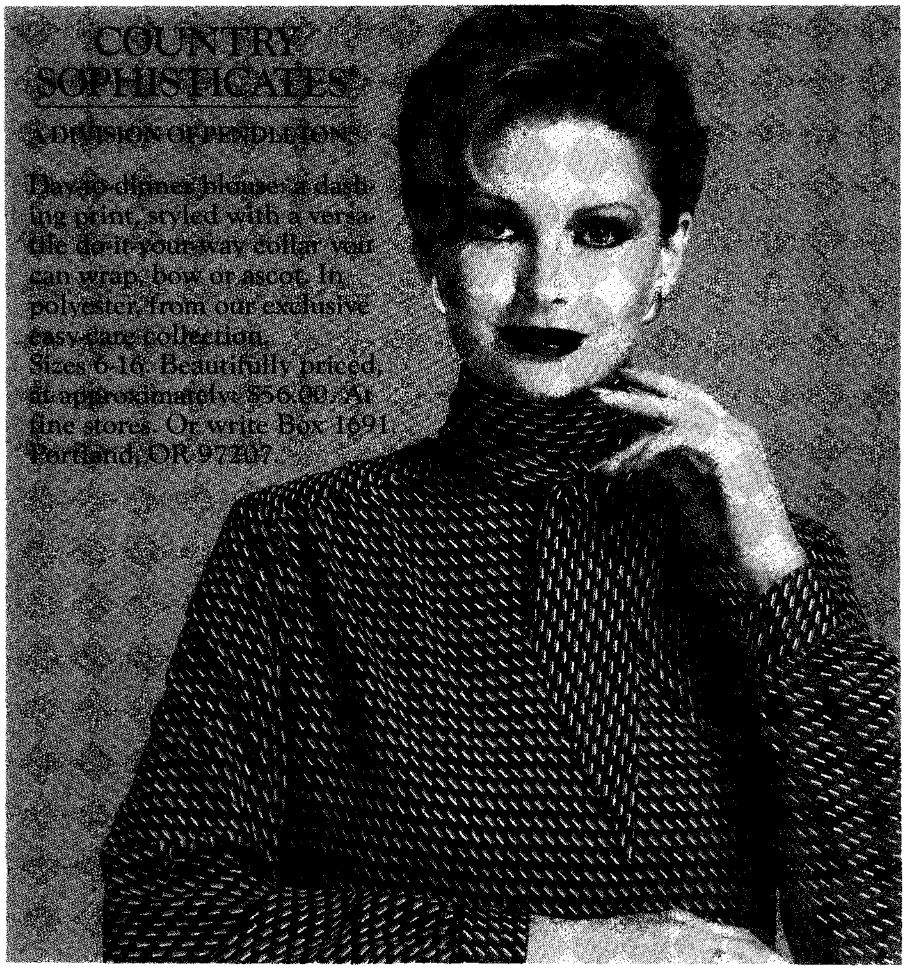
started to fidget nervously when she failed to hold service in the fourth game, and the number of fidgeters increased when Miss Navratilova, serving with more power and conviction, whipped through a love game, topping it off with her first ace of the day. Now that Miss Navratilova had her serve going—in the seventh game she served another love game—it was incumbent on Mrs. Lloyd to stand her ground and not lose her service a second time. In the eighth game, however, Miss Navratilova broke her serve. Although the set went to 6–6 and then into a tiebreaker, which Miss Navratilova won seven points to five, Mrs. Lloyd's chance was really over when she dropped the eighth game. Having jumped into such an auspicious lead, she had reason to expect to win the first set by playing basically sound tennis. Then, with a set in hand, she might well have been in a position to take control of the match. Opportunities like that do not present themselves very often against Miss Navratilova. Losing the eighth game was simply too damaging psychologically for Mrs. Lloyd. In the end, it was Miss Navratilova, 7–6, 6–2.

How good a tennis player is Martina Navratilova? I did not see Suzanne Lenglen or Helen Wills Moody, so I don't know how they would have fared against her. However, assessing her on her remarkable play during the last three seasons I should say that she is the best woman player I have ever watched. Alice Marble, the first woman to play an all-court game, like the men, was a particular heroine of mine, but I think that Miss Navratilova, since acquiring a dependable topspin backhand, would probably have too much power and speed for Miss Marble to cope with. Miss Marble had a delightful court personality—she played as if playing were fun—but that is beside the point.

THIS Wimbledon was the first held under the direction of R. E. H. Hadingham as chairman of the Committee of Management. Near the end of 1983, he took over from Air Chief Marshal Sir Brian Burnett, who had held the post since 1974. Much to the liking of Reginald Edward Hawke Hadingham, nearly everyone refers to him as Buzzer. The Hawke comes from his grandfather, Admiral Sir Edward Hawke, and the Buzzer comes from an older brother who had difficulty saying "brother." A relaxed, comfortable, silver-haired man who looks like a cross between Herbert Marshall and Sir Guy Standing, Hadingham attended St. Paul's, the fourth-oldest public school in England, which numbers John Milton, Samuel Pepys, and Field Marshal Bernard Montgomery among its famous old boys. Shortly before the end of his last year at St. Paul's, Hadingham was asked by his father whether he would like to go on to a university or would prefer to go abroad and learn French, German, and Italian—a form of higher education that has long been popular among the British. Hadingham chose the latter. He has found his command of foreign languages of great usefulness in his career. On his return to England, in 1933, he joined Slazengers Ltd., which is best known as a manufacturer of tennis and golf equipment. He began as an order clerk. In 1949, he became the export manager. In this capacity, he came to know Jack Nicklaus, who for ten years used Slazenger clubs when he was playing outside the United States. "We once played tennis together," Hadingham told me. "Jack beat me, 6–3, 6–4." Hadingham, who was seventeen when he went to work for Slazengers, retired from the company fifty years and forty-nine days later. In 1976, the year that Hadingham became the chairman of Slazengers, the chairman of the All England Lawn Tennis Club asked him if he would like to be put up for nomination to the twelve-man Committee of Management that is responsible for the operation of Wimbledon. He was happy to accept. Late last year, when Sir Brian Burnett stepped down, the Committee of Management elected Hadingham as its new chairman. When I asked him his feelings about Wimbledon, he said he thought that the atmosphere was a bit too grim. "It is the duty of the players to think of more than their match and to give pleasure to the galleries," he said softly. "However commercial lawn tennis becomes, it is our aim to maintain the magic of Wimbledon."

Wimbledon does possess far more magic than any other tennis event—something that one soon becomes aware of in watching a match played before the extremely discerning galleries. Founded in 1877, Wimbledon is the oldest of all tennis championships, and its magic comes through in its admirers' consciousness of its history, in the enthusiasm that its regulars have for tennis at its best, and in the care that the All England Club



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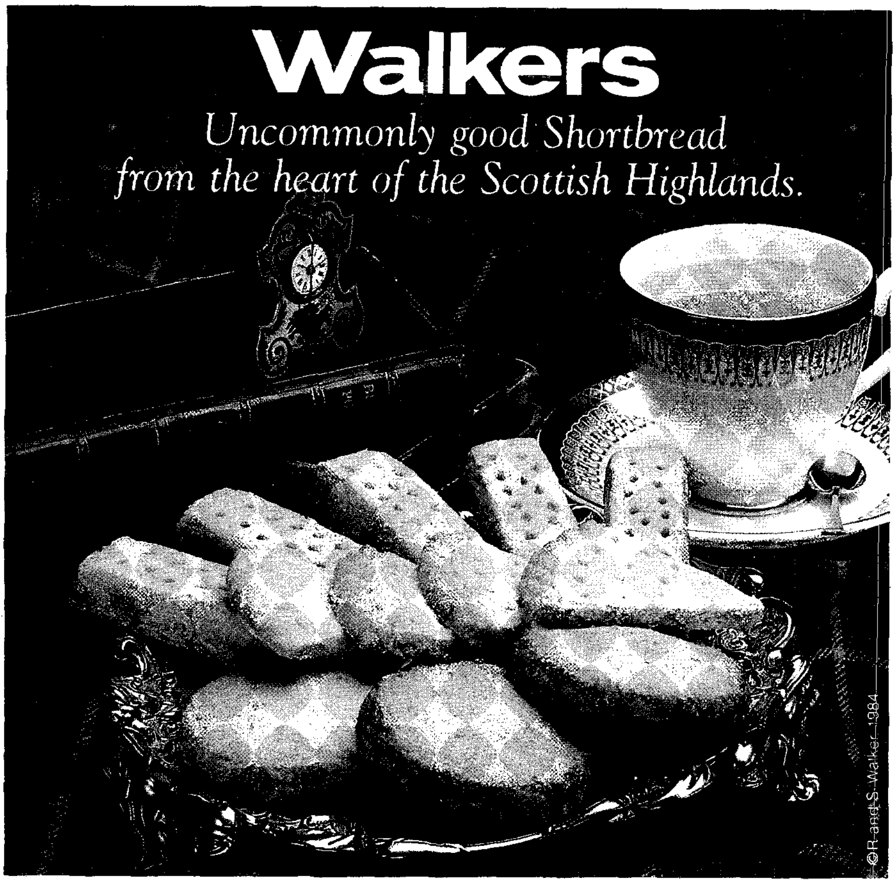
takes when certain milestones are reached. This summer, to mark the hundredth anniversary of the ladies' singles championship, the former champions who were still living were invited to be the club's guests at Wimbledon. Seventeen accepted. Three—Helen Wills Moody, Helen Jacobs, and Karen Hantze Susman—sent regrets. The British know how to stage ceremonies of this order better than anyone else, and Wimbledon's Parade of Past Ladies' Singles Champions went off superbly. Scheduled for the Centre Court at 1:50 P.M. on July 2nd, the Monday of the second week, it was held up for about fifteen minutes by a light rain. Then a red carpet was laid across the center of the court—where the net would usually be. A small military band gathered in a far corner. The Duke and Duchess of Kent, who have long had close ties to Wimbledon, took positions at the west end of the carpet, and Dan Maskell, who has broadcast the championship for thirty-three years, was at a microphone a few yards beyond them. Maskell told the full house why the ceremony was being held, and spoke of the three living ex-champions who could not attend. Just the proper note was then sounded when the military band struck up a light, jaunty rendition of "Thank Heaven for Little Girls," and, after a bar or two, the seventeen former champions stepped one by one from behind a canvas curtain at the southwest corner of the court, with Miss Navratilova, the reigning champion, leading the file, and with Kathleen McKane Godfree, who was the first of the seventeen to win a championship, at its end. They walked to the southeast corner of the court, then turned north along the sideline, and, with Miss Navratilova positioned at the east end of the red carpet, they stood in a single line, facing west and smiling and waving in response to the lively applause from the stands: Miss Navratilova (champion in 1978, 1979, 1982, 1983); Miss Wade (1977); Mrs. Lloyd (1974, 1976, 1981); Evonne Goolagong Cawley (1971, 1980); Ann Haydon Jones (1969); Billie Jean King (1966, 1967, 1968, 1972, 1973, 1975); Margaret Smith Court (1963, 1965, 1970); Angela Mortimer Barrett (1961); Maria Bueno (1959, 1960, 1964); Althea Gibson (1957, 1958); Shirley Fry (1956); Doris Hart (1951); Louise Brough (1948, 1949, 1950, 1955); Margaret Osborne du Pont (1947); Pauline Betz Addie (1946); Miss Marble (1939); and



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Mrs. Godfree (1924, 1926). The band faded out, and the dulcet voice of Dan Maskell was heard. He introduced the seventeen champions singly, saying just enough about each one and her career. As each walked across the red carpet to greet and be greeted by the Duke and Duchess, applause rained down from the stands. Near the end, things became somewhat more emotional when Miss Marble, who looked a trifle weary, showed by the bounce of her step that she was anything but, and especially when Mrs. Godfree, in blooming health, made it very clear why, at eighty-eight, she still plays tennis once a week. Maskell summed up the occasion neatly, and the ladies, now aligned along the west side of the court, strode off to the strains of the military band and tremendous applause. The ceremony, though I hadn't expected it to, moved me deeply. In my talk with Hadingham later in the week, I asked him how it was that the British manage to handle such occasions so well. "I think we put in a good deal of time setting them up," he said. "For example, in our practice run-throughs we used seventeen ball girls to take the places of the seventeen champions. It helped us to work out the positioning and to get the timing down."

TWO days after the Parade of Champions, I was exposed to a completely different, much more down-to-earth illustration of the magic that Wimbledon holds for the British. On Wednesday evening, for some reason, everybody seemed to leave the Centre Court and the other courts at the same time—around seven-fifteen—to queue up for the line of taxis, each of which takes four or five fans about a mile to the Southfields station of Greater London's excellent underground system. After the taxi ride, I wedged myself into a rather jammed subway car. I forget how it started, but I soon found myself in conversation with two women, one about fifty, the other young enough to be her daughter. Ahead of me, I had a relatively short trip to my hotel; I would change at Earl's Court station to a line that would take me to the Knightsbridge station, just around the corner from where I was staying. The two women had a much longer journey ahead of them. They came from Bedfordshire—a fair distance north of London. That morning, they had caught an eight-o'clock train, and then taken the underground, switch-

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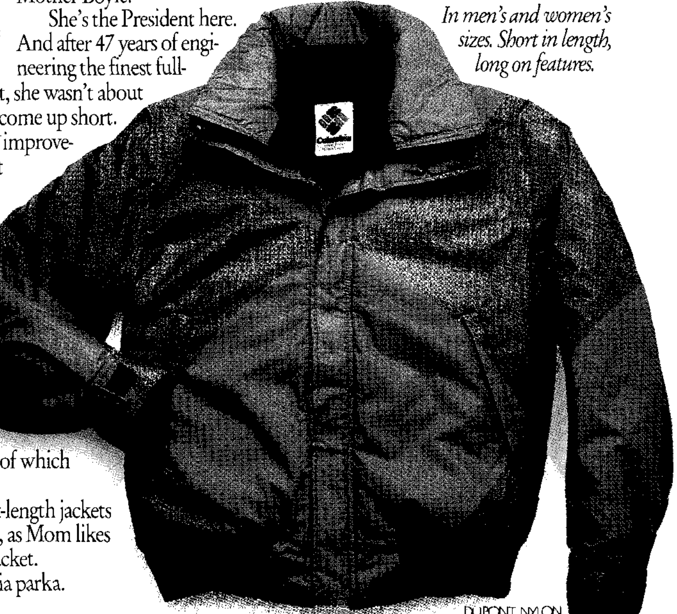

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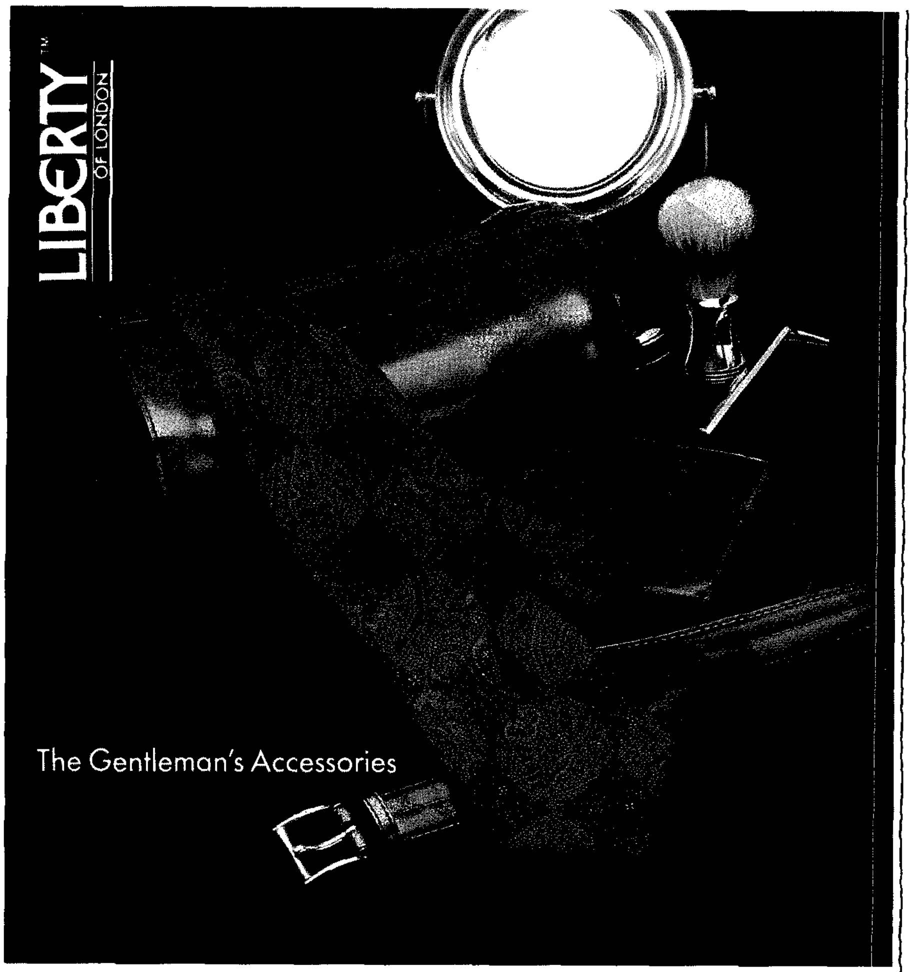

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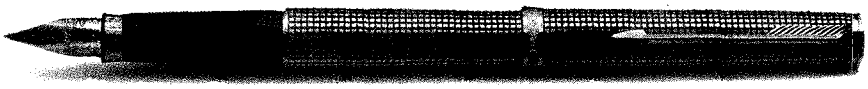

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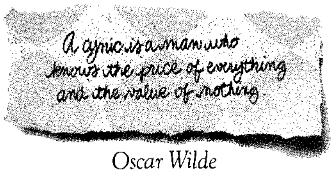

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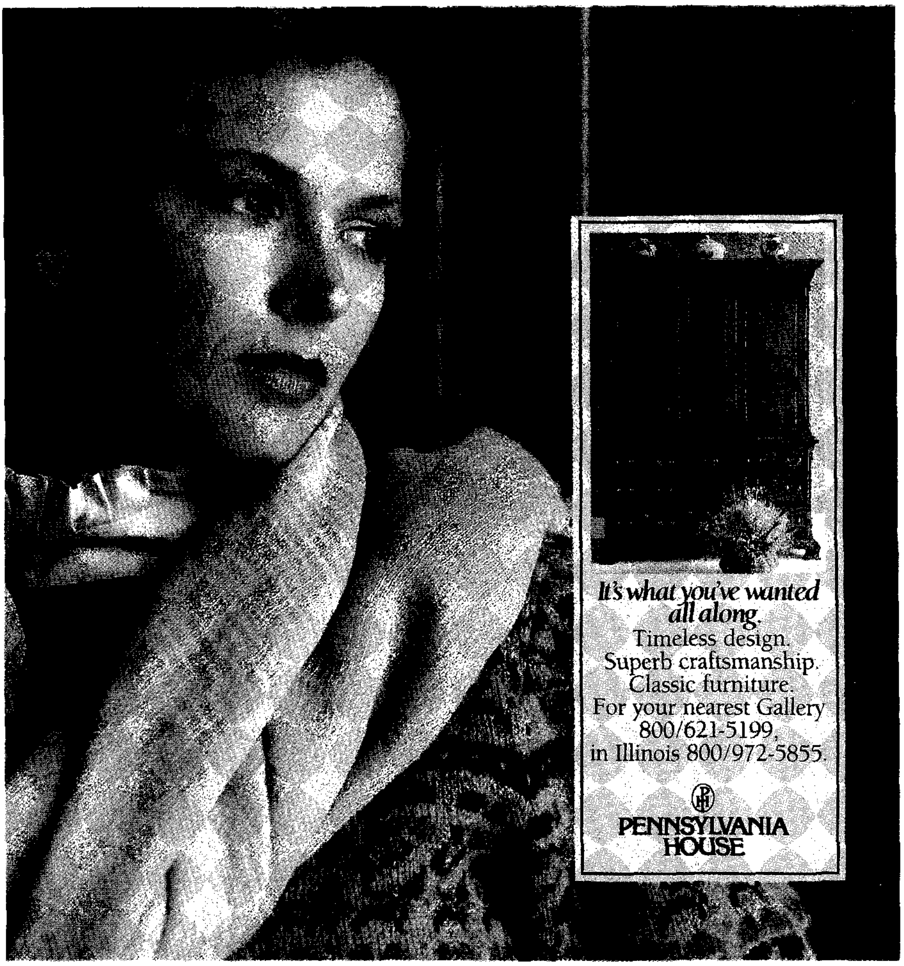
ing once, to get to Southfields. From there they had walked about a mile to join the long queue that, with typical British propriety, was calmly waiting for the gates at Wimbledon to open, at twelve. They knew that virtually all the tickets to the Centre Court and the No. 1 Court had been sold out many months before, but they were eager to see some high-class tennis on the field courts. When the queue got moving and the two women had paid the fee for admission to the grounds, they decided that the best bet was to buy tickets for seats in the stands at the No. 2 Court, where Cash was set to meet Andrés Gómez, a fine player from Ecuador, in the quarter-finals. It was expected to be a close match, and it was: Gómez' blistering forehand forced Cash to four hard-fought sets, 6–4, 6–4, 6–7, 7–6. It was evident that the two women were more than satisfied with the way their expedition had gone, although, as I saw it, they had been rather unlucky in not being able to take in bits of other matches and to savor more fully the flavor of Wimbledon. Several stops after Earl's Court, they would change to another underground line and, after that, board the train that would take them back to Bedfordshire. It would be after ten o'clock when they got home. But instead of harboring gloomy thoughts about the journey still ahead of them they continued to beam and to chat happily. They told me that they try to come to Wimbledon one day each year. They know the tournament well, because the BBC daily transmits at least eight hours of the matches during the Wimbledon fortnight. "The BBC does a splendid job," the older woman said. "However, I envy the people who live close to Wimbledon and can attend the matches every day. We certainly would." Earl's Court loomed just ahead, and I said goodbye to them, deeply impressed by how the thrill of a visit to Wimbledon had erased from their minds all the bother of the long day's slog.

FOR the small percentage of America's millions of tennis fans who actually get to watch our national championships at first hand, there has been precious little magic associated with this privilege since 1978, when the United States Tennis Association, which operates the tournament, shifted its venue to a new, hurriedly built complex called the National Tennis Center, in Flushing Meadow Park, a few miles farther north in the borough of Queens than the championships' old stamping ground—the West Side Tennis Club, in Forest Hills. Like most of the people who attend the matches at their new home, I usually go out via the subway line to Flushing and get off at the next-to-last stop, which serves Shea Stadium, to the north, as well as Flushing Meadow Park, to the south. Aside from watching a well-played match, the only magic I am aware of on my expeditions begins and ends with my walk across the wooden-plank bridge that extends in a lovely, gentle arc some three hundred and fifty yards or so from the subway station to the entrance to the National Tennis Center, swinging en route above parking lots, dozens of battered and a few restored old subway cars in the yards, extensive repair sheds, and the tracks of the Long Island Rail Road. I don't know just what it is about the bridge that entrances me, but it makes me think that the bridges that span the Yangtze, the Yellow, the West, and the other principal rivers of China must look very much like it. Possibly it is the never-ending stream of people moving across the bridge from north to south and from south to north which is responsible for the image, but I think it more likely that the appeal the bridge holds for me lies in its simple gracefulness and its unusual length for a bridge used almost exclusively by walkers. I also like the sight of the thirty-odd American flags that during the two weeks of the championship fly from poles neatly spaced along both sides of the bridge. This array of flags is especially stirring, of course, when a light breeze is whipping them out wide.

Once I'm inside Flushing Meadow, which is how the National Tennis Center is usually referred to, my mood changes sharply. When the wind is blowing out of the southeast and a succession of airplanes taking off from nearby LaGuardia Airport is roaring low overhead, the choice of the site by the U.S.T.A. is a mystery to me and many others. I hasten to add that many people feel somewhat the same way when all is quiet overhead, because Flushing Meadow offers little compared with other sites for a new tournament grounds which might have been available to the U.S.T.A. if the organization had not found itself in so tight a bind that it had to act with unfortunate haste. Furthermore, the U.S.T.A. did not make the best possible use of the acreage it ac-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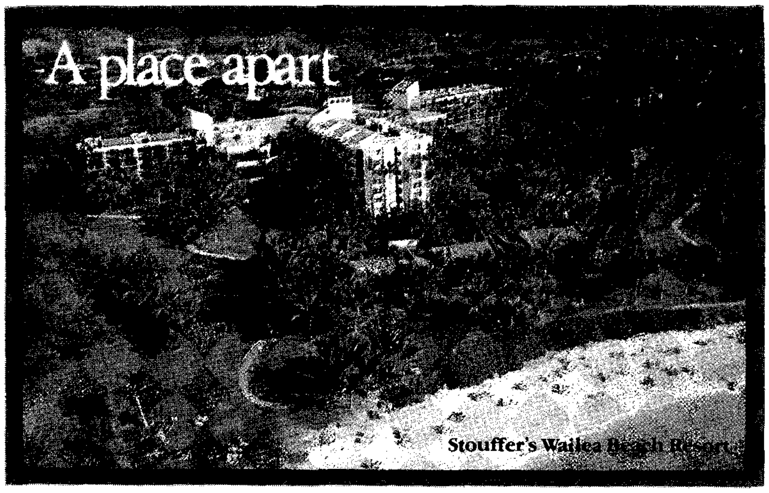

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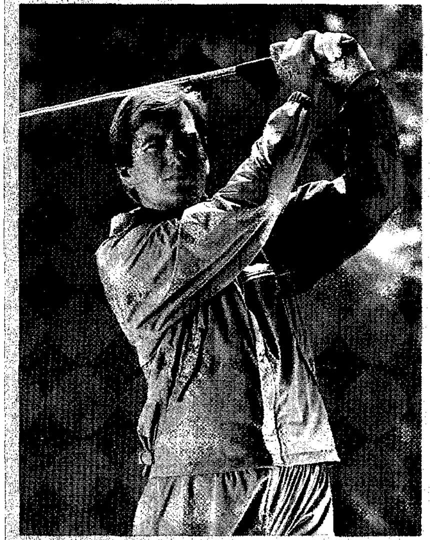

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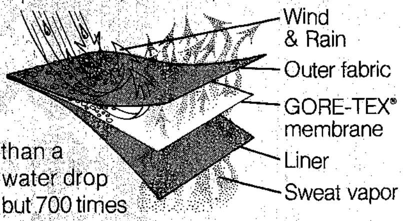

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quired. The Stadium Court, which is the equivalent of Wimbledon's Centre Court, has many defects in design and function, and this is also true of the Grandstand Court, which is the equivalent of Wimbledon's No. 1 Court. Nothing much can be done to correct many of these deficiences, but there is no reason that the plan of the field courts, which seem to have been laid out with little thought for the critical part they play in the championships, cannot be revised and improved so that the patrons at the Open can find their way to the various courts without trouble and, after arriving at their destination, can find someplace to sit in grandstands of adequate size. (By the way, this is one area in which Wimbledon is not up to snuff. It tends to admit too many people who do not have tickets for seats in either the Centre Court or the No. 1 Court, and the result is close to gridlock: the narrow passageways between the field courts quickly become so solidly clogged that one can hardly get to them or from them.)

Inasmuch as the U.S.T.A. has been in splendid financial shape since it consummated a lucrative television contract with CBS some years back, there hardly seems any need for it to still decorate the entranceways inside the Stadium Court with signs advertising the companies that are sponsoring one of the dozen or so national championships—the men's singles, the women's doubles, the junior boys' singles, the senior men's invitational doubles, et al.—or to allow a representative of a sponsor to hand over to the victor, or victors, at each official ceremony a check from the funds that the sponsor has put up for that event. Such arrant commercialism doesn't go on at Wimbledon.

At the same time, during the past year or so certain beneficial changes in American tennis have been noticeable at tournaments from coast to coast, and particularly at the national championships. A discernibly higher percentage of spectators at Flushing Meadow appear to be interested primarily in watching good tennis rather than in hoping that brawls will break out between players known for their hot tempers and rough language. A definite improvement in the behavior of the touring professionals has also been observable, and this is only appropriate when one reflects that many are players of rather ordinary talent who have been earning small fortunes in this age when the distinction between sports competitions and enter-

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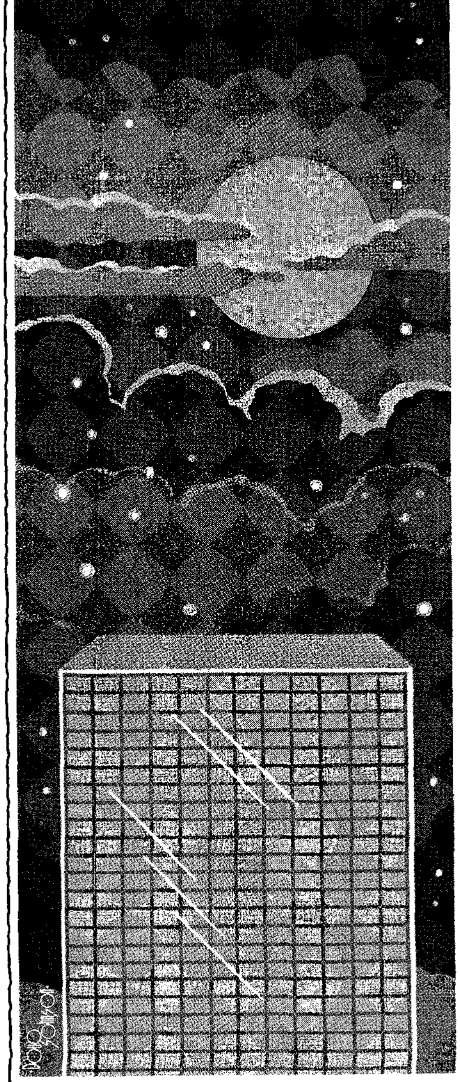

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tainment has all but vanished. One other thing: since many of the men who have become president of the U.S.T.A. have not been proficient administrators, to say the least, it has been fortunate for tennis, both here and abroad, that, during the stormy years 1983 and 1984, a person with the soundness and abilities of Hunter L. Delatour, Jr., has been the U.S.T.A.'s president. Like some of the outstanding past presidents of the U.S.T.A.—Edward A. Turville, Judge Robert J. Kelleher, and Alastair B. Martin come quickly to mind—Delatour has brought a sense of balance and considerable perspicacity to the office. He has probably put in more plain hard work than any U.S.T.A. president in quite some time, because the complicated, combustible world of international tennis has demanded it. At the moment, the situation seems to be under better control than it has been in recent years, and Delatour's efforts have had a good deal to do with this.

The 1984 United States Open championships—they got under way, as is the practice, on the Tuesday before Labor Day and ended on the Sunday after it—bore many resemblances to this year's Wimbledon championships. To list only a few of them: there was a paucity of rain, so the scheduling problems in our Open, where the program calls for separate day and night sessions on all but the last three days, were greatly simplified; John McEnroe and Martina Navratilova, the winners at Wimbledon, repeated as winners in our Open; and the same four players who were the semifinalists in the men's singles at Wimbledon—McEnroe, Connors, Lendl, and Cash—reached the semis in the Open championship. (This is the first time since 1969 that such a duplication has occurred.) The men's singles in the 1984 Open also reminded one of the men's singles at Wimbledon in the disappointingly low number of vibrant or close matches that were played. The field was a fairly strong one, the top sixteen seeded players being McEnroe, Lendl, Connors, Wilander, Gómez, Jimmy Arias (of the United States), Johan Kriek (originally from South Africa but now a resident of the United States), the precocious Aaron Krickstein (of the United States), Henrik Sundstrom (of Sweden), Eliot Teltscher (of the United States), Joan Aguilera (of Spain), Vitas Gerulaitis (of the United States), Tomas Smid (of Czechoslovakia), Anders Jarryd (of Sweden), Cash, and Joakim Nystrom

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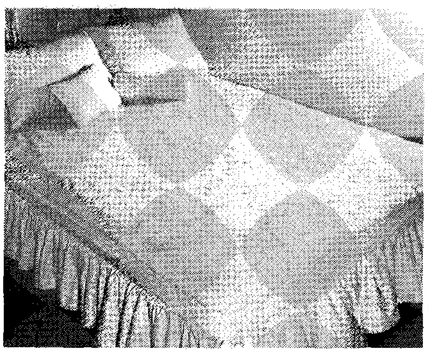

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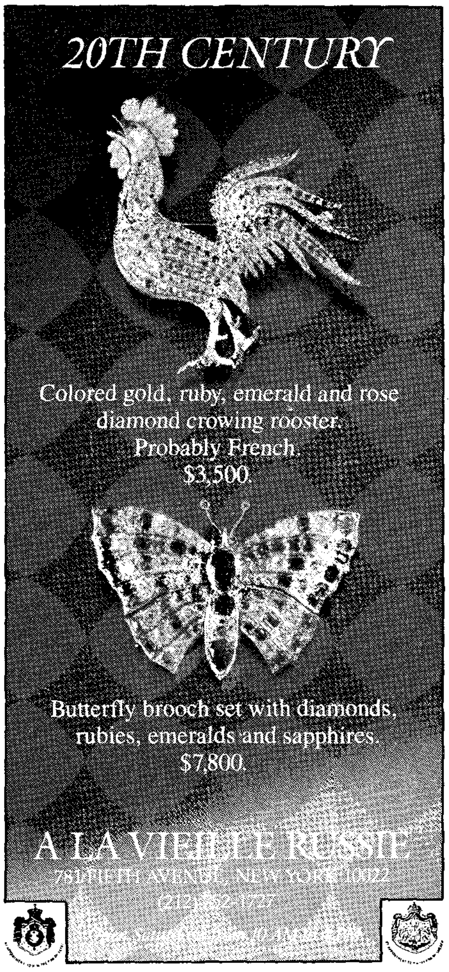
(of Sweden), in that order. Inexplicably, one dull or lopsided match followed another, and, as many of us saw it, there were only two or three good matches before the quarter-finals.

One of the few interesting matches was the clash in the second round, at night, under the lights, between Lendl and Eddie Edwards, a South African who is an alumnus of Pepperdine University, in Malibu, where the tennis team is coached by Dr. Allen Fox, a bright and charming player of the early nineteen-sixties, who is now an outstanding West Coast psychologist. Not many tennis fans outside Southern California have heard of Edwards, but he is an able player, and he makes enough money from playing in Grand Prix tournaments and satellite tournaments to keep the coyote away from the door. He is basically a forecourt specialist. Give him a chance to get inside the service line and he will cut off a high percentage of his opponent's attempts to pass him, and, more than that, put away a fair percentage of his volleys. This is exactly the way he played Lendl, and he was giving him fits. In the first set, for example, he broke Lendl's serve once, served well himself, and won the set, 6–3. This match was played on an extremely humid night, and, what with the impressive self-assurance with which Edwards maintained control of their exchanges, sweat was coursing from Lendl's head. There was not so much as a drop of perspiration on Edwards' face as he continued to hold the upper hand, patrolling the forecourt like a McEnroe. A large part of the trouble that Lendl has run into, against players both illustrious and unheard of, has been the result of his persistence in assuming that his serve is as blazingly hot and his ground strokes as fast and as loaded with topspin as they were during his marvellous winning streak in 1981-82 and in the Masters tournament early in 1983, when he routed Connors 6–3, 6–1 and McEnroe 6–4, 6–4, 6–2 on successive days. As the second set wore on and he could still make no headway against Edwards, Lendl stubbornly refused to alter his tactics until the sudden realization that he could lose this match cleared his head. He began lobbing Edwards successfully. With more room to maneuver, he began to score with his inside-out forehand and his down-the-line backhand. He pulled the set out, 7–6, in a tiebreaker, and though sweat continued to cascade down his face for another hour at least, he had regained



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his confidence and had the match in hand. My guess is that by this time he also realized that during the first two sets he had not been hitting his service or his ground strokes as squarely as he'd thought he had. Now concentrating without letup, he went on to conclude his refresher course in how to play sound tennis by winning the next two sets 6–3 and 6–1. During his next three matches, he did not permit himself to lose a set or to be lured into a tiebreaker. The members of the American press have come to understand Lendl better than they did two years ago. This change has been due in large measure to his ability to express himself more fluently in English. He is excellent copy now, because he is a fundamentally honest man who likes to be understood and liked. He wants to be thought of as a fellow with a good sense of humor, and if some of his mots have all the sparkle of boiled cabbage there are times when his practical appraisals of certain situations in the curious world where idealistic sport and ice-cold commerce meet are wittily right on the mark. For a twenty-four-year-old kid from the gloomy Czech industrial city of Ostrava, he is not doing badly. He already has a few million dollars tucked away in the bank or in shrewd investments, and there is a rumor going around that he and his friend and adviser Wojtek Fibak, the Polish tennis star, have been trying to buy up all the property they can around Greenwich, Connecticut, where Fibak now makes his home. However, except for beating McEnroe in the 1984 French Open, Lendl has rarely played up to his potential over the past year and a half, and it is time he got down to business.

ONE of the few other early-round matches that aroused the gallery and never let its interest waver was the five-set struggle in the Grandstand Court between Gerulaitis and Ken Flach, from St. Louis, who is better known for his skill at doubles. While still the reigning prince of the early-morning discos, Gerulaitis, now thirty, is a less fearsome foe on the court than he used to be. His service is especially vulnerable, but it was functioning nicely as he cruised through the first two sets, 6–4 and 6–2. Then it began to go off, and Flach, with the pressure on him considerably lessened, began to riddle Gerulaitis with shrewdly placed chops and devastating overheads. He won the next two sets,

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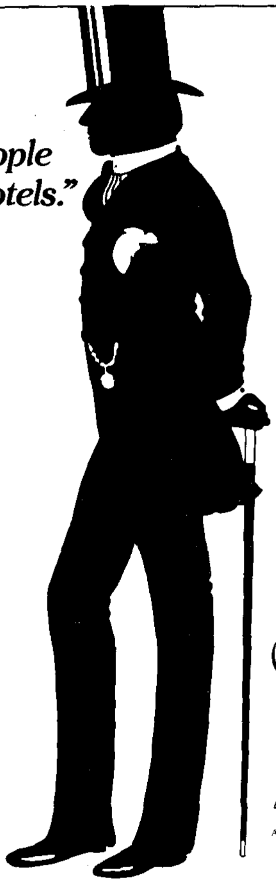
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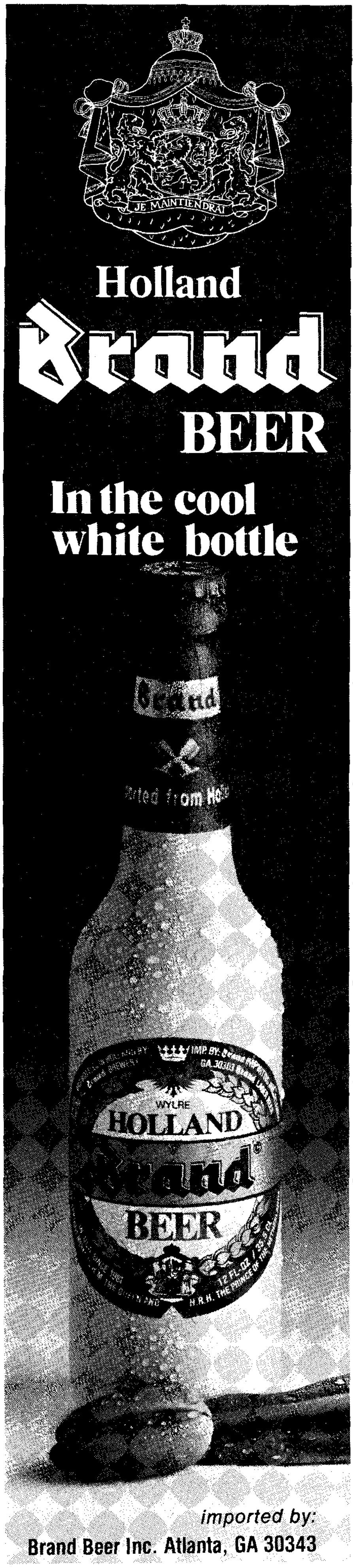
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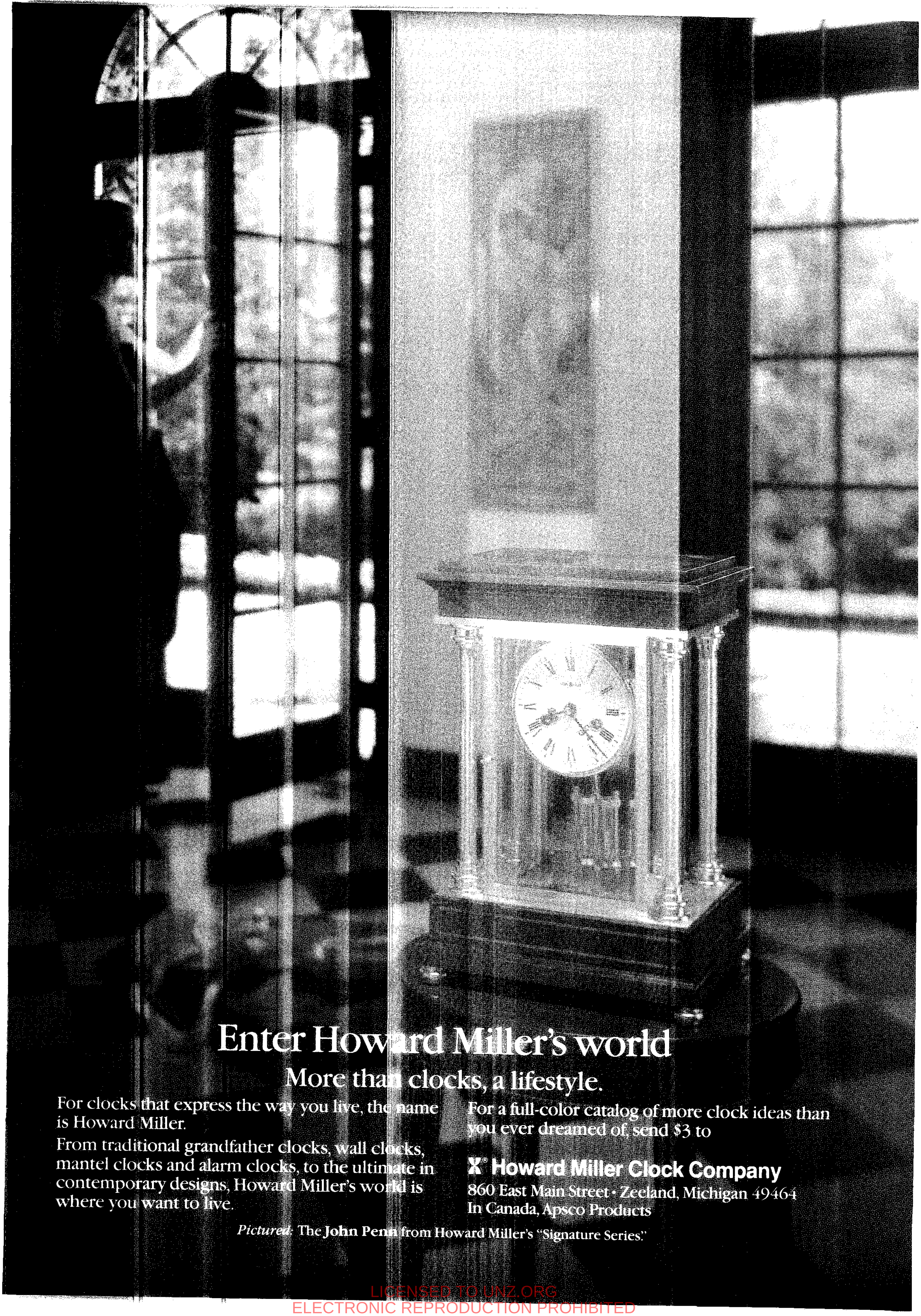
6–4 and 7–6. Before the deciding set got under way, Gerulaitis, during a changeover, took a few swallows of one of those potions that are supposed to supply instant energy. This one obviously worked. Gerulaitis came back to win the fifth set, 6–1, and left the court, his long blond hair streaming behind him. During the first week of the championships, when one boring match followed another, Gerulaitis had helped to fill the conversational void by telling the media that all the chatter about Miss Navratilova's being such a phenomenon that she could beat a good male player was complete bunk. In Gerulaitis' opinion, Miss Navratilova couldn't beat whatever man was at the moment ranked one-hundredth on the Association of Tennis Professionals' computer. Moreover, he was ready to bet his posh house in Kings Point, Long Island, complete with tennis court and fleet of costly European automobiles, on the outcome of the match. The hundredth-ranked player was in fact Derek Tarr, a mild South African. According to a later report by Gerulaitis, Tarr was so disturbed by the whole crazy business that one night when he couldn't sleep he telephoned Gerulaitis' mother, at her home on Long Island, to discuss the awkward position that her son had put him in. During the second week of the championship—beginning at about the time that Gerulaitis was eliminated, in the fourth round, by Gómez—the matches were offering a little more conversational fodder, and one heard less and less about whether Derek Tarr could sail through Martina Navratilova or whether she would dispose of him in less than an hour.

The quarter-final round was reached at last, and, what is more, the pairings offered considerable promise that the drought of exciting matches was over. In the upper half of the draw, it was McEnroe versus the talented, if enigmatic, Gene Mayer, and Connors versus John Lloyd, the slender English doubles specialist, who had played perhaps his best tennis in years in defeating Peter Fleming, Libor Pimek (of Czechoslovakia), Kriek, and Sundstrom, in that order. In the lower half, Cash, who had prevailed over Wilander at Wimbledon, would be meeting him again, and Lendl would be going against Gómez, who was seeded fifth. Some very good tennis was played in this round. Lendl looked much more like the Lendl of 1981 and 1982 as he defeated Gómez in straight sets. Cash took Wilander in four. He got his big first serve in when it counted, and he was tremendous at net, displaying an impressive mobility and a nice flair for volleying. Connors beat Lloyd, 7–5, 6–2, 6–0, but the score fails to suggest the high quality of the play that Lloyd produced, particularly in the first set. He has been working hard on his game, and it shows. On his serve, for example, he uses his legs much more, and in turn gets his trunk, his upper body, his shoulders, and his arms into a cohesive and much more powerful service motion. Connors is perhaps the best returner of serve in the game, and no points came easily for Lloyd, but he surprised Connors in the first set by frequently making his way to net and putting away daring volleys and smashes. Gene Mayer was expected to provide McEnroe with his first real test. Now twenty-eight (he is four years younger than his brother Sandy, with whom he won the doubles in the French Open in 1979), Mayer defeated both Borg and McEnroe in 1980 and was ranked fifth in the world that year. A wrist injury kept him out of Wimbledon in 1981, and a succession of injuries, ranging from a sprained ankle to a pulled groin muscle, has dogged his campaigns since then. No one takes Mayer lightly, however. He has a style of his own. He hits both his backhand and his forehand shots with two hands on the racquet, shovelling the ball off his hips with speed and at unbelievable angles. Throughout his match with McEnroe, his boyish face wore an enigmatic smile, one that in a sculpture exhibit might be called "Happy Boy with Something on His Mind." In capsule form, the Mayer-McEnroe match went like this: In the first set, Mayer broke McEnroe to lead 2–1, but McEnroe broke back in the eighth game, and in the twelfth game he broke Mayer, this time at love, to take the set, 7–5. In the second set, Mayer again broke McEnroe in the third game, but he was not able to hold his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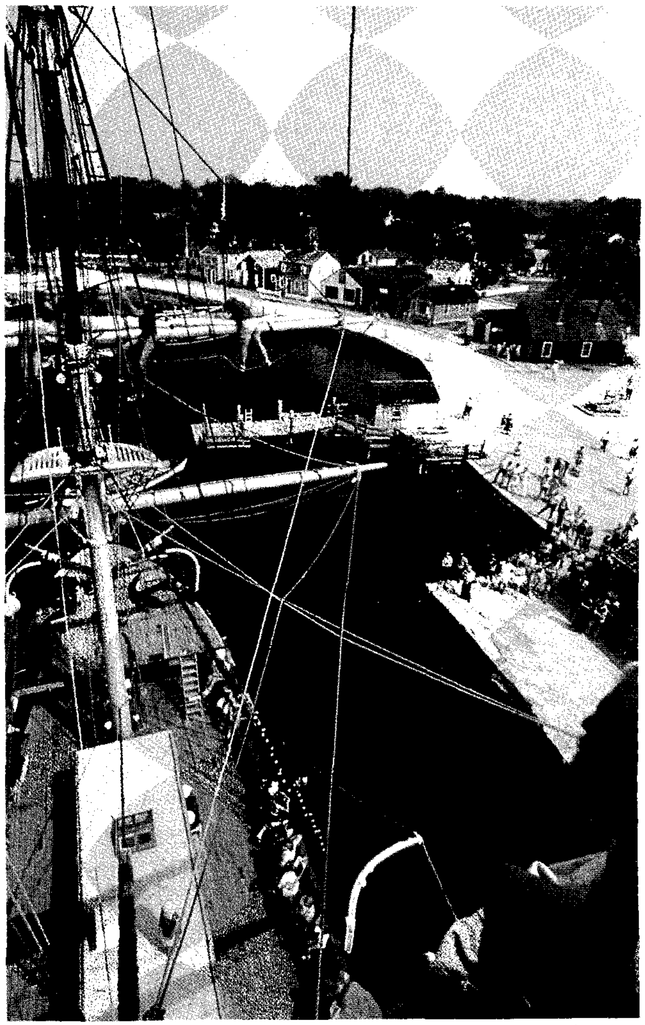
—Laura White Alderson, describing her Wild Cave Tour, in "Mammoth Cave: Kentucky's Buried Treasure"



Above: From his yardarm perch, Roger Ryley, a staff member at Mystic Seaport in Mystic, Connecticut, watches fellow workers furl sail high above a rapt crowd. Right: Rafters on the Green River in Dinosaur National Monument sweep through treacherous Warm Spring Rapids.

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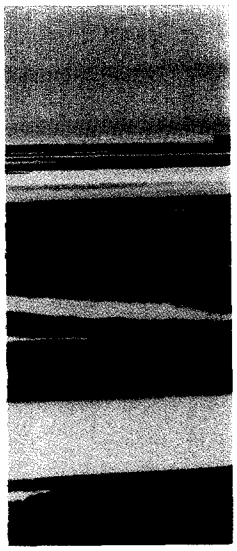

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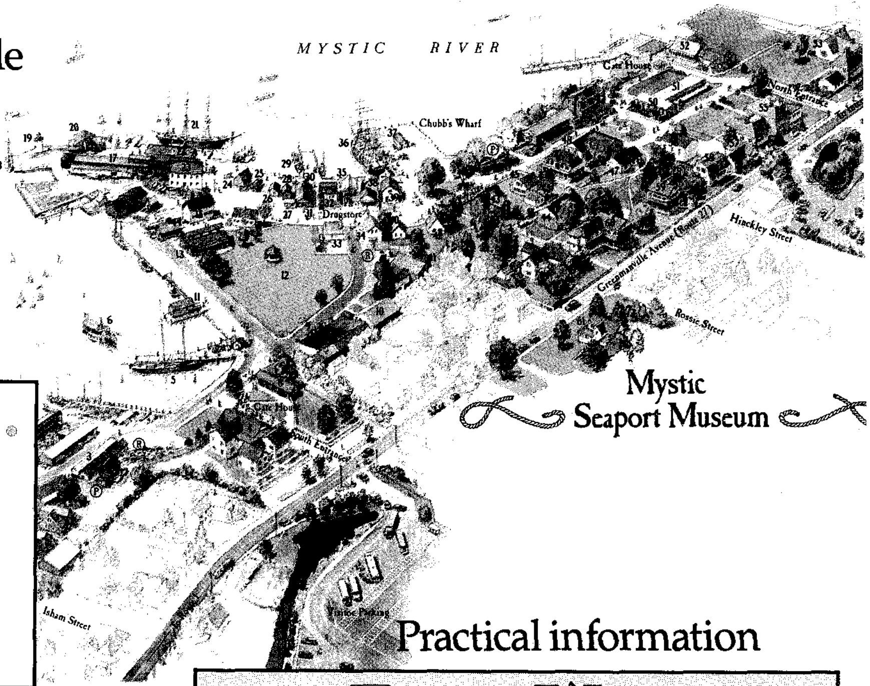
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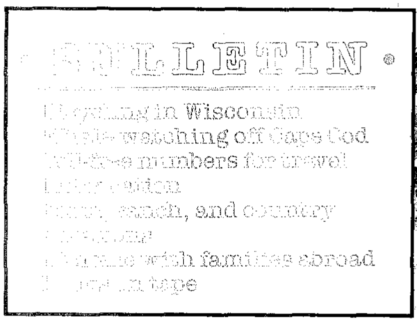

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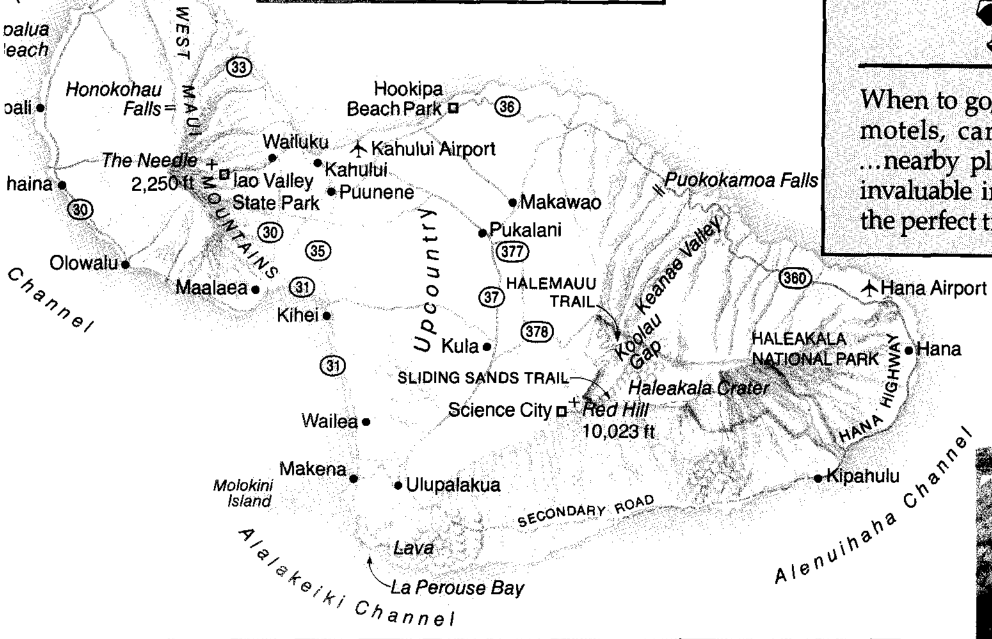
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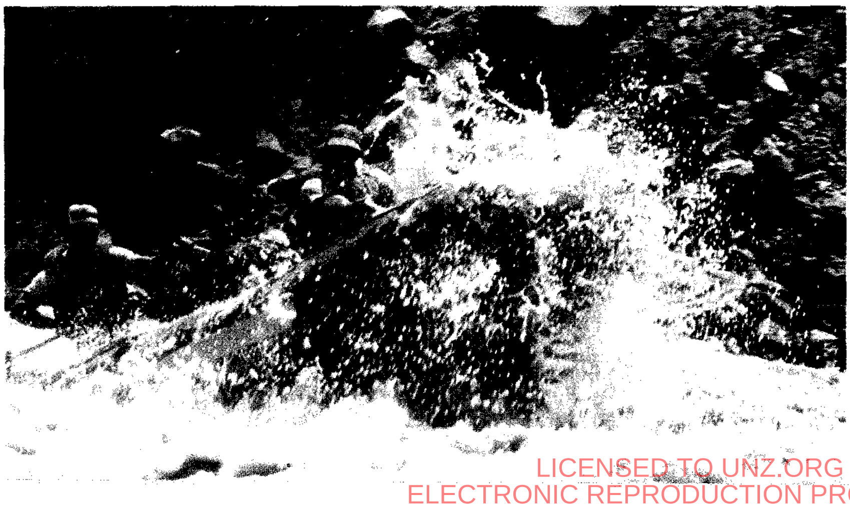

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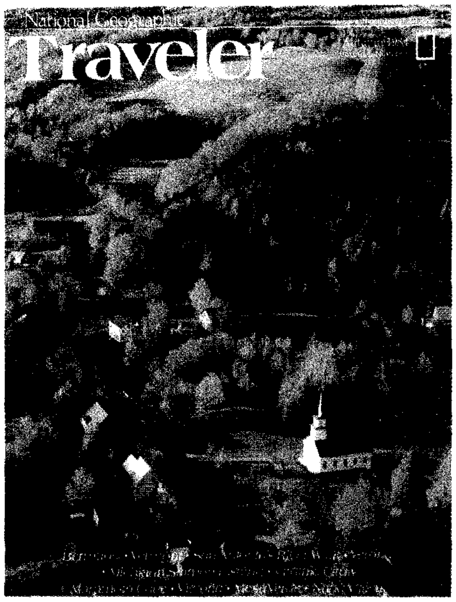
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serve in the sixth and eighth games, and lost the set, 6–3. In the third set, Mayer played several superlative series of shots that his dour opponent could not cope with, and he knotted the set by breaking McEnroe's serve in the eighth game only to lose his own serve in the very next game. McEnroe, 7–5, 6–3, 6–4. Since Mayer is one of the few players who can match McEnroe's outrageous skill at rifling unreachable placements, it would have been wonderful if he could have extended McEnroe further, but I think we all realize by now that this is a hard thing to do.

Wimbledon likes to begin each day's play at two o'clock on the two show courts—the Centre Court and Court No. 1. It can afford this soigné scheduling because in early summer in Britain the light holds to a helpfully late hour. If the tournament runs into rain-outs, it begins its catch-up efforts by starting play earlier on the field courts, and in a real crisis will start the matches on the Centre Court and No. 1 Court at one o'clock. The U.S. Open has a different approach. This year, each day's play up to the Saturday and Sunday of the second week began at eleven o'clock—a measure undertaken to make it almost certain that the afternoon crowd had been cleared from the Stadium Court before the crowd for the evening's matches arrived. There is also a fundamental difference in the scheduling by Wimbledon and the U.S. Open of their climactic matches—the men's singles semifinals, the women's singles final, and the men's singles final. At Wimbledon, the two men's semifinals are held on the Friday of the second week. The ladies' final, whose importance is properly recognized, is the pièce de résistance on Saturday—the first match of the day on the Centre Court. The men's final is held on Sunday—also the first match of the day on the Centre Court. Over here, we go about matters in a more Byzantine way. The women's final takes place on Saturday, sandwiched between the two men's semifinal matches. The men's final is held on Sunday. It starts promptly at four o'clock if the National Football League game that it follows on the CBS network has been completed by that time.

There is no question that the Wimbledon schedule gives the ladies' final the regal position it deserves. And there is also no question that the U.S.T.A. runs a needless and also an inconsiderate risk in trying to cram

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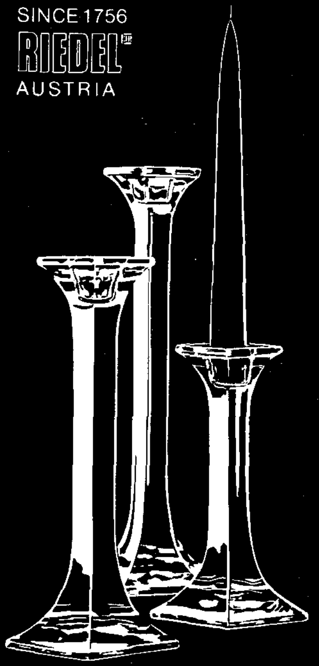

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the women's final between the two men's semifinals, each of which can conceivably take five sets. Aware of these possibilities, the U.S.T.A. set up Saturday's program so that the day's play in the Stadium Court would start at eleven. At that point, things began to get tangled up. Why the U.S.T.A. did not place the first of the men's semifinals—Cash versus Lendl—in the eleven-o'clock slot I have no idea. Perhaps it was confused by the knowledge that CBS's television coverage was slated to begin at twelve noon and felt that the network probably wanted a less significant match to be in progress then. I do not know who was responsible for the faulty decision, but it was decided to begin the day's program at eleven with John Newcombe and Stan Smith, two popular former champions, opposing each other in a semifinal match in the singles competition for men thirty-five and over. For some reason, this match did not begin until shortly after eleven, and the situation became further complicated when it took Smith three sets to defeat Newcombe, 4–6, 7–5, 6–2. (Newcombe and Smith still play eminently watchable tennis, and it would have been a treat for the fans who arrived early to see them perform in the Grandstand Court in a match that started at, say, ten-thirty.) In any event, it was around one o'clock before the Lendl-Cash match began in the Stadium Court. It lasted for three hours and thirty-nine minutes, its outcome decided by a melodramatic tie-breaker in the fifth set. Consequently, it was after five o'clock when Miss Navratilova and Mrs. Lloyd appeared on court for the women's final—best two of three sets. With both players in close to top form, their match went to three sets and consumed an hour and forty-seven minutes. The shades of night were falling when the opening serve was struck in the second men's singles semifinal—Connors, the defending champion, vs. McEnroe. They played a terrific match that, inevitably on this day, went five crunching sets, and reached its conclusion at thirteen minutes after eleven. The two terriers had gone at each other for three hours and forty-five minutes. As the weary spectators plodded to the gates, their spirits were undoubtedly buoyed by the realization that they had witnessed what may have been the greatest single day of tennis ever played in the history of the game.

It seems advisable to go to the crux of the action in the bitterly waged

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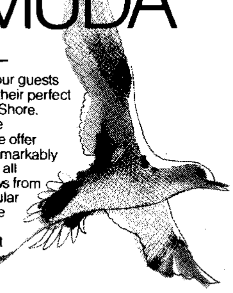

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match between Lendl and Cash. A tough, irascible fellow, Cash, had he been born in this country, might well have grown up to be an outstanding quarterback—the type who is only too willing to carry the ball himself when one or two yards need to be picked up. At the end of four sets, each had won two—Cash the first, 6–3, and the fourth, 7–6, in a tiebreaker. In the fifth set, with the score 5–5 in games, Lendl, looking weary and wobbly, got in only one first serve in the protracted eleventh game and lost it. The gallery was definitely behind Cash, and though I would not have minded at all if he had won—he had shown us some strong, aggressive tennis—I hated to think that Lendl, who collapsed so pitifully against Connors in the final of our 1983 championship, might suffer another such indignity. Serving at 6–5, Cash got to match point, but Lendl held him off with a great long lob hit from yards behind the baseline, and went on to retrieve the game. In the tiebreaker, trailing four points to three, Lendl again seemed to be on the verge of departure, but he pulled up to four-all on an error by Cash and moved to five-four on another error by Cash. Then came the deciding shot. Cash had seemingly won a tremendous rally when he rapped an angled volley deep to the open backhand corner of Lendl's court, but Lendl somehow got his racquet on the ball and ripped a stunning backhand drive down the line. The moment he hit the shot, the hunted look in his eyes was replaced by the assured glint of one who feels in command. On the next point, he returned Cash's serve with a hard forehand drive that Cash batted into the net. This won the tiebreaker for Lendl, seven points to four, and, with it, the match, 3–6, 6–3, 6–4, 6–7, 7–6. In his interview with the press, Lendl was asked whom he wanted to win the McEnroe-Connors match. "I'm rooting for 7–6 in the fifth set," he said. "It's only fair."

EN ROUTE to the final and her sixty-first encounter with Mrs. Lloyd, Miss Navratilova had played what by her standards was rather sloppy tennis. Ordinarily, it is rare if an opponent wins more than two games in a set from her, but in the first round, Lea Antonoplis, of the United States, won four games in the first set; in the second round, Andrea Leand, another American, also won four games in the first set; in the fourth round, Barbara Potter, one of the bet-

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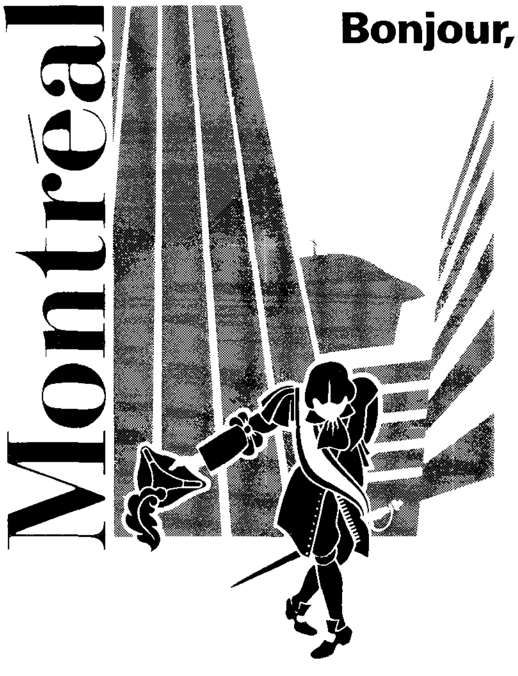

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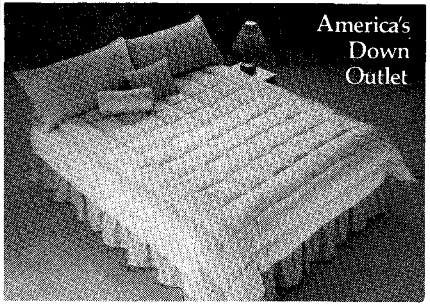

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ter American players, won four games in each of their two sets; in the quarter-finals, Helena Sukova, of Czechoslovakia, won three games in each of their two sets; and, in the semifinals, Wendy Turnbull, of Australia, won four games in the first set. Mrs. Lloyd, in contrast, had lost a total of only nineteen games in her previous six matches, and this record, coupled with Miss Navratilova's lethargic mood and the difficulties she was having with her big left-handed serve, must have imbued Mrs. Lloyd with the feeling that if she played well she could definitely topple her old rival. In the early part of the first set, Miss Navratilova was neither hitting the ball crisply nor reacting quickly when Mrs. Lloyd tried to dislodge her from the forecourt by hoisting deep lobs. Nonetheless, she held her first three service games, and she moved into the lead when she broke Mrs. Lloyd's serve in the seventh game. Mrs. Lloyd was not in the least disheartened. She broke Miss Navratilova's serve in the very next game, and clearly outmaneuvered her in winning the following two games and the set, 6–4.

In the opening game of the second set, Mrs. Lloyd held serve, the game-winning shot coming on a backhand volley drilled into the narrow opening between Miss Navratilova's forehand and the sideline. Then the shape of the match slowly began to change. In holding her own serve in the next game, Miss Navratilova, after misreading Mrs. Lloyd's intentions midway through a rally, lunged to her right and, at full extension, made an amazing crosscourt backhand volley for a clean winner. She alone among the women possesses that kind of athleticism. She then broke Mrs. Lloyd's serve—the only service break in a set in which Mrs. Lloyd did not attack as assertively or return Miss Navratilova's serve with quite the snap she did in the first set. In this second set, which she won 6–4, Miss Navratilova made an astute adjustment that helped her incalculably. She stopped coming to net behind her second serve, off which Mrs. Lloyd had been scoring consistently. She stayed back instead, and worked her way to net behind well-placed approach shots.

In the third set, there was only one service break. It came in the third game, when Miss Navratilova won four points in a row. The rest of the way, Mrs. Lloyd played with immense resolution, but Miss Navratilova had by then found her service rhythm, and she ran out the set, 6–4, and the match. I don't know why I felt this way, but during the third set it seemed to me that Miss Navratilova could have been more gracious than she was. Still, maybe it is hard to be gracious when you are surrounded by a gallery that has been supporting your opponent every step of the way. Mrs. Lloyd behaved with her invariable sportsmanship, yet it was clear that this defeat was one that really hurt.

THE 20,722 people in the Stadium Court had hardly caught their breath and slowly settled down when Jimmy Connors and John McEnroe came on the court. Theirs is an intense rivalry, full of periods of bad blood and bizarre behavior. It has also brought forth some of the most fantastic tennis played since the resumption of international competition in 1946. James Scott Connors, who was born September 2, 1952, shot to the top well before he was expected to. In 1974, he won Wimbledon, allowing Ken Rosewall, whose first great victory had been in the French Open twenty-one years before, hardly a look-in during a 6–1, 6–1, 6–4 defeat. Connors was twenty-one then, and he had just turned twenty-two when, in the final of the U.S. Open, he met Rosewall again and beat him even more badly, 6–1, 6–0, 6–1. That year, 1974, Björn Borg, a phenomenal young Swedish player who turned eighteen in June, won the first of his six French Opens. He did not win the first of his five consecutive Wimbledon titles until 1976, but his rapid climb to the top was undoubtedly the best illustration of how international tennis had become life in the fast lane. In 1977, when Borg and Connors met in their first Wimbledon final, Borg was the winner in five hard sets, 3–6, 6–2, 6–1, 5–7, 6–4. However, after Borg dispatched Connors 6–2, 6–2, 6–3 in the Wimbledon final in 1978 and the following year beat him 6–2, 6–3, 6–2 in the Wimbledon semifinals, many fans believed that Connors' career was as good as over. The big story in tennis became the head-to-head clashes between Borg and McEnroe. In 1977, McEnroe had made his first visit to Wimbledon, as an eighteen-year-old schoolboy, and got to the semifinals, where he lost to Connors. In 1980, when Borg and McEnroe met for the first time in the Wimbledon final, Borg was the winner in five sets, 1–6, 7–5, 6–3, 6–7, 8–6. This was the celebrated match in which McEnroe

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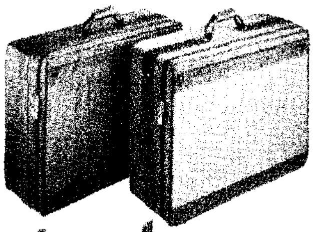

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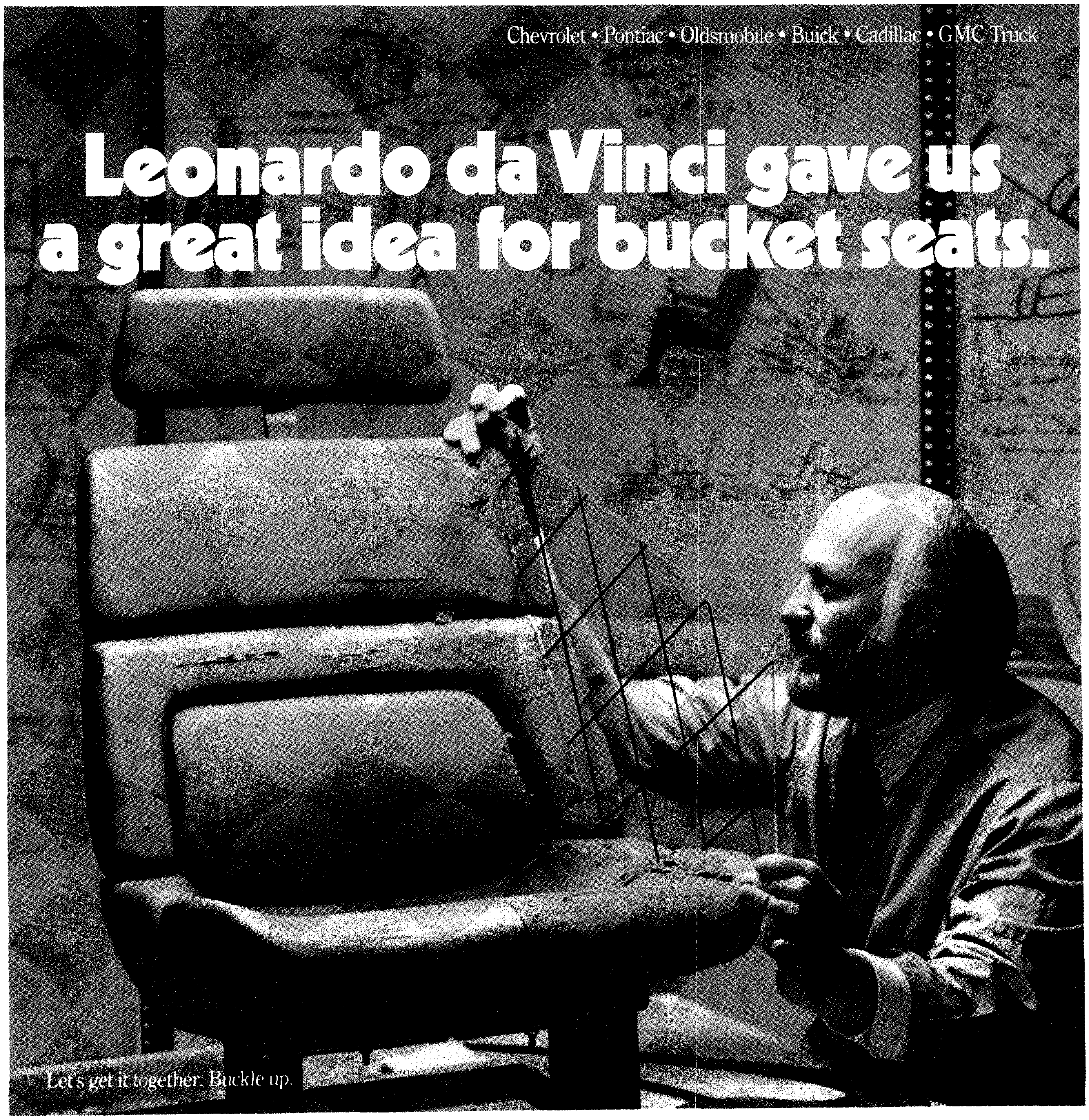
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won the marathon tiebreaker in the fourth set eighteen points to sixteen. That summer, on the fast, hard DecoTurf II surface of the Stadium Court at Flushing Meadow, McEnroe defeated Borg in a magnificent final, 7–6, 6–1, 6–7, 5–7, 6–4. He went on to defeat Borg in the final at Wimbledon in 1981 in four sets, 4–6, 7–6, 7–6, 6–4, and later that summer, at Flushing Meadow, he again defeated him in four sets, 4–6, 6–2, 6–4, 6–3. There was no question then who had become the premier tennis player in the world.

And what about that old-timer Connors? What was he up to? Was he still playing tournament tennis? The answers were not long in coming. In 1982, to everyone's surprise, he got to the Wimbledon final and outlasted McEnroe, 3–6, 6–3, 6–7, 7–6, 6–4. He went on from there to take the U.S. Open, defeating Lendl (who had eliminated McEnroe in the semis) in four sets, 6–3, 6–2, 4–6, 6–4. In 1983, he again defeated Lendl in the final of our Open, 6–3, 6–7, 7–5, 6–0. Connors had come back from the grave, like Dr. Manette, who is probably not one of his favorite literary characters. After his humiliating defeat at the hands of McEnroe in this year's Wimbledon, one wondered whether McEnroe had enjoyed a particularly brilliant day or whether Connors—who became thirty-two during the Open—could no longer stay the pace. He had lost their last seven matches. On the eve of their semifinal, Connors nevertheless made it clear that he thought he had a good chance of winning it.

In the dusk at Flushing Meadow that remarkable Saturday, McEnroe and Connors played what turned out to be one of their best matches. McEnroe, who, as I have noted, has the best serve in tennis when it is on, didn't have the absolute pinpoint control he had had in the Wimbledon final. From the beginning, Connors had very little trouble making solid contact with McEnroe's varied serves with his new racquet, a midsize graphite. Throughout the match, neither man diverged one iota from their contrasting styles of play. Connors, who has a good but not overpowering serve, made few excursions from the back of the court. As he raced from corner to corner, crouching low and almost swinging himself off the ground on his two-handed backhand, he trusted that by running McEnroe so relentlessly from side to side along

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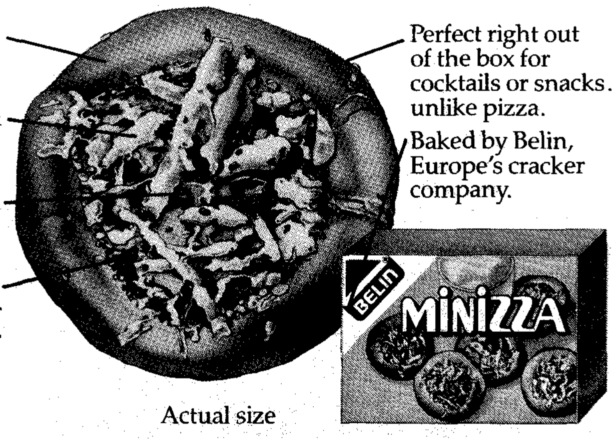

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the baseline he would make it hard for him to get in to net, for one thing, and in time might also be able to wear him down. McEnroe, a slender man who stands five feet eleven but holds himself so erect in repose that he seems slightly taller, is the ultimate serve-and-volley player. When he gets involved in a rally, he waits for a short return and then dashes to net behind an approach shot to terminate the rally, if he can, with a fast, oblique volley.

From start to finish, their match was played at a furious pace. In the first set, Connors, after trailing 0–3, fought back stubbornly, and McEnroe had to tend strictly to business to win it, 6–4. In the last game, McEnroe won his third point with what is for him a prosaic shot—a quick volley played close to his body with his racquet at hip level. Connors took the second set, 6–4, by keeping McEnroe guessing whether he would be swatting his baseline drives down the line or crosscourt in certain situations in which he had a slight advantage. That is the chief threat that Connors always poses. In the third set, Connors tried to come to net on more points, but McEnroe soon convinced him that this was an unwise tactic, flicking fast passing shots easily by him. This turned into an explosive set, and, considering how ferociously Connors was belaboring the ball, McEnroe was fortunate to pull it out, 7–5. At this stage of the match, McEnroe, who likes to glide in to net whenever he has the chance, had done so on just about a hundred points. The two Chinese warlords battled on. In the first game of the fourth set, Connors broke through McEnroe's serve with a crushing two-handed backhand return of service straight down the line, and he looked to be in control of the set from that point on. A friend of mine who has a marvellous sense of tennis got the impression halfway through this fourth set that McEnroe, recognizing the possibility that the match might go to five sets, was concentrating on making Connors extend himself on every point, gambling that this great expenditure of energy would take its toll of Connors if a fifth set ensued. Hanging tough, Connors won the fourth set, 6–4, and there was indeed a fifth. It was all McEnroe after he broke Connors' serve in the second game. Although Connors never stopped pumping, McEnroe closed out the match by taking the set 6–3. My friend may very well have

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read McEnroe's strategy correctly in the last few games of the fourth set, but in defeat Connors had played with exceptional grit and authority. During the match, he broke McEnroe's serve no fewer than seven times. I wonder when the last time was that that happened.

It had been quite a day. Newcombe and Smith had begun their match more than twelve hours before the McEnroe-Connors match was concluded—twelve hours and six minutes before, to be exact. In retrospect, it seemed ironic that the tournament, after eleven straight days of pallid matches, should have suddenly burst forth with three such superlative matches as the two men's semifinals and the women's final—matches so brilliantly contested that in each one the loser could have been the winner if the ball had bounced differently in a few crucial games. Certainly this Saturday, September 8, 1984, is bound to live in tennis history. There has probably never been another day in which three matches of such quality and importance were played successively on the same court since Major Walter Clopton Wingfield sowed the seeds of lawn tennis in 1874.

ON Sunday, at ten minutes past four, when the N.F.L. game between the New York Giants and the Dallas Cowboys was over, McEnroe and Lendl came onto the Stadium Court and began to warm up for the final of the men's singles championship. Lendl looked a bit gaunt, but then he nearly always does. The jaw and chin of McEnroe's long, tapering head seemed tucked more tightly than usual against his neck and the top of his chest during his moments of rumination. This was the third straight year that Lendl had appeared in the final of our Open. In 1982 and 1983, up against Connors both times, he had found his opponent's unrelenting assault and the stress of the occasion too much to handle. Last year, he lost the fourth, and final, set 0-6, and staggered off the court a momentarily shattered man. This time, it seemed possible that his victory in the 1984 French Open might have given him a fund of confidence such as he had never before possessed in the final of our Open. There was no question that McEnroe would be ready for Lendl. With the exception of the French Open, which is played on slow clay, he had beaten Lendl all five times they had met this year, and the way he was

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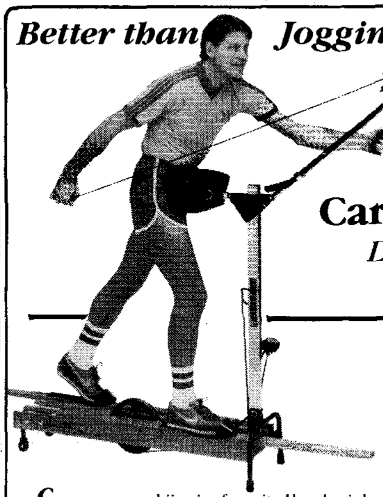

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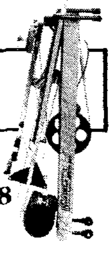

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playing, there was no reason there should be any change at Flushing Meadow.

From the first game, it was evident that both men would be relying to a large extent on their serves. McEnroe came up with an ace the first time he served to Lendl in the backhand court, where his left-handed slice delivery can pull the receiver far out of court. Lendl lost the first point in his first service game when he was long with a lob, but then he rattled off four straight points, the last two of them aces. Serve followed the server until the sixth game. There, taking advantage of some loose play by Lendl, McEnroe got to game point and broke Lendl by winning a rat-a-tat-tat exchange at net with a sharp backhand volley. That break put McEnroe out in front 4–2, and it was sufficient for him to win the set—a point he made emphatic by holding his next two service games at love. Set to McEnroe, 6–3. At this stage of the match, I find in my notebook the entry "Can McEnroe's serve be really this good?" This query was sparked, as I recall, by the infrequency with which Lendl was able to hit McEnroe's serve in the center of his racquet with a nice, fluid stroke. He made several outright mishits off the edge of his racquet—probably the result of trying to put heavy topspin on the ball. He was seldom able to play a forcing return off McEnroe's second serve, which isn't all that formidable. Well, I thought, we would see what we would see.

In the second set, when Lendl led 1–0 after holding his serve, he had his first chance in the match to break McEnroe's serve. For some reason, McEnroe was oddly edgy at this time. In the fifth point of the previous game, the baseline judge at Lendl's end of the court had called a lob by McEnroe out. An instant later, there was an amazing change in McEnroe. Throughout the championship—as a matter of fact, throughout every tournament since his wild flareup at the Queen's Club back in June—he had indulged in no tantrums on court. He did not indulge in one now. He simply spat out "Grow some hair!" at the bald-headed linesman who made the call. Though McEnroe instantly curbed his temper, this outburst, or possibly his own reaction to it, may explain the jitters he displayed in his first service game of the set. He fell behind 0–15 when Lendl cracked a backhand return of serve down the sideline. McEnroe wasn't sure that it

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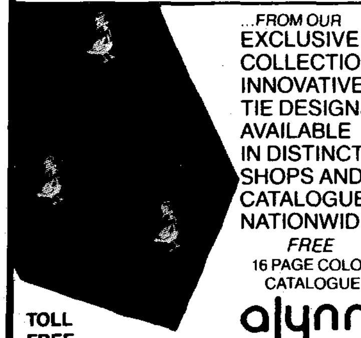

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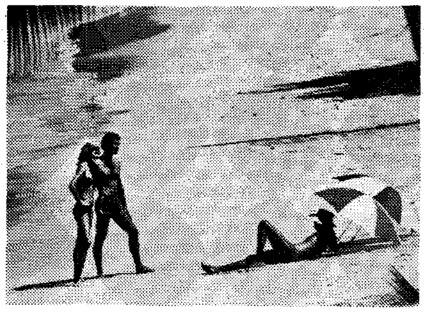

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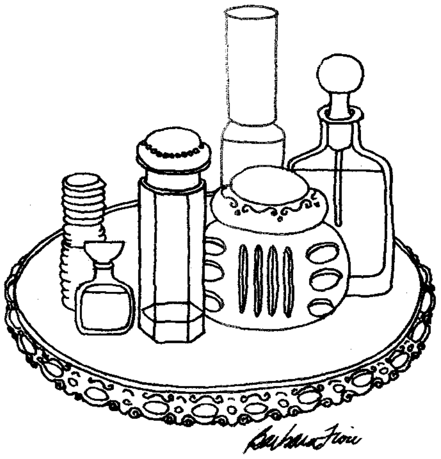
had hit the line. He questioned the call, but did so politely. He then double-faulted, to stand at 0–30. He won the next point when Lendl failed to return serve, but when McEnroe then double-faulted again, Lendl, for the first time in the match, was at break point. That point was possibly the most critical one of the match. After a short exchange, Lendl leaned into a backhand, and as McEnroe was moving across the forecourt toward the ball, it hit the top of the net and fluttered up close to where McEnroe was standing. Looking to see where the ball was, he whirled himself around in a full left-to-right orbit. On the ball's first bounce, he was in perfect position to play it, and put it away deftly with his forehand. When he was later asked how he managed to pull this shot off, he explained, as if it had been a routine exercise, "I was leaning in that direction. Once the ball caught the net, I knew it was somewhere in that area, so I just adjusted from there."

McEnroe went on to win the game. Not long after this, however, he indulged himself in his second, and last, McEnroe-ism of the match. This was an odd pantomime to express how aghast he was that a shot by Lendl that landed fairly close to the baseline had not been called out. McEnroe obviously thought that it was well out. He flopped to the ground and, lying on his back, extended his arms and legs. He lay inert for about ten seconds, and then indicated by holding his arms up with his hands a little more than a foot apart that the ball was out by that much. He eyed the umpire as he sat up, but he did not argue the point further. He went back to business and won the second set, 6–4. He got the third set over quickly, winning it 6–1 and giving up only four points in his three service games. The match had taken only an hour and forty minutes. McEnroe had won our national



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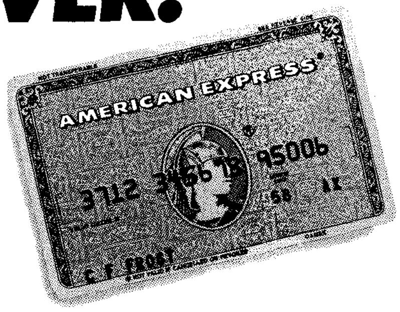

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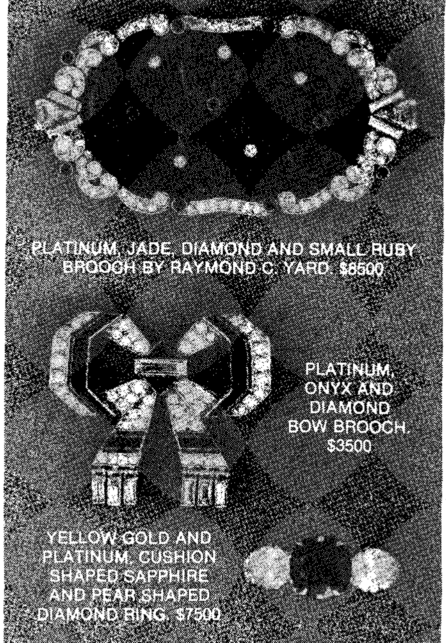
In his interview with the press shortly afterward, McEnroe plopped himself as comfortably as he could in his chair. "I feel tired," he said pleasantly. "I really feel exhausted. I feel unbelievable and terrible at the same time. My body said, 'That's enough,' but the fact that I was tired made me concentrate better. The more tired I felt, the better I thought I hit the ball. It was a mental thing—push, push—and I didn't get angry at anything, because I needed every ounce of energy I had." In a much more conversational mood than is customary for him at a press session, he explained that since his enervating match with Connors had not finished until late the previous night, he wanted to get the final over as quickly as possible, without controversy and without wasting energy. He had learned the value of this earlier in the year. "It hit me hardest after the French that I had to stop doing that," he said. "The important thing is to learn a lesson every time you lose. Life is a learning process, and you have to try to learn what is best for you. Let me tell you, life is not fun when you're banging your head against a brick wall all the time."

McEnroe was generous when he spoke about Connors and the wonderful tennis that Connors played for a man of thirty-two. He was generous to Lendl. The surface at Flushing Meadow was too fast for Lendl to play his best tennis, he said. Lendl would prefer a slower court and heavier balls. He thought his own serve was pretty good in the final—especially in the last two sets. Someone asked him if he had served as well against Lendl as he had against Connors in the Wimbledon final. "No," he answered. "It wasn't quite up to that." He said he thought that his tennis had got better this year, and added, "I think I can get better. The motivation will come from something."

Everybody who follows tennis has admired McEnroe's extraordinary talent since he first came on the scene, and has been deeply upset when his manners on the court have detracted gravely from the joy of watching him play and also from the tremendous contribution he has made to the game. I hope that he realizes how much all the people who love tennis appreciate the effort he made from the first day of Wimbledon through the last day of our Open to let his tennis speak for itself. It was as eloquent as Rod Laver's and that of the other great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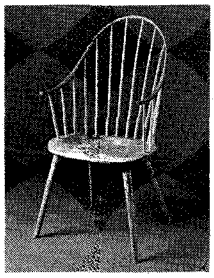
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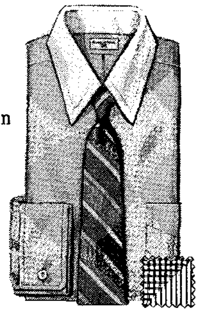
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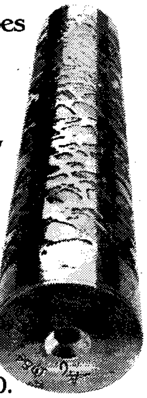
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When one watches McEnroe obliterate players of the stature of Connors and Lendl as he did in the finals at Wimbledon and Flushing Meadow, one finds it scarcely believable that they are the Connors and the Lendl we have seen defeat McEnroe on other occasions. Where have their superb strokes gone? Why did Connors, the best returner in tennis, look so awkward in the Wimbledon final and have such difficulty not only in handling McEnroe's service but also in prolonging their rallies with his usual bellicosity? And why did Lendl go down so easily in the final of our Open—this earnest young man with perhaps the most powerful forehand in the game, not to mention a sturdy backhand and a first serve that at times is as redoubtable as McEnroe's? Why, except for some stretches of fine serving, was there hardly a trace of the Lendl of the French Open?

The answer lies first of all in how well McEnroe happened to be playing on the days of the finals at Wimbledon and Flushing Meadow. At his best, he is incredible. But he, too, has his days when, for various reasons, his timing is off a little, his confidence shaky, and his concentration inconsistent. As a rule, McEnroe's game is only as good as his serve. There have been many players about whom that has been said, but it applies much more fully to McEnroe. All the other shots that make up his game—and it is a distinctly different game from any champion's before him—derive almost directly from his serve and its effect. His serve itself plays a tremendous part in his victories. With his untraditional stance—both feet planted parallel to the baseline, with the left behind the right, when he is serving into both the deuce (or forehand) court and the ad (or backhand) court—McEnroe is able, when he makes a very full turn of his torso, to prevent the receiver from ascertaining whether he is going to slice the ball, making it curve to the receiver's left and break farther to the left after it bounces, or serve a kicker, which on its bounce will not swing away from the receiver but kick into him. He can also blast an extremely fast serve down the centerline, mix up the speed on either his slice or his kick serve, and shift the spot in the service box where he wants to place the ball. When McEnroe has got his rhythm working smoothly on his serve, he can generate great velocity. Since he has such a wide repertoire of serves and

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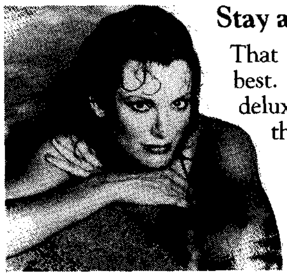

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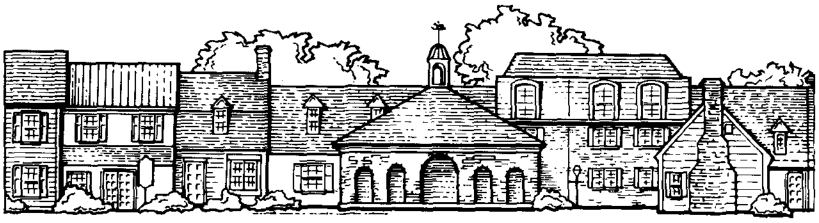

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masks his intentions so well, he keeps the receiver continually guessing and off balance. For example, McEnroe will serve a kicker into the ad court which will jam a right-handed receiver, who is guarding primarily against McEnroe's slice serve; or he will hit a slice serve into the deuce court which will dart away from a left-handed receiver, who has to be on the lookout for a tricky kick serve. At his best, when he is mixing up the speed of his serves and spotting them just where he wants to, McEnroe makes fine tennis players seem as jerky as cheap windup toys.

McEnroe has another asset that, tied in with his serve, structures his game: he has amazing speed on the court. When the average top-rung professional serves the ball and moves into the forecourt as fast as he can, he generally reaches the service line. McEnroe skitters in so quickly that he is usually a full step beyond the service line and often two steps beyond it. He doesn't run like a sprinter, with his knees driving. He takes short, light, skimming steps that are like no other player's. As he comes into the forecourt, his eye is on his serve and how his opponent is coping with it. Every player does that, but the coupling of his knowledge of how his serve will bounce and his knowledge of the probable shot the receiver will have to play gives him a sense of anticipation far keener than that of most players. When you add to this the quickness with which McEnroe, continuing in to net, can adjust to intercept the return, and then take into account his quickness of hand in volleying the return to the open side of the court, you realize that you are dealing with a unique talent. (In the famous Borg-McEnroe tiebreaker during the 1980 Wimbledon final, on some of McEnroe's serve-and-volley points the ball must have landed about thirty feet from where Borg was standing.) He is always on balance, and this is the reason that when players try to lob over him—a sensible counter against a man who forays so often into the forecourt—he is able to backpedal so swiftly that it takes a perfect lob to beat him.

On McEnroe's service games, then, it is the fusion of all these elements—his serve itself, his speed afoot, his ability to read the return that his opponent will probably play, and his quickness in getting to the return and dispatching it—that makes it so difficult to stay with him when he is in good

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form. In the games that his opponent serves, McEnroe is tougher to dominate than he used to be. His return of service is more reliable off both his forehand and his backhand since he changed to a midsize racquet a year and a half ago. His improved ground strokes make it harder to keep him in the back of the court than it used to be. In the games that his opponent serves, McEnroe gets into the forecourt, where he prefers to be, by coming in fast after a deep approach shot and simultaneously studying his opponent's movements closely, so that he can anticipate the probable route of the return and take the appropriate measures.

At the moment, tennis is undergoing a stupendous increase in popularity throughout the world. Never have there been so many promising teen-age players sprouting from Sweden to New South Wales. Wimbledon and Flushing Meadow were both seen on every continent via television. That is why it was so valuable for McEnroe to have gone about winning these championships—the two most important in the game—playing with the right spirit as well as producing such a high standard of tennis. What a great opportunity the International Tennis Federation and all the national tennis associations, large and small, have at this time to provide the proper leadership, so that the clinics and competitions they run are conducted with the efficiency, the sportsmanship, and the simple love of tennis that have characterized the game's great eras.

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

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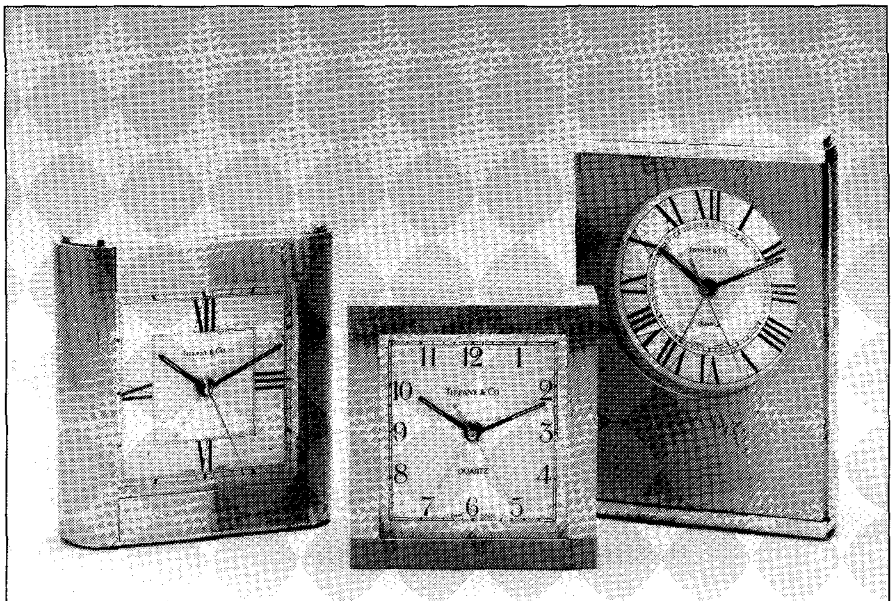

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MUSICAL EVENTS

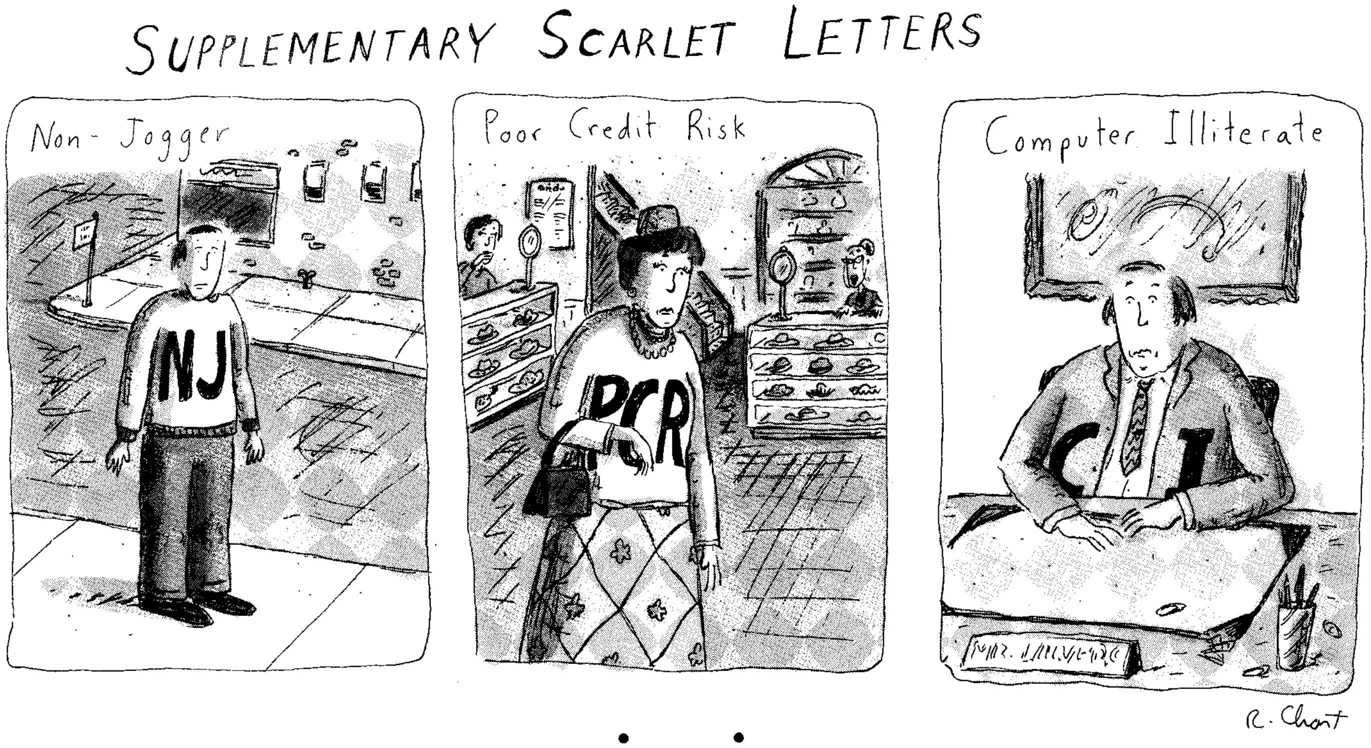
Serious, Beautiful Operas

GLUCK's "Armide," with Olive Fremstad its heroine, Caruso as Renaud, and Toscanini as the conductor, opened the Metropolitan Opera's 1910-11 season. W. J. Henderson, in the *Sun*, admired the work and its execution but said, "It is hardly likely that the majesty and justice of the composer's declamation will be wholly recognized, for the work requires a higher degree of musical knowledge than the general public could be expected to have." After three performances that season and four the next, "Armide" left the bills. "Orfeo" apart, Gluck's noble operas have won no secure place in the modern repertory. Maria Callas' Alcestis and Iphigenia, Janet Baker's Alcestis stir excitement for a while, but it quickly subsides. The composer's champions continue to proclaim his high virtues, but even they after actual performances are usually compelled to admit that the operas are uncommonly difficult to bring off in modern theatres, with modern artists. Already in 1854, Wagner proposed a moratorium on Gluck presentations, so hard was it to square the composer's reputation with anything one saw and heard. In our day—a recent clutch of Gluck recordings widely varied in character, and none wholly satisfactory, affords evidence—Gluck's greatness can seem more elusive than ever. In big houses, modern concern for authenticity often undermines the assured old-fashioned approaches; and some of the thoroughgoing historical re-creations have verged on the precious.

On records and in concert performances, one of the difficulties for regular companies—the large part that dance must play in the dramas—is avoided. The concert performance of "Orfeo" that Riccardo Muti and the Philadelphia Orchestra brought to Carnegie Hall last month illustrated many of the others. The original, 1762 Vienna score was used. Inevitably, the particular colors of Gluck's instrumentation were lost; only a band with cornetts, chalumeaux, and, in general, preclassical woodwinds, brasses, strings, and harp can render them faithfully—and that only in a hall smaller than Carnegie. (When Gluck revised the opera for Paris, in 1774, with a tenor protagonist, he modernized and simplified his orchestration.) This large-scale presentation with contemporary forces fell between several stools. It did not have the heavy, confident grandeur that Furtwängler, Knappertsbusch, and Karajan brought to the score, in readings that were stylistically questionable but dramatically overwhelming. Mr. Muti used a reduced orchestra, based on six cellos and four double-basses. (In Paris, Gluck seems to have had twelve and five.) There was a harpsichord centerstage, but, being pretty well inaudible, it served little more than a cosmetic function. The instrumental playing, on the other hand, was still old-style romantic—vibrant, plush-toned, not lightly articulated. There was an enormous chorus—the Westminster Choir, nearly two hundred strong—but its tone was soft-grained and a shade genteel: not keen in mourning or fierce in infernal challenge. Insufficient attention to the words smoothed syncopations implicit in the Furies' music. The scholarly edition of the Vienna score, by Anna Amalie Abert and Ludwig Finscher, was used, but in no scholarly way. Necessary appoggiaturas, which are spelled out above the staff in that edition, were often ignored. (Rendering notes *come scritto* is rather like seeing "Mr." in a printed text and pronouncing it "Mrr," not "Mister.") Necessary, corona-signalled cadenzas, such as should close the three strophes of Orpheus' first plaint, were omitted, and reprises were unvaried. (The elaborate decorations introduced by Gaetano Guadagni, Gluck's own Orpheus, perhaps strain bounds suggested by the composer's professed aim of "a beautiful simplicity," but this literally graceless rendering was simpleminded and inexpressive.) Mr. Muti's tempi were mainly on the "traditional" slow side, and Gluck's two-in-a-bar movements—the mourning chorus, Orpheus' first two songs to the Furies and "Che farò," the Orpheus-Eurydice duet—always difficult to pace convincingly, seldom flowed easily.

Agnes Baltsa, the Greek mezzo-soprano, took the title role, as she does on Mr. Muti's Angel recording. She has a beautiful voice—strong, forward, cleanly focussed, individual in its candid, dusky timbre—but she performed only to her score, not to the audience, and as a result she was not especially eloquent. Her heart didn't seem to be in the drama. Margaret Marshall, a Scottish soprano, was the Eurydice, as on that recording. She has a clear, true, steady voice; her performance had no passion in it and little character. Arleen Augér, the Cupid, seemed to wish to present the bright, saucy boy portrayed in Gluck's music but to be inhibited from doing so by the seriousness all around her. This was not a careless, thoughtless, or unfeeling account of the work, and in its chosen way the execution was highly polished. But it made the sublime opera seem rather a dull one.

THE Met has staged Mozart's "La Clemenza di Tito" as a companion piece to its 1982 "Idomeneo," in the same basic set, with some of the same backcloths, and with costumes that draw parallels between Idomeneus and Titus, Idamantes and Sextus, Electra and Vitellia, Ilia and Servilia, Arbaces and Publius. The two rulers share the same desk and chair, the same posse of guards. The designer and director of both shows is Jean-Pierre Ponnelle, whose productions of "Tito" and "Idomeneo" have been going the rounds of the world's houses for some fifteen years and growing more classical in each edition. At the Met, they ingeniously and handsomely come together. The space is a columned courtyard or square, rising at the sides and the back. The centerpiece at the back is in "Idomeneo" an immense stone mask of Neptune, in "Tito" a version of the Arch of Titus (erected to celebrate the emperor's less than clement conquest of Jerusalem and destruction of the Temple). Dropcloths alter the background and provide varying depths of scene. The execution is in grisaille, which makes a slightly arty effect; but the stage pictures, achieved in a romanticized neoclassical manner, are large, serious, and beautiful. The costumes are eighteenth-century. The worst to be said against the staging is that it approximates two operas of sharply distinct character—each of them a powerful and personal transformation of opera seria—to a generalized idea of opera seria as something conventional, stately, and decorative. The same scenery and cos-



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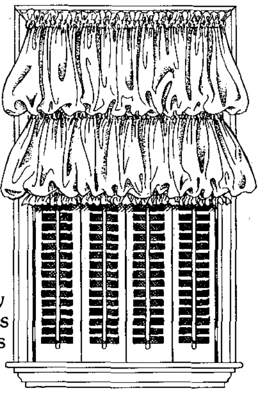
tumes could equally well clothe a hundred other operas. That would be no bad thing in these days of financial stringency if the Met also has thoughts of doing Handel's "Admeto," Gluck's "Alceste," Mozart's "Lucio Silla," Traetta's "Antigone," Vivaldi's "Tito Manlio."

Mr. Ponnelle's penchant for perking up a composer's action with vulgar little details of his own devising is not unchecked. The opera opens "Rosenkavalier"-fashion with Vitellia in a double bed from which Sextus has evidently just risen. Annius and Servilia at the close of their duet sink into an amorous clinch on the paving stones of the piazza. A pantomime of a mute Berenice's departure from Rome, in a galleon that must have added quite a lot to the budget, is both unnecessary and puzzling to any members of the audience ("Who she?") not well up on their Roman history. It's also quite unmatched to the music of triumphal assembly to which it is enacted. At the end, Mr. Ponnelle pairs off Vitellia and Sextus. Metastasio did so, too, in the libretto from which Mozart's was adapted, but Mozart didn't. The omission is surely deliberate: that particular marriage hardly bears thinking about. Mr. Ponnelle's penchant for adding eavesdroppers is less in evidence than in his "Idomeneo," but the whole gang did drop in around the edges during Titus' interview with Servilia. If some crucial lines of recitative had not been cut, what they overheard there would have put paid to any further action. These are things that can easily be righted during the run. Cast changes may right the main dramatic fault of the performance: that Vitellia and Titus are played as comic-cut caricatures. In "Idomeneo," Hildegard Behrens' Electra moved the audience to mirth by the silent-movie frenzy of her final scene. In "Tito," Renata Scotto's Vitellia drew laughter as, with loping, cameline gait, dressed in an immense blue crinoline, suggesting nothing so much as the Duchess in "Alice," she advanced upon Servilia; as she crouched beside the prompt box in voodoo attitudes to listen to Sextus' "Parto;" as, in the second act, she paced swiftly in small circles to register agitation. And Kenneth Riegel invested Titus with popping eyes, sudden, jerky gestures, and choppy utterance that made him an emperor more grotesque than gracious.

The greatness of Mozart's opera was revealed by Covent Garden's 1974 production, a landmark in Mozart history, a presentation that caused widespread revaluation of the work and gave practical demonstration of what some modern Mozart scholars, turning up new facts about the genesis of "Tito," had started to claim: that the opera, long regarded as a cynical potboiler dashed off by a sick man, is in fact a carefully considered piece of work; that (as I put it after the City Opera's 1979 production) Mozart's thought had for years been turning toward the composition of an opera seria that would also be—in his own phrase—"a real opera," one that in richness of music and depth of true emotion would transcend the facile opere serie of his contemporaries as completely as his human comedies had transcended their lightweight opere buffe. Mr. Ponnelle's production, first seen in Cologne in 1969, had prepared the way for the revaluation. It used all Mozart's numbers, in Mozart's order. (A 1949 Salzburg production had embellished the score with gems from "Idomeneo;" the City Opera text was shortened and shuffled.) But it was, and is, a less nearly complete representation of Mozart's drama than Covent Garden's version, which treated the opera as a masterpiece needing no apologies and no tricking out for a modern audience. Some of Mr. Ponnelle's embellishments have been mentioned; in addition he obscures the clear shaping of Mozart's score by introducing many more scene changes than the composer called for. And to some extent he slights the drama by his very heavy abridgment of the recitative. Covent Garden cut some of it. Here great chunks are missing—even, at the very start, Sextus' account of Titus' character and citation of his famous utterance ("*Amici, diem perdidi*," at the close of a day on which he had not done his good deed), and, later, the imperial contribution to the Vesuvius Relief Fund. The recitatives were not composed by Mozart, and they are musically undistinguished, and so it is tempting to cut



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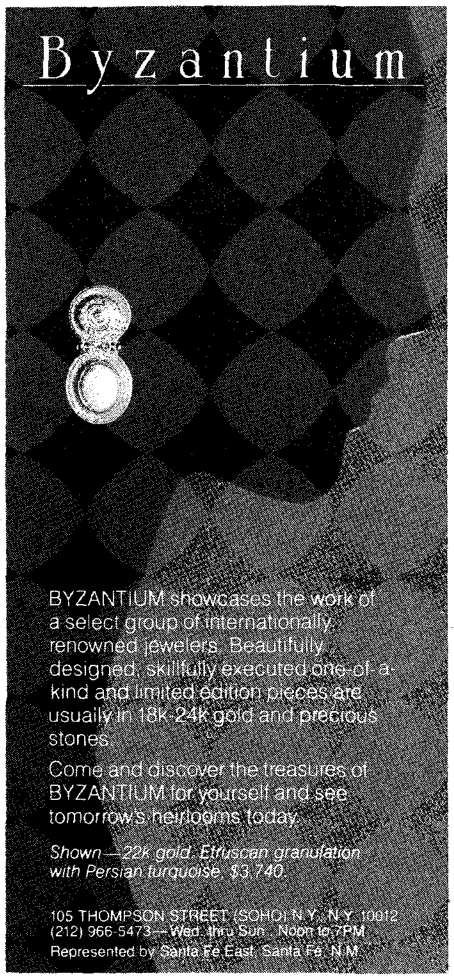
them to the bone. But they are part of Mozart's scheme, they delineate the characters, and they create the situations then explored in the musical numbers. Moreover, they are written in noble dramatic verse that lends itself to noble dramatic declamation. Voltaire, in the preface to his "Sémiramis," described Titus' interview with Sextus and his subsequent soliloquy as "two scenes worthy of the finest that Greece ever produced, if not superior . . . worthy of Corneille when he is not ranting, and of Racine when he is not flimsy." Caterino Mazzolà, who adapted Metastasio's libretto for Mozart, kept the former scene intact (at the Met it's much shortened) and abridged the second but lightly. Miss Scotto—the only Italian in the Met cast—showed how powerful and interesting the recitatives can be when they are freely and tellingly delivered. For the rest: well, I suppose most people pay small attention to the words of a musical drama when it's sung in a foreign language. The Met Guild has published an admirable new bilingual libretto of "Tito" that sets out the complete text; passages that audiences might like to know about even though they will not hear them sung are indicated as such. The stylish English translation is by David Stivender.

The instrumental performance, under James Levine, was on a high level: clear, lively, and well balanced. His tempi were convincingly chosen. Each number was given its distinct musical character. Roger Hiller was an expressive clarinet soloist in "Parto," and Vincent Abato an expressive basset-horn soloist in "Non più di fiori." The singing was patchier. Titus, a tenor, is a steady font of clemency. The drama depends on the prima donna, Vitellia, an emperor's daughter, proud, passionate, and unscrupulous (has anyone written a study of the fiery, vengeful women recurrent in Mozart's operas?), finally repentant; and on the primo uomo, Sextus, Vitellia's lover and Titus' friend, torn between sexual enslavement and moral imperatives. (The first Sextus, in 1791, was the castrato Domenico Bedini, described by a contemporary as a mountain of flesh unpleasing to eye and ear; three years later in both Vienna and Prague a woman took over the role.) Vitellia and Sextus open the opera with dialogue and a duet (her line proud and scornful, his drooping from resolution into spaniel curves), and toward the end each has a great



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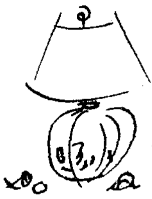

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rondo—Sextus' "Deh, per questo istante" and Vitellia's "Non più di fiori." Miss Scotto's Vitellia, as I said, was exaggerated in her acting and vivid in her recitatives. Her singing was uneven, and of "Non più di fiori" she gave a cautious, pianissimo account, the notes barely sounded. Tatiana Troyanos was due to sing Sextus, but on the first night she was ill; this was disappointing, for her Sextus in Mr. Ponnelle's television version of the opera was magnificent—one of the best things she has done. Ann Murray, billed as Annius, took over (she was the Sextus of the City Opera staging) and gave an accomplished but, in the context of this large production, somewhat small-scale performance. All Tituses I've heard have been defeated by the coloratura of the emperor's final aria, "Se all'impero." Mr. Riegel was no exception; in fact he made heavier weather of it than most. In the smaller roles, Gail Robinson (Servilia), Ariel Bybee (the substitute Annius), and John Cheek (Publius) were fairly able but unremarkable.

Mixed feelings, then; but preponderantly gladness that the great opera has joined the Met repertory at last, in a handsome staging and on Mr. Levine's secure musical foundation. An early critic of "La Clemenza di Tito," Heinrich von Kleist's uncle Franz Alexander, who attended both the Prague première and its 1794 revival, wrote about it well: "The singing line is constant, most excellent in the andantes, heavenly sweet, filled with emotion and expression. The choruses have pomp and are noble. In short, Gluck's nobility is united to Mozart's original art, his outpouring of emotion, and his irresistible harmonies." Perhaps only his conclusion goes too far: "Connoisseurs are uncertain whether 'Titus' does not even surpass 'Don Giovanni.' "

—Andrew Porter

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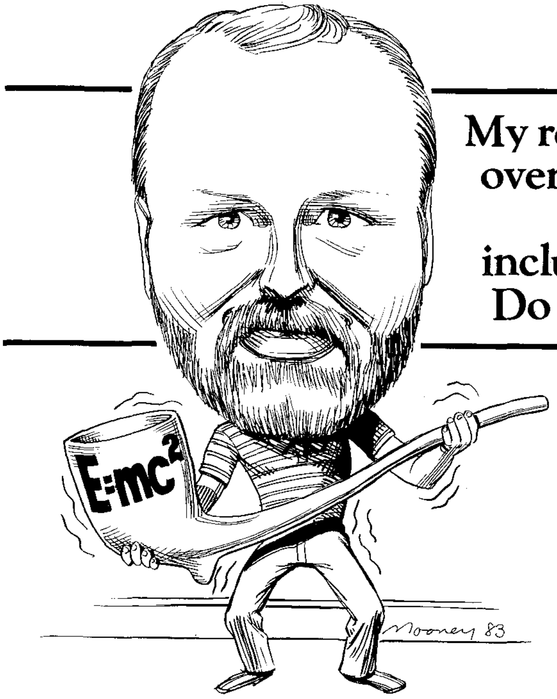
[*From "The Lonesome Gods," by Louis L'Amour*]

Mrs. Weber looked around at me. She was on her side with a rifle in her hands, and surprisingly, she winked at me. "Don't you worry, son. We'll be all right." —*Page 16.*

Miss Nesselrode opened her eyes to look toward Farley, who sat on the driver's seat. I had not noticed before how large her eyes were. She caught me looking at her, and with a perfectly straight face, she winked.

I jumped. It was so unexpected, and I had never seen a lady wink before, although Papa sometimes did. —*Page 58.*



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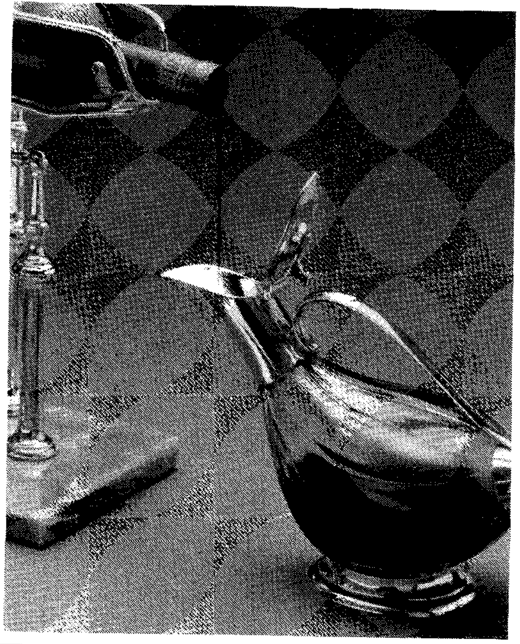

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A CELEBRATED media adviser—one of those figures who are technically paid to be in the wings of politics but who get treated at the height of campaign seasons like center-stage Pooh-Bahs, little lists in hand—announced a few months ago that the November-after-November victories of most incumbent candidates (in the House of Representatives, over ninety per cent of such contenders make it) reflect the voters' yearning for stability in a volatile world. Sometimes forces outside politics may inadvertently encourage voters to go with what they know. On Election Day in 1982, the last time New Yorkers chose their representatives in the House and the State Legislature, the local television listings showed that the independent station Channel 11 was featuring "Casablanca" that evening. Facing the happy prospect of settling down later to watch the familiar faces and chime in with the familiar lines ("That is my *least* vulnerable spot." . . . "If it's December, 1941, in Casablanca, what time is it in New York?" . . . "Of all the gin joints in all the towns in all the world . . ."), quite a few New Yorkers who entered the voting booths may have found it particularly easy to opt for rounding up the usual suspects. So far, there have been no long-run experiments with the appeal of the tried-and-true lines to rival one that continues in Massachusetts. In 1955, when Thomas (Tip) O'Neill was serving his second congressional term, a restaurant called Casablanca opened in Cambridge, which is in his district, and offered on its jukebox a record of Dooley Wilson playing "As Time Goes By," from the movie soundtrack. A rather depressing item in the Washington *Post* a couple of years ago reported that Casablanca's jukebox was programmed to play only that number from opening hour to closing. This was never the case, but the restaurant's proprietors agree that a tourist from the nation's capital might have got that impression, since it is a very popular selection. It's still played perhaps half a dozen times a night, as it may be on the evening this month when O'Neill, the old familiar, is elected to his seventeenth term. Following the example of O'Neill, the thirteen out of this city's fourteen House members who are running for reëlection this year constantly stress their incumbent status as the voters' old friends (you must remember this) and mention the mutually beneficial tradition—continuity and all—of being allowed to stay where they are. The fourteenth House member from New York, Queens Representative Geraldine Ferraro, is, of course, otherwise occupied—personifying the break with the old ways of doing things which reserved for men all major-party nominations for national office. It's no surprise that she has had little to say these last months about the compelling appeal of familiar faces, of lines heard a hundred times before, and of the tradition of reëlecting incumbents. By contrast, on the municipal scene her fellow-Democrat, Mayor Edward Koch, although he is not up for reëlection until next year, has for many months been bearing down heavily on the value of the known versus the unknown and from time to time—stretching the concept of reëlecting incumbents somewhat beyond its customary limits—announcing that he plans to be Mayor of New York "forever."

Although the Twenty-second Amendment prevents President Reagan from entertaining similar ambitions, the benefits of the tried and true are understandably a cherished theme at the White House, and it seems that every few days some media commentator obligingly mentions that Ronald Reagan is marching to a favorite tune that the people know the words to. The importance of continuity was spoken highly of earlier this year by Nancy Reagan. "I don't think we've had a continuity, really, since Eisenhower," she said. "Just as people get used to somebody, they're gone." She added, "It makes it difficult," although her perception of the difficulty was not well advertised in 1980, when Jimmy Carter was, as it turned out, about to be gone. Last July, Philip Caruso, the head of the local Patrolmen's Benevolent Association and president of the Uniformed Forces Coalition, an alliance of police, correction, and fire officers, endorsed Reagan for the Presidency. Caruso, who frequently complains that most elements of the local criminal-justice system are soft on crime, said that the coalition was supporting the President because "this country needs continued stability, at home and abroad." A few days later, it was reported in Washington that Secretary of Labor Raymond Donovan, who has been criticized for his lack of contact with most labor unions, was taking credit with the Reagan campaign for having obtained the endorsement. Even in situations where faces and dialogue are familiar, plot lines may take unexpected turns, as happened early in October, when Donovan—the Secretary of Labor in an Administration with an aggressive commitment to law and order—introduced a note of instability by becoming the first incumbent American Cabinet member to have a criminal indictment handed up against him. The indictment, by a Bronx grand jury, on evidence that was for the most part provided by 1979 Federal Bureau of Investigation tapes, included a hundred and thirty-seven counts of grand larceny and fraud, involving alleged actions by him and his associates in the Schiavone Construction Company—of which Donovan was formerly executive vice-president and is still a part owner—in connection with a hundred-and-eighty-six-million-dollar contract to build a tunnel here under the East River. Bronx District Attorney Mario Merola charged that Donovan had benefitted from

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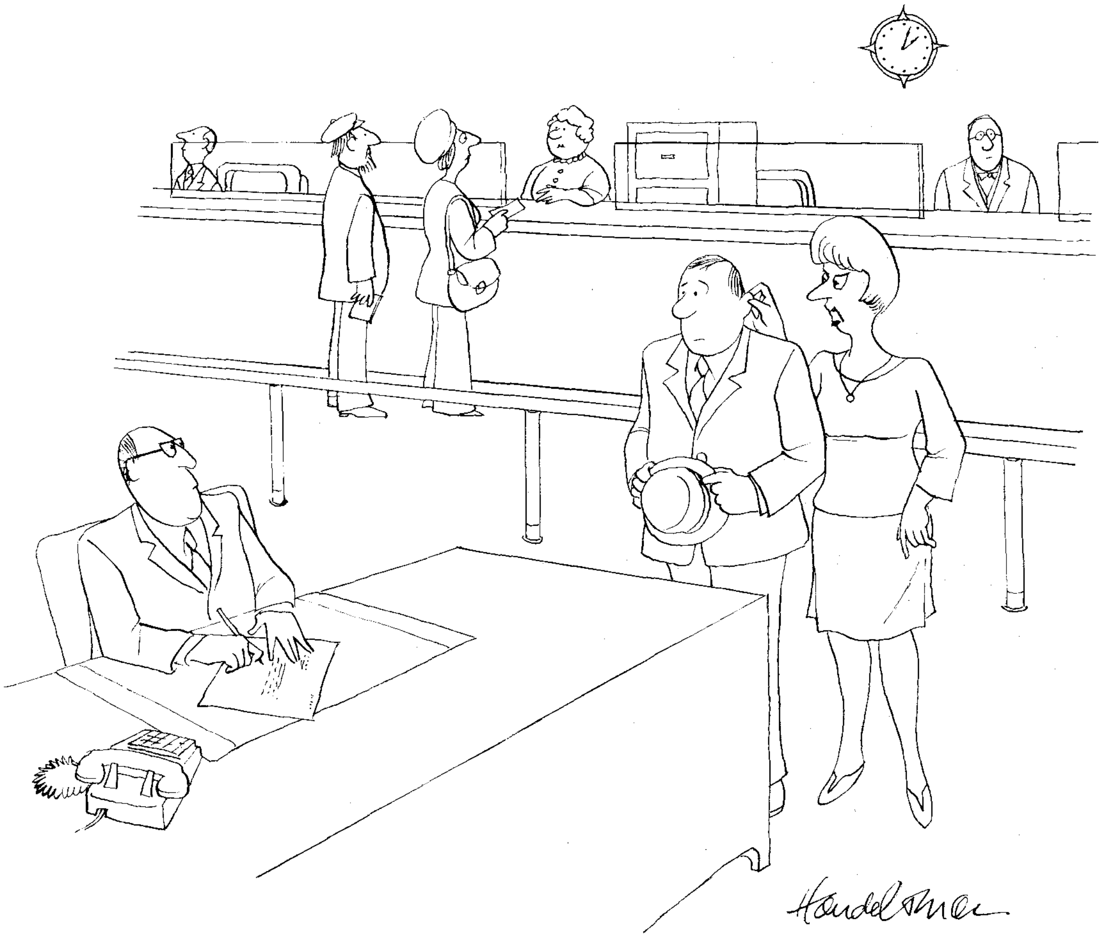


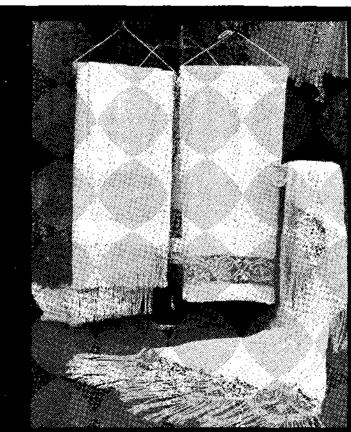
"Mr. McElroy, this gentleman wants to withdraw over a thousand dollars from his account."

• •

what he called the "skullduggery." Donovan accused Merola, a Democrat, of having committed "a political hatchet job." The same tapes had been available to Leon Silverman, the federal special prosecutor named by the Justice Department to investigate Donovan in 1982, and Silverman had not recommended an indictment. However, the special prosecutor's mandate was more limited than that of Merola, and Silverman may not have shared New Yorkers' sense of outrage after two witnesses who had agreed to testify on Donovan's actions in the special prosecutor's investigation were murdered and their bodies dumped on the city's streets—one on lower Fifth Avenue and the other in the South Bronx. The second dumping, that of the body of Nat Masselli, a minor member of a local organized-crime family, occurred, Merola complained, "almost in front of my house." Taking the murder personally, District Attorney Merola, who pointed out last month that "homicide is not political," made sure that his office found and convicted the hoods who committed it and, as he said after the indictment, "we just backed into the rest of it." The relatively muted outrage displayed in Washington against the indicted Secretary of Labor may have reflected the traditional view there and in many other parts of the country that bizarre things can happen to perfectly worthy people in New York's five boroughs—particularly, perhaps, the déclassé Bronx. Possibly playing on this sentiment, Donovan got a laugh from reporters who met him at the Washington airport, after he was arraigned here, when he told them, "Washington is a helluva lot nicer than the Bronx—I can tell you that."

Though the Donovan indictment may not affect the Presidential election, it could have changed the lineup in next year's New York mayoral race. In a city whose voter registration is over five to one Democratic, Republicans in recent elections have openly given thought to running a politically congenial Democrat for mayor on their line: in 1981, Koch, campaigning for a second term as a Democrat, sought and won the Republican nomination as well. Late last August, George Clark, the state Republican chairman, a longtime Reagan supporter who took over as chairman after the Reagan victory in 1980, called Merola the most impressive of the city's five district attorneys and "a standup guy," who should be considered for the Republican nomination to run next year against Koch, of whom Clark now speaks with intense loathing, because of various moves made by his 1981 mayoral candidate that the chairman regards as betrayals. The indictment of Donovan by Merola probably means that in 1985 the Republicans will settle on someone other than the Bronx District Attorney—perhaps even Koch, who, although he is not popular with some people, including Chairman Clark, may be politically invincible.

To Republicans elsewhere who have spoken—at least, until the last few weeks—of their party's possibly carrying all fifty states in the Presidential election, the fact that Republicans here might be in the mortifying position of having to nominate a Democrat on their mayoral line no doubt makes New York seem an even weirder place than advertised. Although this was the Presidential year when New York was supposed to be politically out of it, the Democratic Convention in San Francisco turned into a New York celebration, with Governor Mario Cuomo's smashing keynote speech and the nomination of Ferraro—like Cuomo, a resident of Queens (or, as George Bush referred to it a couple of months ago, "the Queens;" possibly he was thinking of "the Bronx"). Present-day New York Republicans remained essentially out of it at the G.O.P. Convention in Dallas, but in the Convention rhetoric Democrats—contemporary and otherwise—from this state received considerable attention. By some estimates, New York's onetime governor Franklin D. Roosevelt was mentioned more often in Dallas than



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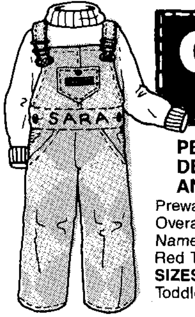

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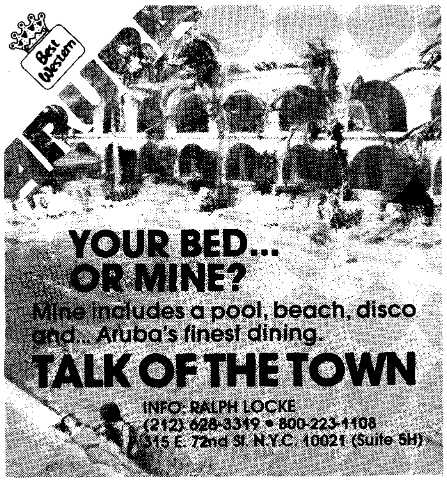

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he was in San Francisco. Cuomo, who is not at present a candidate for anything, was singled out twice—unfavorably—in the speech by Senator Paul Laxalt, of Nevada, nominating Reagan for reëlection. The first time was for his past references to the family of government: "If you're tempted to believe with Governor Cuomo that government is like Mom and Pop rather than Big Brother, just ask yourself . . . when was the last time all the I.R.S. wanted from you was a hug and a kiss?" In the same speech, Laxalt told the Republicans, "I can't help but wonder what's happened to the once-great Democratic Party when the Democratic Governor of New York goes out of his way to attack the Catholic Archbishop of New York. Shame on you, Mario Cuomo!" In this pitch for the Catholic vote, Laxalt was referring, of course, to Cuomo's response to Archbishop John O'Connor's statements that Catholic officeholders, such as Cuomo—and Ferraro—who in their private lives accept their church's teachings on abortion have an obligation to try to make that position the law of the land. Laxalt then invoked the name of still another New York politician, Alfred E. Smith, four-time governor of the state and the first Roman Catholic nominee for the Presidency, whose defeat in 1928 is often laid at the door of anti-Catholics, especially those in the Southern Bible Belt, who deserted the Democratic Party in large numbers. Referring to what he called Cuomo's "attack" on O'Connor, Laxalt asked the Republicans in Dallas, "What would Al Smith say?" Smith, who would surely have been astonished to find that abortion is now legal in the United States, might also have found it hard to get used to a political world in which prominent Catholic bishops seem to be on the same side as many leading Bible Belt preachers in support of a Presidential candidate's stand on religion. In recent weeks, the bishops of Buffalo and Philadelphia joined Reagan at campaign appearances but stayed away from those of Ferraro, the only Catholic on the national ticket. (When Smith campaigned in Oklahoma City during the 1928 race, crosses were set afire; his speech there pleading for religious tolerance was poorly received, and, the next night, a Protestant evangelist got a far more enthusiastic reception in the same auditorium with a sermon entitled "Al Smith and the Forces of Hell.") Laxalt was not the only Re-

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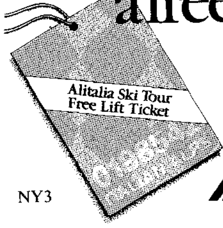

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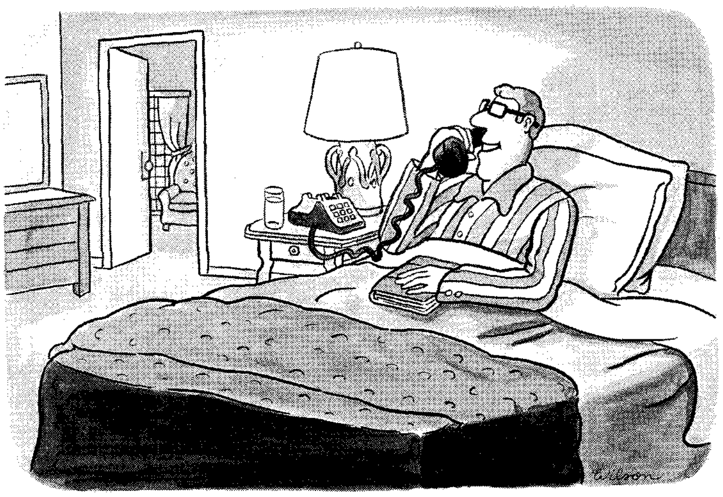
publican to mention Smith in Dallas. Accepting the nomination, the President hit the theme that Democrats who were disgusted with the betrayals, including the "drunken spending," of the "once-great Democratic Party" should desert it for the Republicans—as Reagan himself had. He reminded them that among the Democrats who had done so had been "Al Smith, the Happy Warrior—who went before the nation in 1936 to say on radio that he could no longer follow his party's leadership." Smith's life after his break with the Democrats and his friend Roosevelt was not, in fact, a particularly happy one. In the years before he died, in 1944, he would sometimes amuse himself by leading dinner guests out of his Fifth Avenue apartment and across the street to the Central Park Zoo. There he would stand in front of the tigers' den and snarl "Roosevelt!" at the tigers until the tigers, to his satisfaction, snarled back. In view of his pleasure in the 1936 Smith precedent, it was no surprise that, besides his speech to the United Nations, the President's one appearance in New York City in the month before the election was at the annual dinner honoring Al Smith.

THE President did not march in the Columbus Day parade here or attend the grand ball preceding it, but Vice-President Bush was welcomed as a stand-in for him by Charles Gargano, the Long Island builder who, by happy coincidence, is not only chairman of the Columbus Citizens Foundation, which presides over the annual Italian-American festival, but executive director of the Reagan-Bush campaign in the state. Originally, the Vice-President was scheduled to march some feet behind Sophia Loren, the grand marshal, but on the big day Gargano had him trot right alongside the popular Italian actress. In the days before the parade, Gargano had frequently boasted to friendly reporters that he had fixed things so that it would be a big Republican event. He even passed along the word that Miss Loren had told him that if she were an American she would be a Reagan voter. On the morning of the parade, the *News* story—its headline was "IT'S SOPHIA AND BUSH; FRITZ ODD MAN OUT"—reported that "The maneuvering has put the G.O.P. ahead of the Dems, 3–0." The three Republican stars would be Bush and, marching just behind him, Gargano and New York Senator Alphonse D'Amato,



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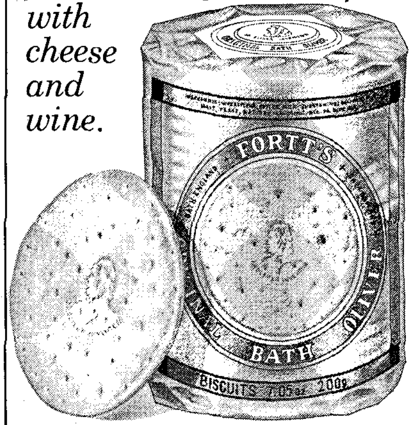

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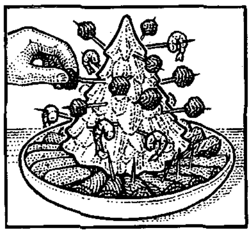

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who is bracing himself for a race against Geraldine Ferraro if the Democratic Presidential team should lose this month—and who, according to the *News*, might have had something to do with making sure that Ferraro, the first Italian-American candidate on a major-party national ticket, would be nearly at the end of the lineup of dignitaries. Gargano had announced that "protocol" required that Bush lead the political lineup, to be followed by himself and other prominent members of local Italian-American organizations, then state and city officials, and finally members of Congress, such as Ferraro. After Mondale announced that he would be marching, there was no move to have the man who, for protocol purposes, was only a *former* officeholder march anywhere near the 3-0 stars. This plot line, too, took an unexpected turn. The Republicans and Miss Loren marched along to light applause, and the Vice-President was almost immediately transported out of there by limousine. By Democratic design, there was then a gap of ten minutes or so, after which the members of that party, led by an exuberant Mondale, Ferraro, Cuomo, and Koch, took over the parade. The headline in the next day's *News* was "DEMS STEAL A MARCH." Though there were a few Reagan-Bush placards in the crowd, which stood five or six deep along the line of march, they were almost lost in a sea of Mondale-Ferraro signs, held by Democratic celebrants chanting "Mondale-Ferraro" and "Gerr-*y*." A reason for much of the Democratic exhilaration was the fact that it was the morning after Mondale's first debate with the President, generally judged—and not only by Democrats—to be an upset win for his side. Mondale, still twenty or so points behind in the polls, called the event "the most fantastic parade I have ever been in in my life," and added, "I think New York is getting ready to elect me President." By contrast, Gargano and various representatives of the Columbus Citizens Foundation said they were "outraged" and "appalled" at the Democrats' behavior at what, they pointed out, "is supposed to be a nonpolitical event." From the photographic coverage in the Reagan-boosting New York *Post*, however, one might have got the impression that the parade had been a Republican triumph: the *Post's* front-page picture showed Bush and Sophia. Inside, the photo accompanying the paper's account of the parade was of the Vice-President and Mrs. Barbara

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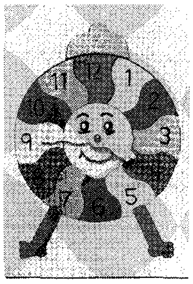

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Bush, who had marched a few feet behind him. There was jocular speculation by some observers that she might have done so to keep an eye on her husband and the handsome actress. Others decided that she was glad to put as much distance as possible between herself and Ferraro. It had been on the plane coming up to New York that she had referred to her husband's opponent as the word that "rhymes with rich."

On October 11th, three days after the big Italian-American parade here, when Bush and Ferraro met in debate, it was the first time a woman had participated in such a national event. By coincidence, October 11th was also the day that Dr. Kathryn Sullivan made history by being the first American woman to walk in space. And it was the centennial of the birth in this city of one more revered Democratic political figure, whom the Republicans—to a degree that would surely have staggered most past G.O.P. leaders—have been eager lately to pay homage to: Eleanor Roosevelt. Nancy Reagan had presided over a White House luncheon in her honor earlier in the week, but the formal commemoration was on her centennial day, at Hyde Park, where the main speaker, Governor Cuomo, said, "Wherever people refuse to accept the denial of human rights, wherever they are working to heal wounds or feed the hungry or shelter the homeless, wherever they are fighting injustice or hatred or inequality, Eleanor Roosevelt is being remembered. . . ." By coincidence, Mrs. Roosevelt's hundredth birthday occurred in the same month as the publication of "The American Pope: The Life and Times of Francis Cardinal Spellman," by John Cooney. Some aspects of the life of Cardinal Spellman, the head of the New York Archdiocese from 1939 until his death, in 1967, offer a reminder that what has been interpreted as pro-Republican activism on the part of some American bishops recently is nothing new in American church history. As Mr. Cooney reports, Spellman detested Mrs. Roosevelt and all she stood for. In 1949, after she wrote an article opposing the use of public funds for parochial schools, citing the importance of the separation of church and state, the Cardinal, in a public letter, accused her of engaging in "discrimination unworthy of an American mother," and also wrote, "I shall not again publicly acknowledge you." The controversy became so heated that

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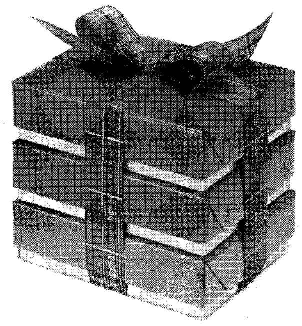

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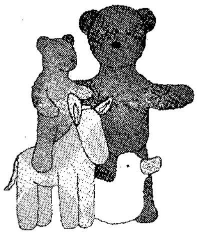

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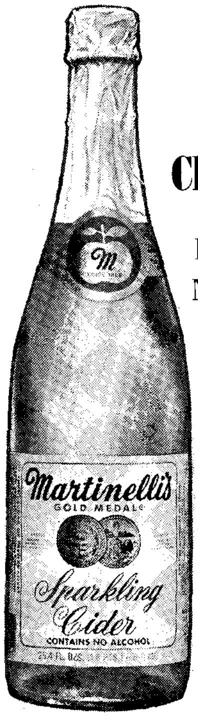
President Truman dispatched to the Vatican a close ally who happened to be on friendly terms with Pope Pius XII: Edward Flynn, the Democratic boss of the Bronx, an area obviously then held in higher esteem in Washington than it is today. The Pope promised Flynn that he would have Spellman make a gesture of conciliation. A few weeks later, the Cardinal stopped by Hyde Park to discuss the "misunderstanding," explaining that he just happened to be in the neighborhood. While he was there, Mrs. Roosevelt made the suggestion—to which he quickly agreed—that he drop his opposition to Herbert Lehman for a seat in the United States Senate, where he would be the state's first Jewish senator.

Not visible at Hyde Park on the day of Mrs. Roosevelt's centennial were any of the buttons, available around town, that say "I HAVEN'T COME ALL THAT WAY AND DON'T CALL ME BABY"—soon to be amended, perhaps, to include "OR SOME NAME THAT RHYMES WITH RICH." Those studying how far women have come could consider an episode in the nineteen-forties, when a local reporter wrote to ask the former First Lady whether the names of the Roosevelt children had been consciously chosen in accordance with old Dutch tradition—the first son for the father's father, the second for the mother's father, the first daughter for the mother's mother, and so on. Mrs. Roosevelt's response was "I do not know what system my husband used in naming the children." For those who think that women haven't come all that far, there was this summer's spectacle of the Republican and Democratic Conventions, in which the occupants of the networks' anchor booths—three or four per booth, every one male—solemnly discussed the long delay in including a woman on a national ticket, in all cases speaking, as the journalist wife of one of them later put it, "without a trace of irony." (You people who are married to network anchormen—you know what it's like.)

BOTH Mondale and Reagan were scheduled to speak at the October 18th dinner given by the Alfred E. Smith Foundation, an annual event usually attended in Presidential election years by the Presidential candidates of both major parties. Set up by Cardinal Spellman, in 1945, in honor of the former governor, the dinner raises funds for local charities, most of



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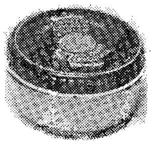

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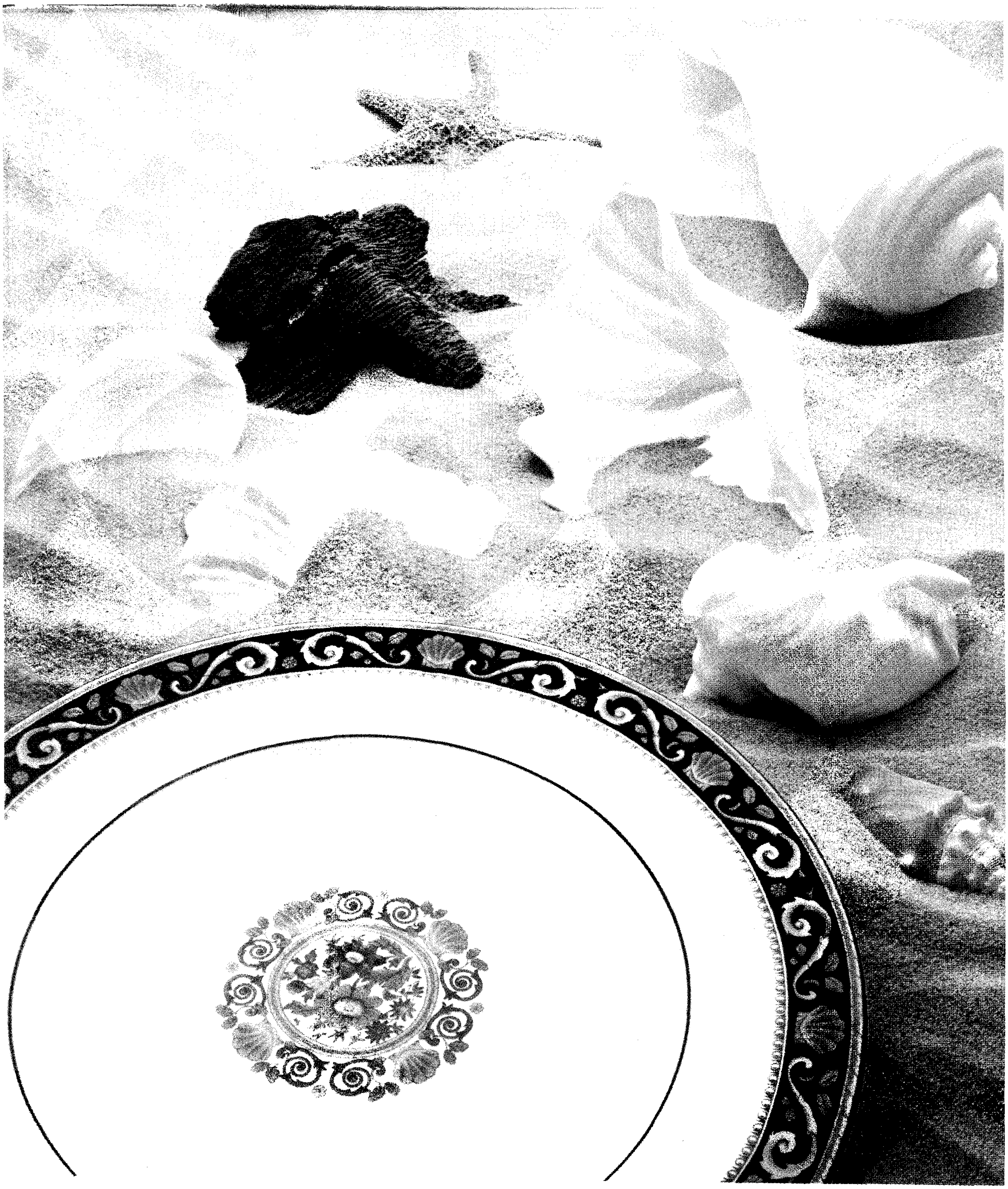

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them those overseen by the New York Archdiocese. On October 11th, Mondale wrote to Archbishop O'Connor explaining that because of the need to prepare for the second debate with the President he would be unable to come. William Hennessy, the state Democratic chairman, then requested that Ferraro be allowed to attend in Mondale's place, but, in a vote that was said to have been unanimous, the foundation's board declined the request, explaining that no one had ever been allowed to substitute for a Presidential candidate at this dinner. The board members were then reminded that in 1972 Vice-President Spiro Agnew had come in place of Richard Nixon, but their decision remained firm. The White House fact sheet given out to reporters on the day of the dinner did not acknowledge the Agnew exception, there apparently being no eagerness to go along with Mondale's suggestion that, instead of trying to take over such Democratic heroes as Roosevelt, Truman, and John Kennedy, the Republicans should bring up the names of "their own heroes," such as Agnew.

The response here to the controversy over the dinner invitation was generally partisan: Republicans claimed it was an insult for Mondale not to attend, while Democrats deplored the rejection of Ferraro. City Council President Carol Bellamy, who is expected to be a candidate for mayor against Koch next year, said, "She's as much of a pioneer as Al Smith was," and called it "somewhat shocking that they didn't invite the first woman Vice-Presidential candidate, who also happens to be Catholic and from New York City." Some prominent Democrats who had bought tables stayed away from the dinner, including Mrs. Averell Harriman, whose husband, ninety-three this month, set his own political pattern by breaking with Republican family tradition and voting for Al Smith in 1928. One of her invited guests, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., who described the event as "entirely pro-right Reagan" and accused O'Connor of trying to turn it into a Reagan rally, also stayed home. Cuomo recently recalled to Michael Oreskes, of the *Times*, that in 1982, when Terence Cardinal Cooke was still alive, Cuomo and Lewis Lehrman, running as, respectively, the Democratic and Republican candidates for governor, had attended the dinner. "The seating arrangement wasn't particularly choice," he remem-

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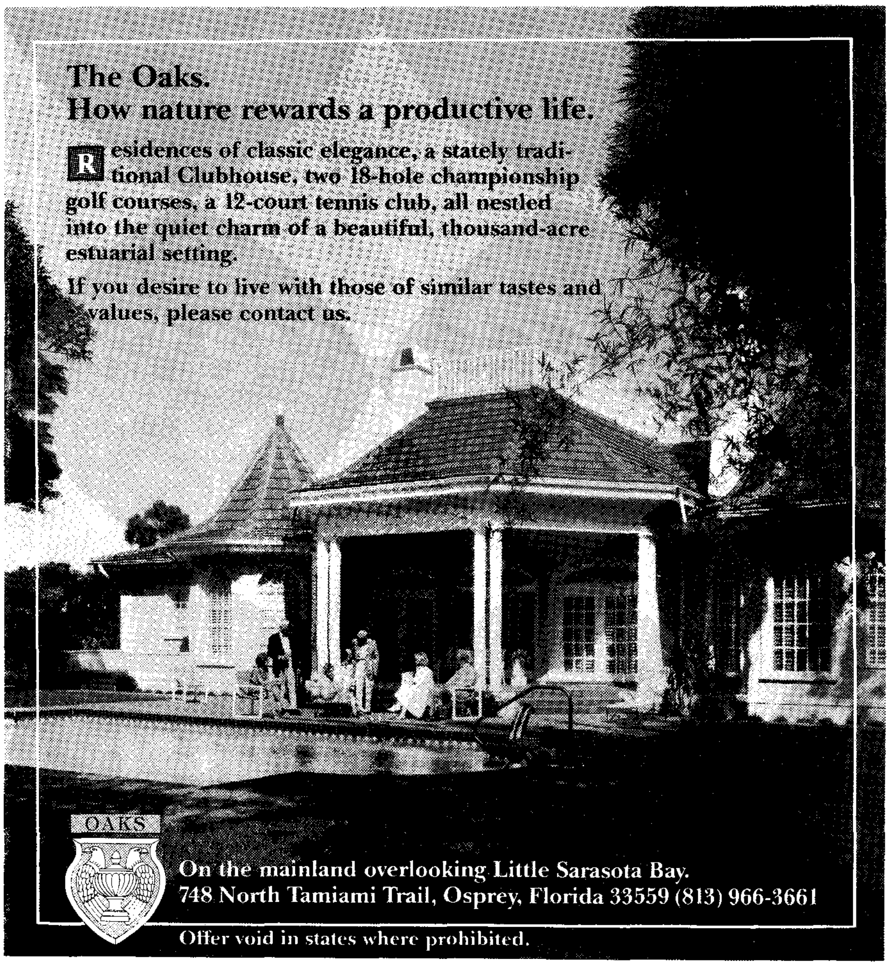
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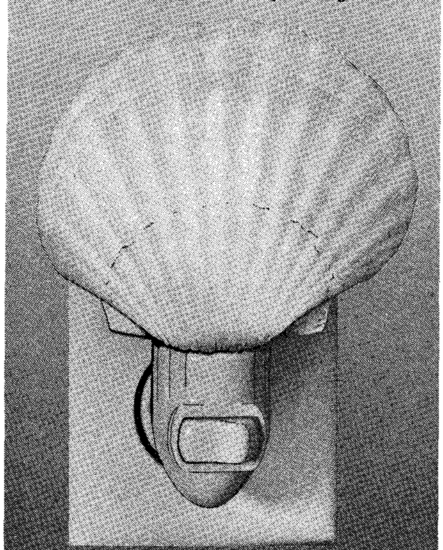

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bered. "They had Lehrman and Bush lined up with the Cardinal, and they had me with the waiters." Mondale's name was roundly booed when his letter declining the dinner invitation was read. Immediately afterward, however, a few people in the balcony, one of them a priest, shouted down, "What about Gerry?" Mayor Koch had called Mondale's decision not to attend the Al Smith dinner "the dumbest thing I ever heard of," but he declined to criticize the rebuff to the Democratic Vice-Presidential candidate. After the dinner, the President and the Archbishop posed for pictures together, and at one point the Mayor joined them, the President apparently having taken a forgiving view of Koch's statement to a Jewish group after the first Presidential debate, "Do you want Ronald Reagan's finger on the button? Let me tell you, that finger shakes." Cuomo did not take part in the big photo opportunity. When the various dignitaries were introduced from the five-tier dais, Koch got the most applause after the President and O'Connor. It was understandable that it was a crowd that Koch felt at home with. After all, as the result of his having run on the G.O.P. line in 1981, he *continues* to be a Republican officeholder. Despite the dinner-invitation dispute, there were signs that some of the voices on all sides were growing more moderate in tone. The Administrative Board of the United States Catholic Conference issued a statement last month that was clearly intended to correct the impression that it looked favorably on bishops' meddling in political contests. In September, Bishop James Timlin, of Scranton, O'Connor's former diocese, had denounced Ferraro's position on abortion, calling it "absurd" and "contrary to the behavior of a good Catholic." In a discussion of the Vice-Presidential candidates, he had referred throughout to "Mr. Bush" and "Geraldine." A few weeks later, Timlin wrote her a letter, saying that no matter how the election turned out he hoped she understood that she had a friend in Scranton. Asked by reporters why he had called her "Geraldine," he sounded genuinely perplexed at the question and asked what she would prefer to be called. "Vice-President" was the answer from the back of the room.

Governor Cuomo had insisted that Mondale's non-attendance at the Al Smith dinner was "no big deal," since he doubted if voters in, for example,

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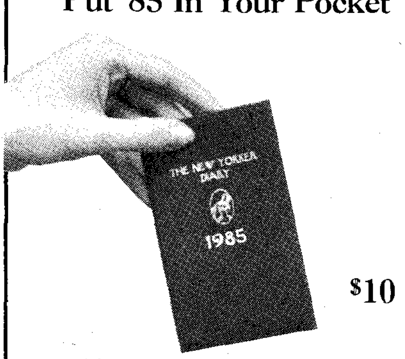

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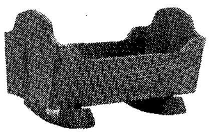

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California or Illinois had the faintest interest in whether or not the candidate stayed away from some New York event. In fact, even in this city most of the news space on the day of the dinner was given over to quite different developments. A good-looking young woman had been arrested for running an extensive bordello operation on the upper West Side, and it was discovered that not only did she have important social connections but her lineage could be traced back to William Brewster, of the Massachusetts Bay colony. The *Post* printed the family tree as well as what it called "nudie pix" of the Mayflower Madam, as she was immediately dubbed. The Police Department was congratulated for its good work on breaking the Mayflower Madam case, but the commissioner's office had something else on its mind. On the same day, the *News*, in an exclusive story by Suzanne Golubski, revealed that, through the Freedom of Information Act, it had obtained a report, prepared by the city's Department of Investigation but never released, on various activities of Benjamin Ward, then the Commissioner of Corrections, who was sworn in last January as the city's first black Police Commissioner. Among the revelations was the fact that on at least seven occasions in a three-month period he had used his prison office as what the report called a "motel" to entertain a woman friend. Koch's appointment of Ward as Police Commissioner had been welcomed by the black community and had quieted some of the complaints by local minority groups that the Mayor was running a virtually all-white administration. Ward's performance in the months since he took office has been highly praised, some of the praise being for his imposition of harsh disciplinary measures on police officers who step out of line in any way. After the *News* story appeared, Koch said that he saw no reason to take any action against Ward (who also admitted that he'd been drunk when making a speech at a P.B.A. convention last summer), because such episodes would never happen again. A woman police officer who had been dismissed for having posed nude for a porn magazine before she joined the force said that she, too, would never do that again and asked for a reconsideration of her case. The Mayor repeated that he would take no measures against his Police Commissioner, though he would do so if any nude photographs—which he did not call "nudie

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pix"—turned up. No stories involving deficits, missile gaps, or conflicts between church and state could compete with that kind of daily news menu. Indeed, on the day when Bishop Tutu, of South Africa, won the Nobel Peace Prize, and it was discovered that he was right here in the city, teaching at the General Theological Seminary, in Chelsea ("BELLS PEAL ON NINTH AVENUE" was the front-page headline in the *Times*), the *Post* never found room for the story at all.

In local black and Hispanic communities, when residents are offended by some action by Mayor Koch, they sometimes set up a chant of "1985! 1985! 1985!" in honor of next year's mayoral election, when they hope to change his plans to be mayor forever. As this year's Presidential election grew more imminent, it often seemed that Democrats here and elsewhere were constantly chanting "1948! 1948! 1948!," honoring the year of President Truman's great upset. Democratic heroes weren't all that the Republicans took over in 1984. It seemed that the cheery nineteen-thirties number "Happy Days Are Here Again" was played less often in San Francisco than in Dallas, where it was featured even on the night of the President's acceptance speech. The appropriation could not be called felonious, however, since the Democrats had largely abandoned it in favor of hard-rock and electronic numbers. In this city, where Republican politicians have little to celebrate, they take immense comfort in their conviction that, on the national scene, anyhow, November 6th will be a day when, one more time, the fundamental things apply.

—Andy Logan

●

MOST DISAPPOINTING CORRECTION OF THE WEEK

[*From the West Palm Beach Post*]

Playing it Straight. Due to a typographical error, a Sept. 28 advertisement for Family Practice Centers, a medical care facility with offices in Lantana, Lake Worth and West Palm Beach, listed among its services *sorcery*. The word should have been *surgery*.

●

Indians were a hearty group, Forsythe said, recalling the story of a Mrs. Dillon who had a baby in the morning and by noon had walked three-quarters of a mile to show the child to his mother.—*Gig Harbor* (*Wash.*) *Peninsula Gateway*.

Considerate as well as hearty.

THE THEATRE

Alone

Whoopi Goldberg is giving a one-woman show at the Lyceum, under the unchallengeably accurate title of "Whoopi Goldberg." In an article in the *Village Voice*, Guy Trebay writes, "Whoopi Goldberg, one of the great actors of her generation, is a thirty-five-year-old Californian, born in New York, raised Catholic, with a made-up Jewish patronym. Her Christian name is invented, too, although who can say that somewhere in ecumenical heaven there isn't a Saint Whoopi, patron of junkies on the nod, of quick-change artists, or of impossible good luck?" The luck to which Mr. Trebay refers no doubt includes the fact that when Miss Goldberg was playing here last year at the little Dance Theatre Workshop, on West Nineteenth Street, Mike Nichols saw her show, admired it, and volunteered to arrange a Broadway début for her. Miss Goldberg is highly gifted, and she performs her various monologues with a skillful mixture of farcical bravado and touching woebegoneness, but I can't help feeling that the Lyceum is an ideally unsuitable theatre for her—that, indeed, almost any Broadway theatre would prove too austerely cavernous for her purposes. What she seeks to achieve with her audiences is an intimacy that is possible only in a relatively confined space, where she can mingle with and, if she chooses, actually reach out and touch members of the audience; on the broad, old-fashioned proscenium stage of the Lyceum, when she bends down to seize the hands of people in the first row the gesture becomes, under the circumstances, an artificial one, working against her intentions instead of with them. Moreover, her small body moving through the spooky darkness of the Lyceum stage causes the characters she portrays to seem even more waiflike and vulnerable than they need be; their roles as she has written them strike me as being of a stronger and harsher nature than the roles that we observe her playing.

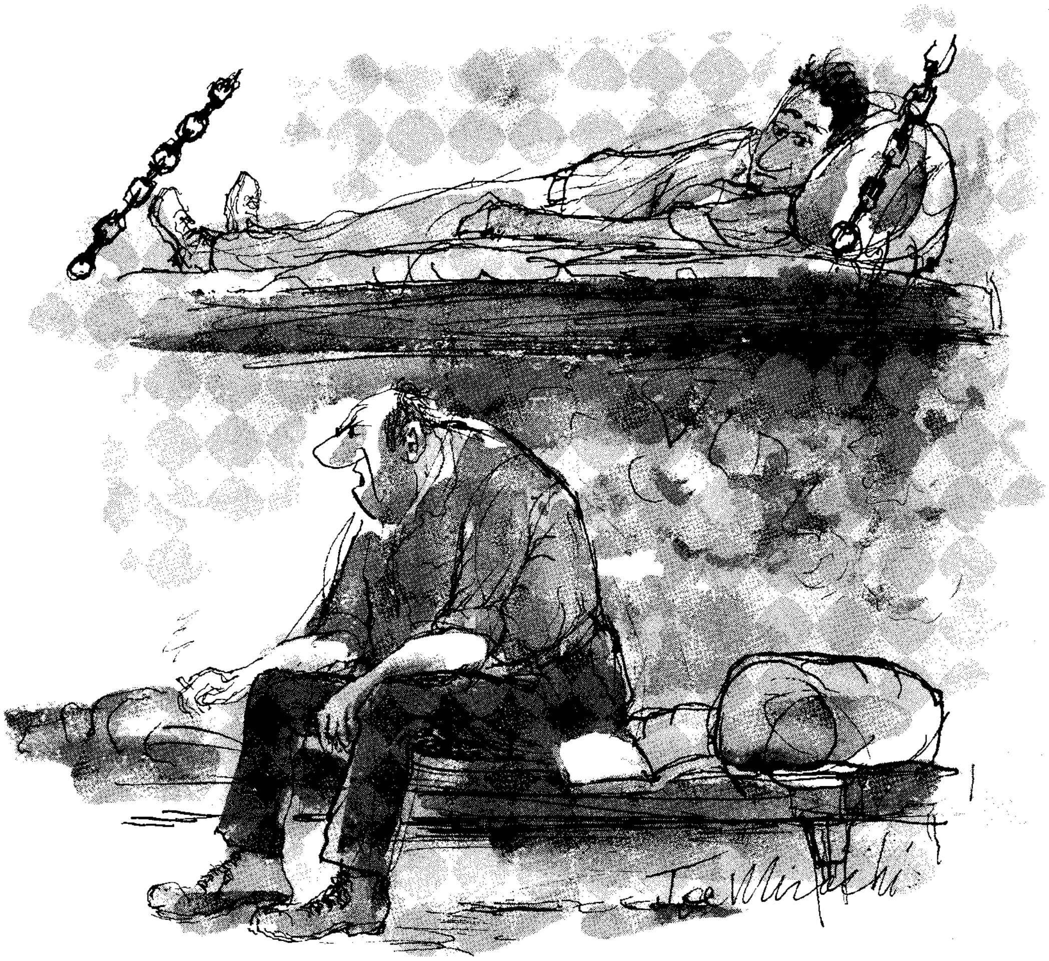
Mr. Trebay's judgment of Goldberg as one of the great actors of her generation must be based on his having seen a great deal more of her work than is on display at the Lyceum. It may also be that as a writer she is not putting her best efforts before us; I found her sketches diffuse and overlong and continuously at the mercy of her gaining a laugh at any cost. At the performance I attended, the laughter came regularly and, to my mind, arbitrarily, for sometimes what prompted it was an unbroken string of conventional gutter-language obscenities. We live in an age of hype, and by bad luck the verbal hype that we appear all too willing to submit to is mere mindless garbage, through which, not without difficulty, emerge evidences of the intelligence and wit that Goldberg has at her command.

—Brendan Gill

OFF BROADWAY

Second Time Better

The revival, after eight years, of Stephen Sondheim's "Pacific Overtures," at the attractive little Promenade, is a pleasant surprise. In this new, miniature edition, the show's pomposity has been deflated (hot air out, fresh air in) and its irony somewhat lightened, though not lightened enough; a few songs that were swamped in the first production can now be heard and enjoyed; and the humorous presence and performance of Ernest Abuba, as the Reciter (and a shogun and an emperor), set the tone of the show. The book, by John Weidman, is about the armed intrusion into Japan, in the mid-nineteenth century, of the United States, followed by other European countries, and Japan's eventual corruption by the West. In his review, in 1976, Brendan Gill called attention to several major historical inaccuracies in this thesis;



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they remain uncorrected, but the libretto doesn't seem so obtrusive or such a pain this time. What counts is the production, in the deft hands of Fran Soeder—the acting and singing, the ingenuity of the staging, and the sets (by James Morgan) and the splendid costumes (by Mark Passerell). In Kabuki style, all the principal roles are played by men, and the fifteen able actors of the company double and triple and switch sexes as called for. Besides Mr. Abuba, I admired Kevin Gray, Tony Marino, Timm Fujii, and Chuck Brown (as a shogun's mother and a British admiral).

"WHAT'S A NICE COUNTRY LIKE YOU DOING IN A STATE LIKE THIS?" was a fresh, acute little revue that ran here in 1973. Its humor and point of view, so dependent on circumstances, could not, I felt, ever be recycled. Cluttered with fond memories, I did not look forward to its updated revision, "What's a Nice Country Like You *Still* Doing in a State Like This?," at American Place. Five minutes into the show, I knew I had been wrong: "What's a Nice Country . . ." (1984) is a buoyant and entertaining show from beginning to end (which comes much too soon for me). That this should be so is a matter of the company as much as of the book and music. The state of the country has changed, of course, but the five young performers—two female and three male—are more than equal to the changes, being as gifted as their predecessors and, mysteriously, just as cheerful. They are Krista Neumann, Diana Szlosberg, Brent Barrett, Jack Landron, and Patrick Richwood. Many of the sketches are holdovers; a few are new. Most effective are flash impersonations by Mr. Landron of the Reverend Jesse Jackson at his most rhetorical, followed immediately by Ed Koch at his most self-doting. "But I Love New York," a kind of reverse serenade to this city, sounds fine the second time around, and so does the rousing "Come On, Daisy," which ends the show. There is plenty of good humor and some wit, though the wit is scarcely sharp or harsh enough to be considered satiric. Cary Hoffman wrote the melodic score, played with spirit by pianist John Spalla. The bright lyrics are by Ira Gasman. Miriam Fond directed.

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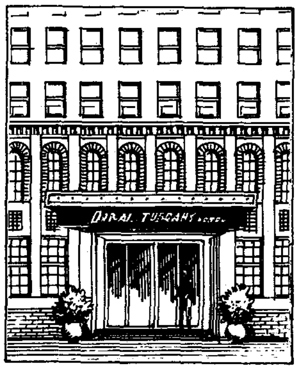

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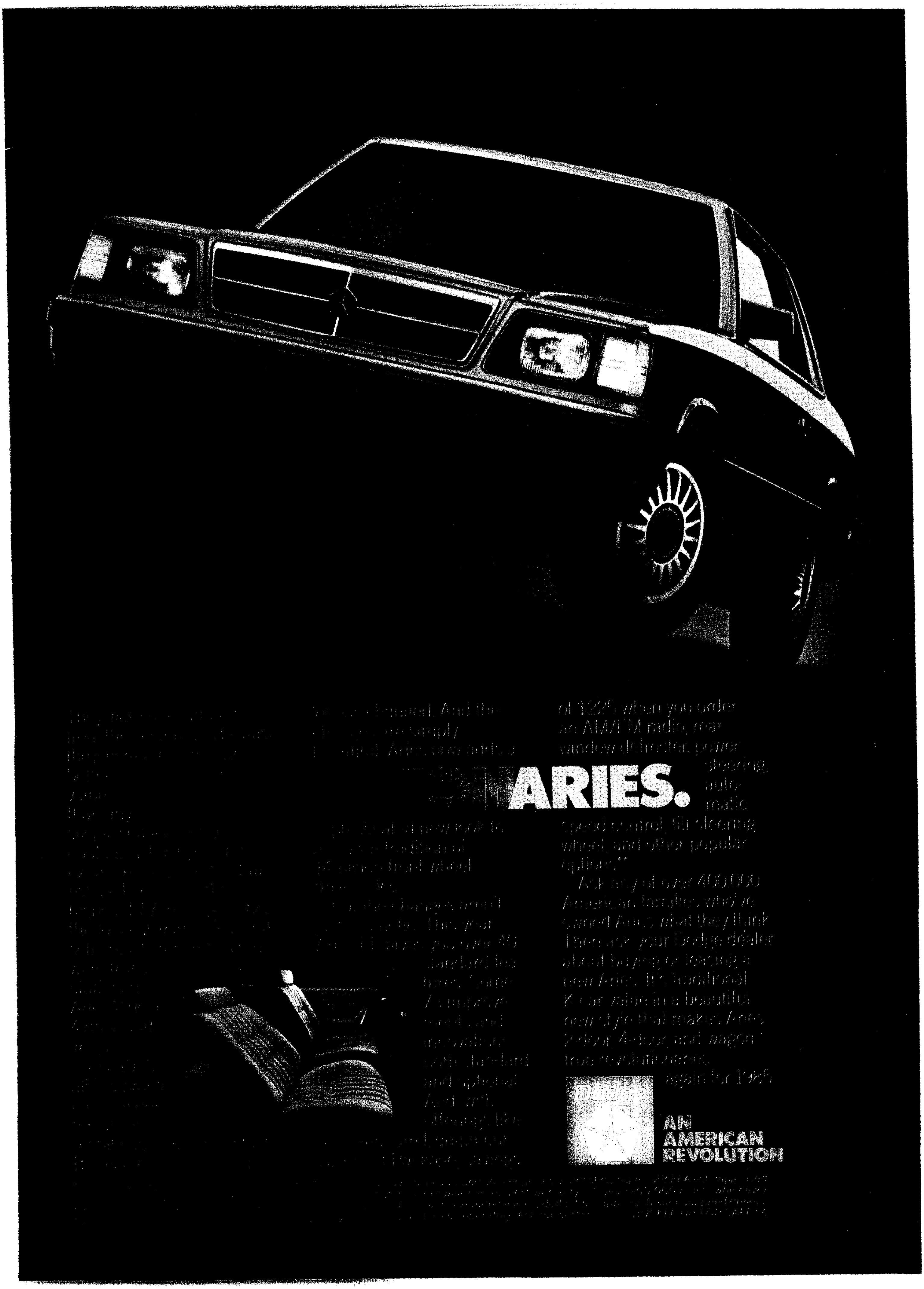

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and although it was not invented by Isaac Bashevis Singer he has made it seem the stuff of folklore, as readers of his books for children can attest. His "Shlemiel the First," which opened last week at the Jewish Repertory (Off Off), is set in Chelm, sometime in the nineteenth century, and it tells the simple story of a simpleton. Shlemiel is the beadle of the Three Wise Men of Chelm, who send him off on a pilgrimage to spread their "wisdom" around the world. (When his wife protests, with sobs and tears, they settle for half the world.) En route, he runs into a smart, mischievous peddler, who advises Shlemiel that he must set his boots out at night with their toes pointing away from Chelm, so that when he awakens he can proceed in the right direction. Shlemiel lies down and goes to sleep, and the peddler, of course, reverses the boots. Shlemiel awakens, retraces his steps, and is convinced that the town he reënters is a duplicate Chelm, in which reside a duplicate wife and children and duplicate sages to pester him and cheat him of his wages. That is the joke at the heart of this comedy, and the number of changes that Mr. Singer has rung on it would surprise you. The shenanigans—if that word doesn't seem out of bounds in this context—are presided over by the rascally peddler, who stands at the side of the stage, barely concealed by a scrim, and punctuates the action with bells and various percussion instruments.

Mr. Singer has written the play with the absolute logic that is essential to nonsense, and the company performs it agreeably, under Edward Cohen's direction. Zane Lasky is the beaming hero; Karen Ludwig is his wife; and Michael Slade is the rascally peddler. The scenery, costumes, and lighting, all commendable, were by Ray Recht, Debra Stein, and Dan Kinsley, respectively, and the music and sound effects were by Margaret Rachlin Pine. —EDITH OLIVER

• •

WHITE BIRDS

A million birds fret in the damp trees.
These fragments disturb me,
except for the repetitions of the doves.

I remember your white body,
an odor like almonds
spilling over in that house of stone,
red flagstones, white walls.
Again and again you saw me leave,
when the steam in the kitchen silvered the window,
when the wine spread on the tablecloth.

This is not a sad story—
it is only difficult, and it does not end.

We said later we would spend the last of our lives
together—
the rain pressed out of the clouds
and continued its dull business in the garden.

Once, I saw myself, insubstantial as water,
reflected in your other woman's mirror.
Light blew in and out of the windows,
and your hand settled like an angel
on my shoulder.

Because we are never enough,
we repeat ourselves, over and over.

Slips of paper
lie scattered at my feet.
It is still raining.

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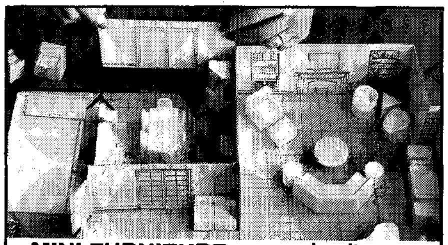

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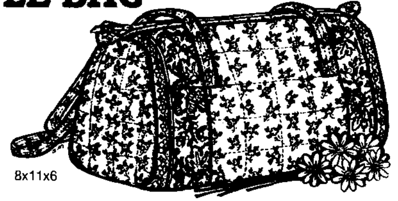

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BOOKS

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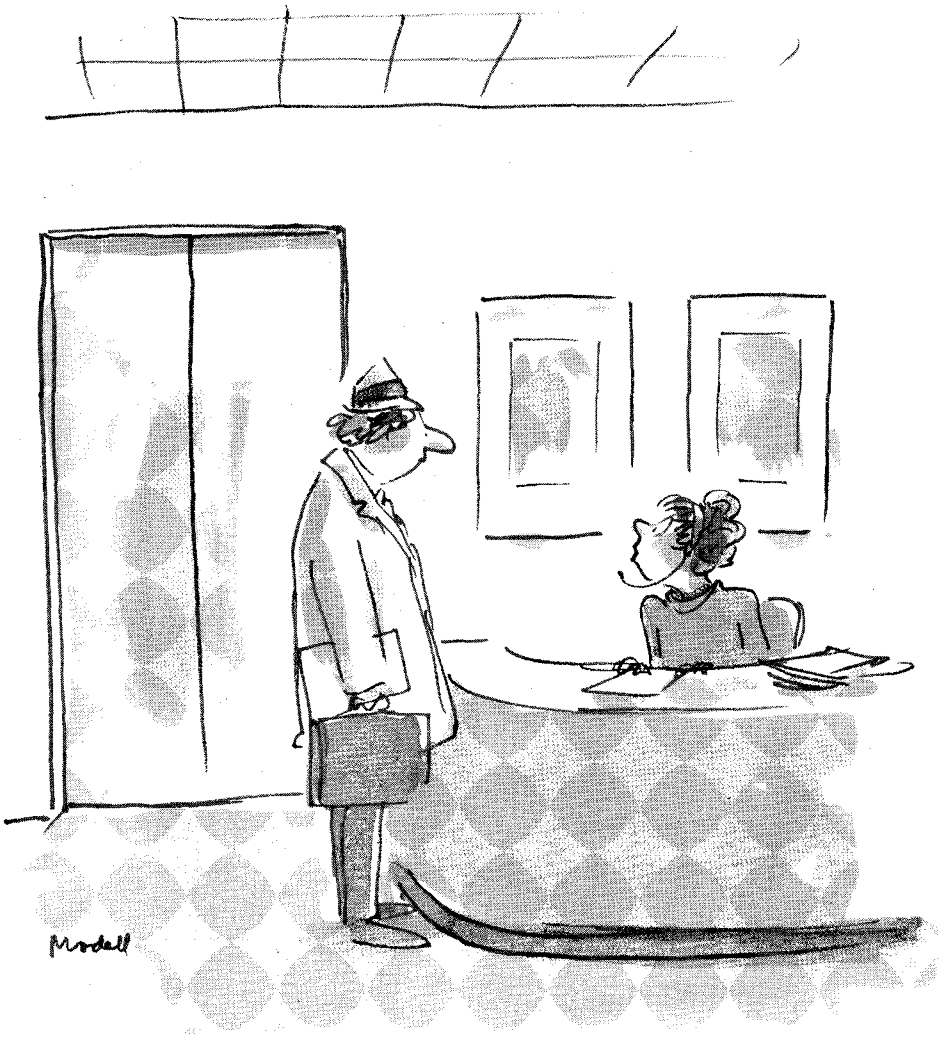
TAKE a group of female college friends. Simmer them in the postgraduate decades, tossing in timely headlines and fashions to taste. Add lovers, husbands, fathers, deaths, and at least one lesbian relationship. Bring to a boil close to the present time, and serve. This recipe, or something like it, seems to be a popular one; Rona Jaffe can't stay away from reunions, and Mary McCarthy's "The Group" put Candice Bergen in the movies. Now Alice Adams, the distinguished short-story writer, has come up with "Superior Women" (Knopf; $16.95), which takes five Radcliffe students—Megan Greene, Lavinia Harcourt, Peg Harding, Cathy Barnes, and Janet Cohen—from their first meeting, in June of 1943, in Cambridge, to a June exactly forty years later, in northern Georgia. Readers of Ms. Adams' short story "Roses, Rhododendron" will be reminded of it—it, too, tells of female friendship dating from the forties and sustained by letters, though the girls are ten instead of seventeen. As in the pairing of Lavinia and Megan, the one girl is cool and Southern and the other is needy and "hot," with an eccentric mother and the antique business in her background; superficially antithetical, both girls are intelligent and bookish and become, somehow, one. Such female alliances repeat throughout "Superior Women," in a number of forms, across an American landscape of great breadth and sharp detail. Cambridge and Boston, New York and White Plains, Fredericksburg and Chapel Hill, Palo Alto and San Francisco, west Texas and north Georgia are some of the locales knowingly evoked; as the characters become ever more mobile, erotic trysts take them to passingly vivid hotel rooms in Alaska and Hawaii, so that a survey of our American vastness, not omitting the newer states, appears to be in progress. As happened in "The Group" twenty years ago, a natural short-story writer's avidity for the telling detail becomes, extended over a wide-ranging plurality of characters and events, rather actuarial, and a certain bleakly notational texture overtakes the survey, and the reader feels that he is not so much enjoying vicarious experience as overhearing gossip.



"Mr. Hobbs wants to know how upset you'd be if he turned you over to an underling."

The first hundred pages of "Superior Women" move slowest and least skimmingly; they take place at Radcliffe between 1943 and 1946. Megan, back home in Palo Alto, has been smitten by "a post-prep school boy from New England," George Wharton, whose "compellingly exotic" looks, clothes, and accent excite her to a lifelong romance with things Eastern. She comes to Radcliffe—a bold, continent-spanning move—and meets the four other superior women of the title, all bright, we are somewhat insistently assured, and all resident in Barnard Hall; Janet Cohen, because she is Jewish, stands apart from her three housemates, of whom Lavinia is outspokenly anti-Semitic. The intricacies of remaining "technical virgins," the degradations of dating drunken and inept college boys, the rise and fall of romantic passions, the subtle but intensely felt shifts of closeness among the young women are lovingly and expertly laid bare. Megan, the most full-bodied and ardent of them, surrenders her virginity to a Jewish section man, Simon Jacoby, while her original heartthrob, George Wharton, defects to a girl of his social class; Lavinia crosses her own class lines to love the Irish Gordon Shaughnessey, who inconsiderately dies of a burst appendix; Peg unexpectedly collapses into pregnancy and marriage; Cathy is whirlwind-courted by her fellow-Catholic Phil-Flash Flannigan; and Janet remains the patient admirer of the exuberant, foulmouthed, gifted, and Marxist Adam Marr. Graduation Day arrives and they go their separate ways, if they haven't already gone. Janet marries Adam, and Lavinia, done mourning Gordon Shaughnessey, marries the uninspiring but presentable Potter Cobb. Megan, after a year in Paris with the Marrs and

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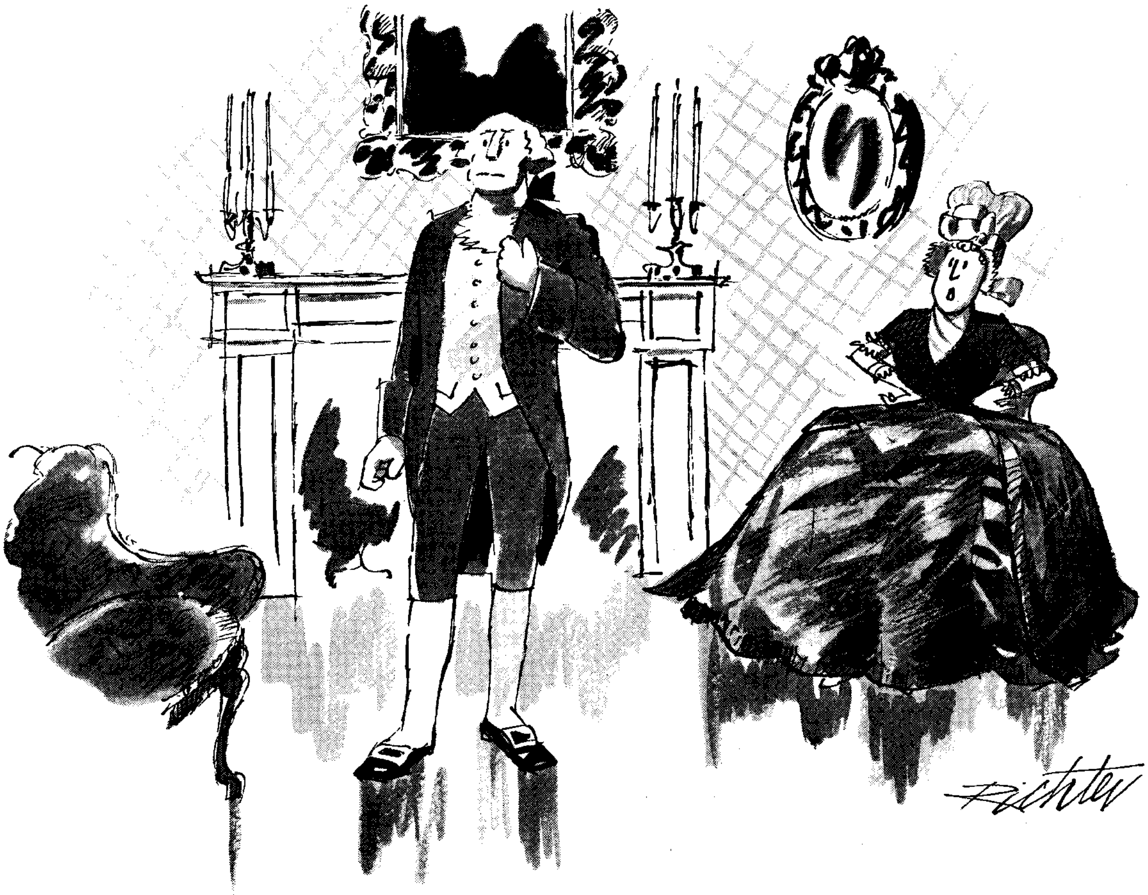

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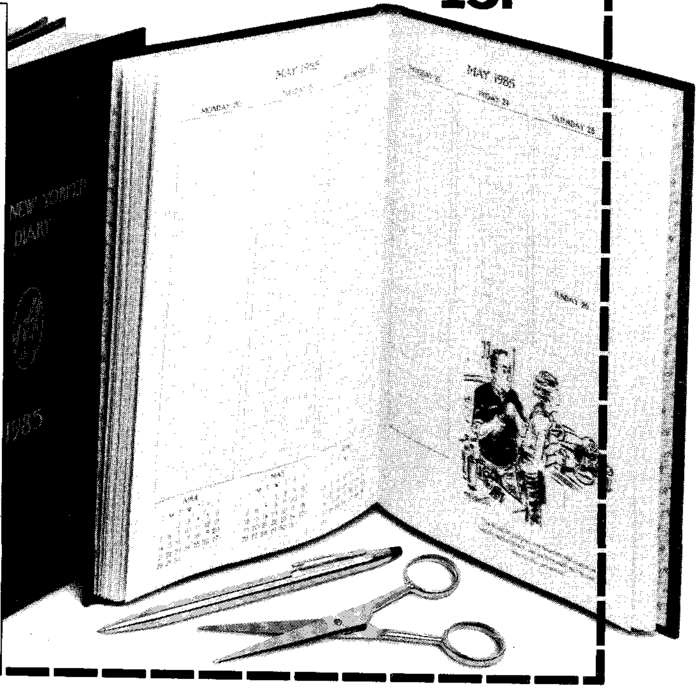

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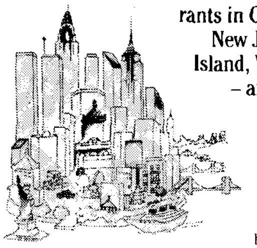

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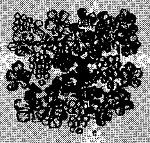

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others, travels to New York, carries on with a gorgeous black trombonist called Jackson Clay, works in publishing, and becomes a prosperous literary agent. She lives on West Twelfth Street; uptown, Lavinia settles into an East Sixties life of parties, interior decoration, and creeping dissatisfaction. Peg endures four children and the Texas climate until fondness for her Negro cook, Cornelia, leads her into social consciousness and rebellion. Cathy attends graduate school at Stanford and sees a priest a few times too often. As to the Marrs, Adam makes a great splash as a playwright and goes from being obnoxious to atrocious, while the divorced Janet heads for the haven of a medical degree. And that's not the half of it; the book in its latter stretches has so much plot, so summarily relayed, that it reads like the class notes crowded at the back of an alumnae magazine. Children and traumas and political movements are reduced to rumors that pop up in letters or conversations among the rapidly aging old friends; it all bounces along so briskly that the author seems to assign no importance to these events save a demographic one: this is what tends to happen to you if you graduated from Radcliffe in 1946. Typically, you marry, are miserable, have some miserable children, and take comfort in pills and romantic affairs (Lavinia) or communal living and liberal activism (Peg).

Though there is a good deal of ethnic cross-reference in the text of "Superior Women," its many characters fall almost entirely into four groups: blacks, Jews, Irish-Americans, and upper-class Wasps. The Wasps are the heavies, with their ghastly clubbiness and haughty prejudices; just their melodious names —Lavinia Harcourt, George Wharton, Potter Cobb, Connie Winsor, Cameron Sinclair, Price Christopher —would make even a middle-of-the-road reader see red, and when the toniest name of them all, Henry Stuyvesant, turns out to have no money and to have once joined the Communist Party we still find it hard to love him. Whereas the blacks are beautiful people: Jackson Clay a great musician, if a little stoned in his later, Hawaiian phase, and Cornelia loyal and gentle and so intelligent that just a perfunctory sprinkling of money turns her from a cook into a schoolteacher, and Vera, who is Mexican and only *looks* black, the perfect match at last for dear, big, good-hearted Peg. The Jews, too, are beyond reproach. What-

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ever the job set before them, they do it: Janet Cohen Marr becomes a good interne ("Considered very able, I believe," Dr. George Wharton grudgingly admits), and her son Aron has written "a very good novel," about a gay relationship; Barbara Blumenthal, the literary agent who hires Megan, "is a very successful woman, who manages at the same [time] to be quite simply *nice*;" and Simon Jacoby, to whom Megan entrusts her defloration, does it nicely. Blacks and Jews, in this book, are invariably figures of comfort. Wasps represent privilege and power; their hegemony, covertly asserted in a conspiracy of correct schools and addresses, of intertwining acquaintanceships and similar family antiques, becomes overt in the sinister figure of Harvey Rodman, a crippled and fantastically rich insider in the Administration of Richard Nixon. He boasts to Lavinia, "It's exciting how few people we've managed to get it down to, just a very few, in total control. There's not much spreading around these days, baby doll, in terms of real power." And, somewhat like Fu Manchu in bygone days, "he laughs, excitingly." Only the Irish have in them the potential to be good or bad—to be human, in short. Adam Marr, though he doesn't seem—"light brown curly hair, a big nose, thin face, and large, intense blue eyes"—very Irish, is labelled as such and clearly designed, with his sensitivity and outrageousness, to arouse ambivalent feelings in the reader. Cathy Barnes, too, remains mysterious, as her wit turns to bitterness, and her austerity to martyrdom. Megan Greene, the heart and heroine of the novel, oscillates between her "strong, eager needs" and her habit of getting top marks, her sexual and her intellectual prowess, her passion for the circumspect Henry James and her headlong falls into love.

Lavinia and Megan are, like the two little girls of "Roses, Rhododendron," matched opposites: "tall thin blond, impeccably expensively dressed Lavinia—and plump dark Megan, in her slightly wrong California clothes." The compounded attraction and repulsion between them should be the axis of the novel, around which its many lesser worlds turn. If this doesn't quite work, it is not for any failing of vitality and believability on Megan's part but because Lavinia doesn't get, as a character, a fair shake: her purported intelligence ("Actually, perhaps surprisingly, Lavinia herself has a remarkably high

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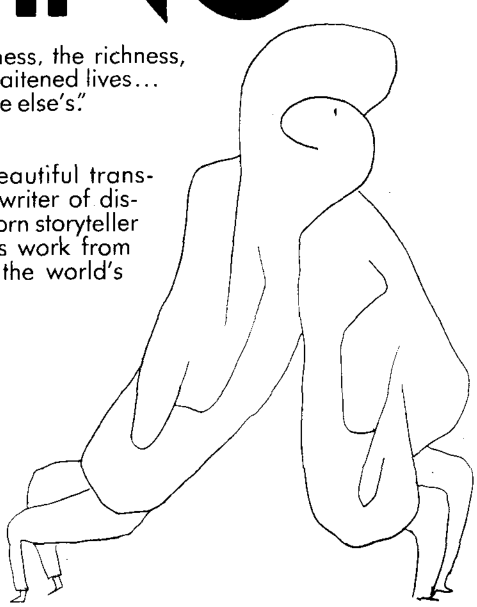

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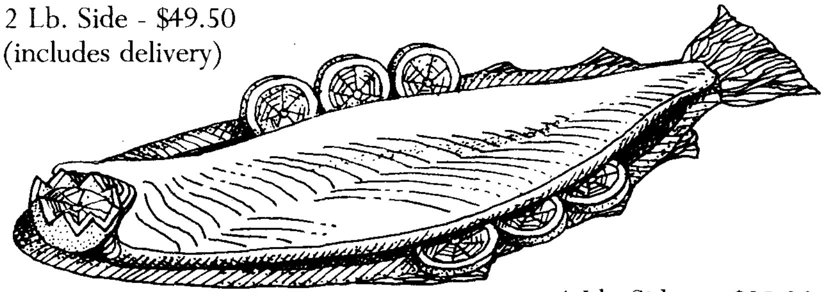

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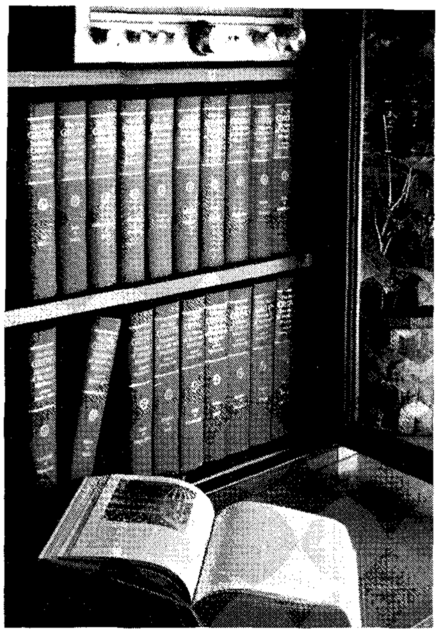

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IQ; in those numerical terms the two girls are identical") is buried under the reflexive snobbery, the feral schemingness, the ossified narcissism that the author loads upon her, for political reasons; she symbolizes the sterility of the haves. Too rarely is Lavinia allowed to shed the accoutrements of her class. Toward the end, she and Megan have parallel breakdowns, and for a moment, dreadfully feeling her fifty years of self-indulgent, wasted life, she stands naked and confused: "But then she begins to cry again—crying, shivering, everything out of control, nothing as intended, as meant. She is an ugly white old woman, all goose-flesh, crying, crying, and every single minute getting older, uglier." Momentarily rescued, by Megan's lover, from this ugliness, she uses the rescue to perpetrate ugliness of her own design; the author restores her to her formal status as "rich and beautiful and rich and wicked" and drops her from the novel like a used-up paper doll. She has amounted to less than we might have hoped from the Radcliffe pages. Megan, self-described as "poor and innocent and slightly simple," is intended to command our sympathy, and does; but are we supposed to feel something lamely collegiate about her life's culmination, in 1983, at a feminine dormitory in the Georgia hills, meddling in good works among the Atlanta underclass and snuggling into her weekend visitations from a Chapel Hill professor? Are we supposed to suspect that her tried-and-true beau, his physical charms detailed down to (or up to) his giraffelike eyelashes, is just a senior wimp? They once intended to marry, but put it off for one of the strangest reasons in romantic fiction: they were depressed by the election of Richard Nixon as President. "Both Megan and Henry find it surprising that this event should be a factor in their personal lives, but the truth is that they are both so depressed by Nixon that they are stunned into a sort of immobility." "Superior Women," indeed, makes much of Nixon, who may end by finding his way into more works of the literary imagination than any executive since King Arthur. The Second World War whisks by in a hazy flecking of uniforms, and of Korea and Kennedy's assassination there is not a mention, but Nixon and Watergate get right into bed with Ms. Adams' characters, causing impotence in one instance and celibacy in another.

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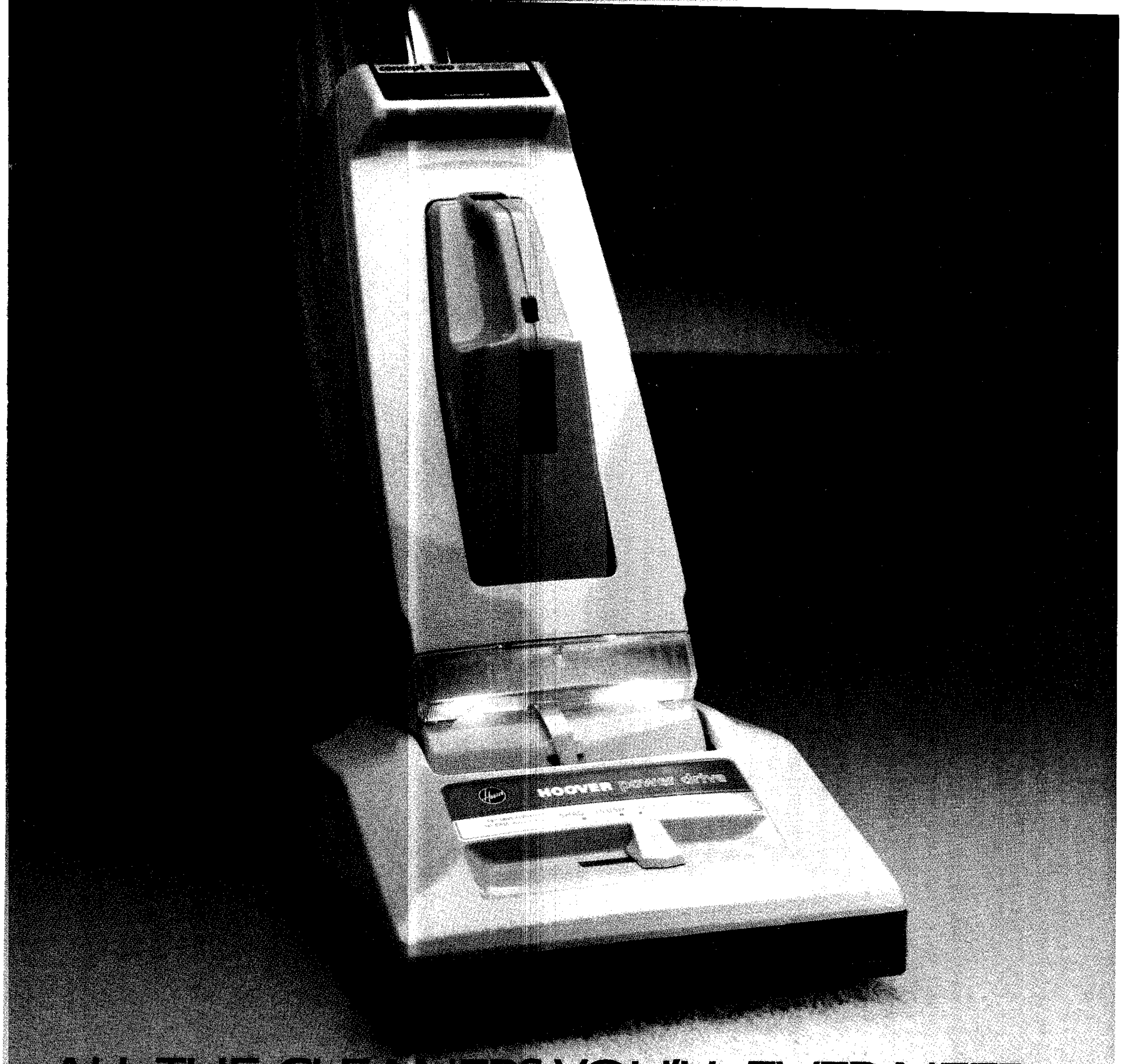

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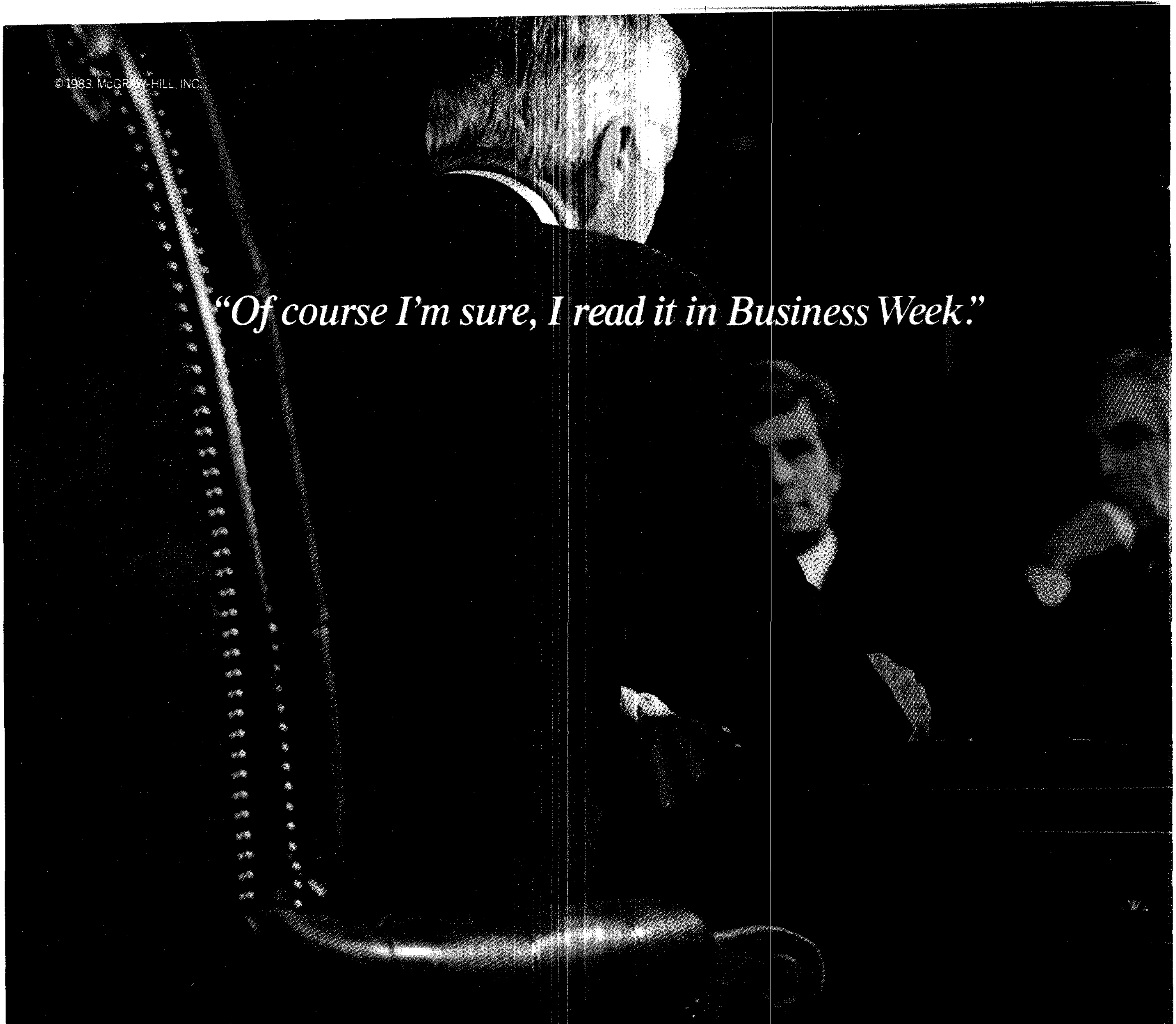
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the author had in mind, as models for this narrative, the schoolgirl novels of Jessie Graham Flower and Jane Austen's novels of female education and (as a graduation prize) marriage. The superior women, at college, entertain no expectation higher than the materialization of "the knight (ah! Mr. Knightly!), the perfect figure of romance." As Nina Auerbach, in her fine "Communities of Women: An Idea in Fiction," has pointed out, the women in Austen are waiting for the door to open, and the gentlemen to enter. Elizabeth Bennet of "Pride and Prejudice" can scarcely stand the suspense: "Anxious and uneasy, the period which passed in the drawing-room, before the gentlemen came, was wearisome and dull to a degree, that almost made her uncivil. She looked forward to their entrance, as the point on which all her chance of pleasure for the evening must depend." Over a century later, the girls of Barnard and Bertram Halls are still pinning their chance of pleasure on the male visitors, though the dates as described are horror shows of compulsory drunkenness and frantic fumbling. The girls stagger back to the dorm like shell-shocked soldiers from the front, and even good-natured Megan is hard-pressed to find the beauty of being pawed on the cold dirt underneath a Charles River bridge. And yet, though four of the five become career women of a sort, their careers are chronicled in terms of amorous discovery and conquest, of multiple orgasms and helpless heartbreak. Looking back on the college years, Megan reflects, "The fact that Phil-Flash was on the whole a jerk now seems less important than that with him Cathy was confident, and happy. As she so visibly now is not." As the novel progresses, the reader's heart comes to sink whenever a white heterosexual male enters the scene, for to a man they are crude, exploitive, and ultimately feckless. The black Jackson Clay doesn't disappoint, of course, nor do Megan's Paris pal Danny and her New York pal Biff; both are homosexuals. Naturally, Megan asks herself, "Are gay men really nicer than so-called straight men?" Adam Marr, for whom she has always felt an unaccountable sneaking fondness, turns out to have been a closet homosexual, which explains the fondness. The plight of the superior woman, as he once explained it to Megan, is that "just any old guy won't do. You wouldn't like him, and even if you did your strength would scare him

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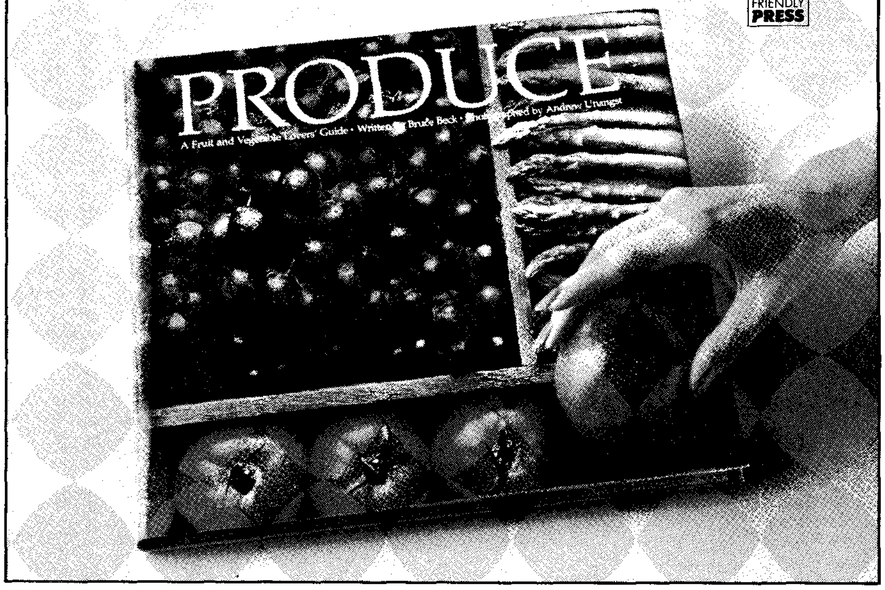

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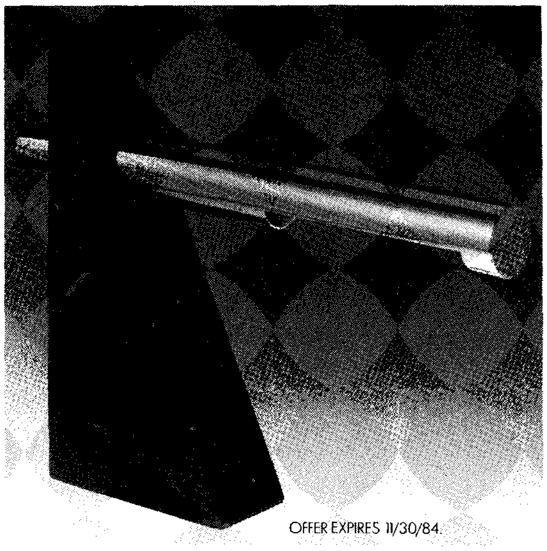

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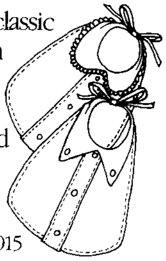

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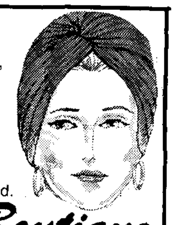

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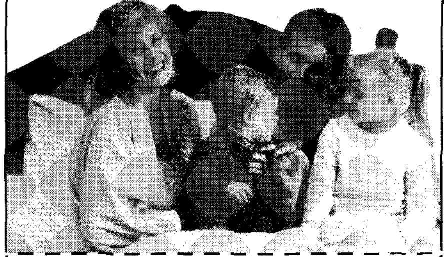

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... Inferior men are afraid of you." Since, on the evidence marshalled here, all men are *inferior*, the plight is universal. Stop watching the door, ladies, and ask yourselves to dance.

The novel, written in a swifter and less parenthetical style than Alice Adams sometimes employs, reads easily, even breathlessly; one looks forward, in the chain of coincidences, to the next encounter, knowing that this author always comes to the point from an unexpected angle, without fuss. Momentous scenes are dispatched in a page or two; Cathy's life, especially, seems more rumor than reality. Though not short, the book feels edited, by a racing blue pencil that leaps the years. One would have liked to spend more time with these people, who seem even visually underdeveloped. There are too few eye-opening descriptions like this, of Megan's mother, a carhop waitress grown old:

> Her hair, for so many years bleached and dyed a brassy bright blond ... now has grown out several inches, at least two, past blond to white, a bright clean white, as startling in its way as the blond hair was. Her face is weathered, tanned. "Rain or shine, I walk my five miles a day, and sometimes more. I like it outdoors," Florence has explained. "May have ruined my skin, though. Doctors tell us everything too late, it seems like to me." Her skin is less ruined than it is intensely wrinkled. With her small nose and round brown eyes, and the violent band of white hair, she has the look of a monkey, an impression increased by the animation, the energy involved in all her gestures, her facial expressions.

And this reader would have gladly absorbed even more bits of specifically feminine wisdom than are granted. We learn, for example, that sex is good for your skin and that "it is extremely important, always, to pretend to believe whatever a man is saying ... Never accuse them of lying." These insights are courtesy of Lavinia; Megan perceives that men who dislike women express it by marrying a lot of them, and that, sadder still, there is "a connection ... between crippledness and romantic extremity." Only the deformed and self-loathing can really love—that is, idealize—another. To such stark but not unbearable conclusions Megan's pilgrimage brings her, and to a relationship in which, we are assured, the man and she "exchange a small smile, of the most intense affection." The traditional joys of motherhood find no place in "Superior Women;" the children are sad and deplorable where they are not mercifully absent. Megan's main discovery, as she

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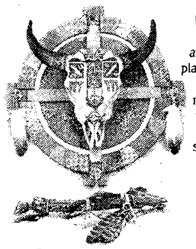

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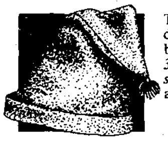

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approaches sixty, is herself as a daughter; her path has led backward, to the primal superior woman, her mother.

—John Updike

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Foreign Affairs, by Alison Lurie (Random House; $15.95). In the opening chapter, Vinnie, a middle-aged American authority on British and American playground jingles, is eating a homemade chicken sandwich while flying to England with a shaggy mutt that is always invisible and currently medium-sized; it represents self-pity. A few weeks later, in London, she imagines "a large red-faced American in a cowboy hat and a fringed leather jacket" on board a train to Bristol "eating her excellent ham sandwiches and, to the surprise of the other first-class passengers, reading Jacobs' *English Fairy Tales*." Vinnie has a vivid imagination (she imagines a polar bear in the London Zoo methodically dunking a hostile colleague), but Chuck—for that is the sandwich-eater's name—is never invisible and never changes his size; he is, in fact, the only real person in nearly twenty years to come between dog and mistress. A transatlantic subplot featuring a more likely, less likable trio highlights the originality of Alison Lurie's comic vision, which has a sharp edge and a dark side, like some of those jingles.

The Time of Her Life, by Robb Forman Dew (Morrow; $12.95). The broken violin—its strings snapped and raddled—on the jacket cover is a little like the childish mother in this painful story, who can never wait until Christmas morning to show her young daughter her presents, and who thereby spoils a surprise. Robb Forman Dew, though, did well to make this curvaceous instrument the centerpiece of the plot, surrounded by four self-centered females: that childish mother; her eleven-year-old daughter, who plays the violin; an energetic neighbor, who is always arranging one celebration or another (the story spans Halloween and Christmas); and a mousy music teacher, who is having an affair with the young violinist's father. Time itself is the measure of each of the four's selfishness as they try everything—from public performances to private pill-popping—to make it fly,

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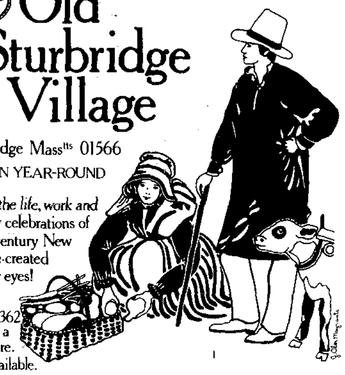

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and end up only hurting each other. The title's irony seems heavy-handed at first, but the eleven-year-old becomes an almost tragic figure: unable, as yet, to forget or forgive, she is weary but not wise. Part of one chapter was first published in *The New Yorker*.

NOTE: "One Thing Leading to Another," a collection of stories by Sylvia Townsend Warner, has been published by Viking ($14.95). Many of the stories originally appeared in these pages.

GENERAL

DEADLY GAMBITS: THE REAGAN ADMINISTRATION AND THE STALEMATE IN NUCLEAR ARMS CONTROL, by Strobe Talbott (Knopf; $17.95). The diplomatic correspondent of *Time* goes over the last four years of nuclear-arms-control negotiations and their breakdown. He explains that the Reagan Administration took office with the belief that the United States had steadily lost out in its dealings with the Soviets. Although the Administration planned to take an entirely new approach, it was forced to rely at least in part on public servants with experience in earlier negotiations, and it had to pay attention to foreign constituencies: France and Britain have independent nuclear deterrents; and in recent years China as well as Japan has been fearful that if the United States persuaded the Soviets to decrease their nuclear force in Europe they might build up their nuclear force in Asia. According to Mr. Talbott, the Reaganites have added to the confusion by bureaucratic backstabbing, mitigated from time to time by the interventions of a not very well-informed President. The author in no way spares the Russians, whose words and deeds range from the infuriating to the intolerable. He reports hopeful pockets of rationality in the Administration—and more powerful ones in Congress—so the book closes on a note of something less than despair.

THE CROWDED EARTH: PEOPLE AND THE POLITICS OF POPULATION, by Pranay Gupte (Norton; $17.95). Mr. Gupte, a former *Times* correspondent, assesses the effects of overpopulation both in terms of the suffering of individual human beings and in terms of the disasters that befall nations that cannot accommodate a human surplus. Be-

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sides disease, malnutrition, unemployment, and moribund economies, overpopulation has produced crime and, in some places, has aggravated ethnic or tribal discord to the point of civil war. The author travelled through Africa, Asia, and Latin America to see the problem at first hand and to study what looked like promising solutions. He tells us that the only programs that have succeeded have had a wider focus than contraception. They have included medical care (especially obstetric and pediatric care) and, often, economic development: in Kenya, for example, lessons in basic agriculture; in Sri Lanka, job training and education for women. In this exceptional book, Mr. Gupte also considers some of the problems that have arisen in places where the population has not been replacing itself. In Sweden, there are old-age homes full of lonely people. In Germany, there is a revival of racism—a hostility reminiscent of the Hitler years directed against Turkish guest workers. In the oil-rich states of Arabia, there is anxiety lest the native culture be swamped by guest workers and immigrants. Mr. Gupte discusses, too, the renaissance of anti-population-control propaganda, whose thoughtlessness he shows to be real cruelty.

BASEBALL, photographs by Walter Iooss, Jr., with a text by Roger Angell (Abrams; $29.95). An album by a photographer who has been taking pictures of baseball—games in play; players, coaches, managers, and umpires; stadiums, training camps, and fans—for more than twenty years. The pictures are quite wonderful: there are closeup portraits (some formal, most of them casual) of past greats like Casey Stengel and Joe DiMaggio and of such reigning stars as Reggie Jackson and Goose Gossage; stop-action shots of pitchers, batters, base runners, and fielders; and photographic asides, catching players and fans in unguarded moments. In his introductory essay, Mr. Angell discusses some of the more arresting photographs, which are otherwise given only perfunctory captions, and digresses on the aesthetics and subtleties of baseball, on the inability of television to capture the feel and space of a game that is essentially three-dimensional (and the regrettable tendency of announcers to fill every dramatic pause and hush in the stands with chat-

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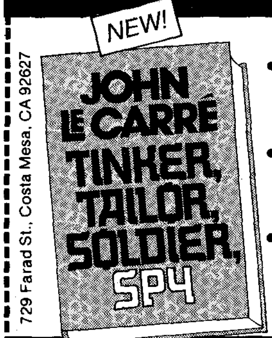

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ter), and on the poignancy inherent in albums like this, since, given the nature of this young man's game, they inevitably remind us of the passage of time.

NOTE: "The Insanity Defense and the Trial of John W. Hinckley, Jr.," by Lincoln Caplan, has been published by Godine ($13.95). Most of the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker*. . . . "Passage to Peshawar," a report by Richard Reeves on life in Pakistan, based on his travels there last year, has been published by Simon & Schuster ($15.95). Much of the text was first published here.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE DEVIL'S NOVICE: THE EIGHTH CHRONICLE OF BROTHER CADFAEL, by Ellis Peters (Morrow; $13.95). "*Post hoc* is not *propter hoc*," an amateur gumshoe reminds himself during a tête-à-tête with a deputy sheriff. The year is 1140, the place is a Benedictine abbey in Shropshire, and the gumshoe is Brother Cadfael, the abbey's resident herbalist and a man who rarely practices "the silence" (as he puts it) "favoured by the Order." What prompts Brother Cadfael to Latinize is an apparently open-and-shut case of murder; the victim is the Bishop of Winchester's envoy, en route to Chester, in the north. A helpful map at the front of this entertaining mystery locates a "Charcoal hearth" and "Peat mosses;" their significance emerges as Brother Cadfael interviews various Shropshire lads, including a headstrong novice and a famished villein. Not for the first time, Ellis Peters, who lives in Shropshire, blends twelfth-century lore with Latinate truisms. The reader overhears how to make charcoal (but not Brother Cadfael's cough syrup), measures time in terms of Primes and Complines, learns about civil strife along the Welsh marches and farther north, and may need to look up the meaning of words such as "bliaut," "corrack," "cotte," and "pleached."

•

The University of Akron met its $62,000 goal for United Way, President Dominic J. Guzzetta announced Tuesday at 5 p.m. The University has presently achieved a 101.2 percent participation rate.—*The Buchtelite, newspaper of the University of Akron.*

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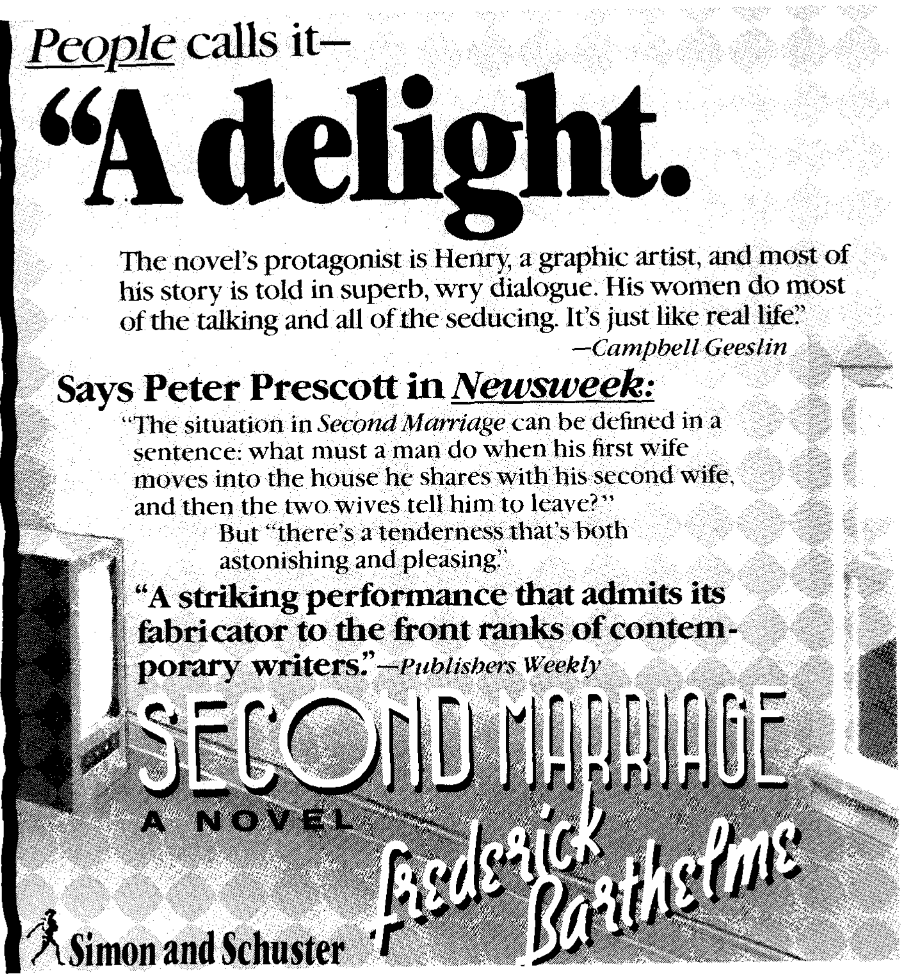
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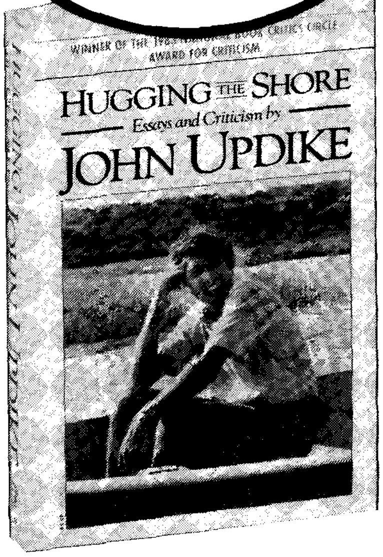
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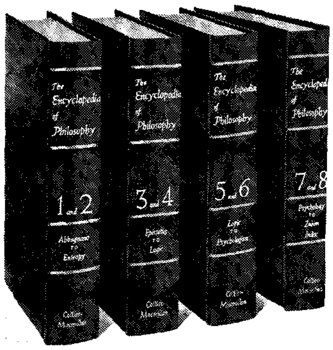
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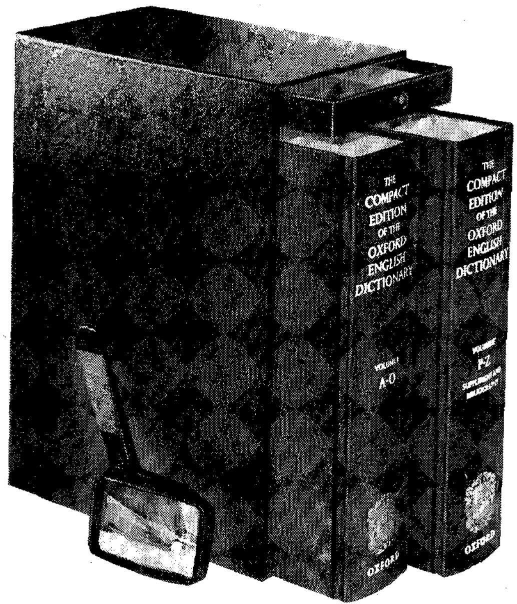
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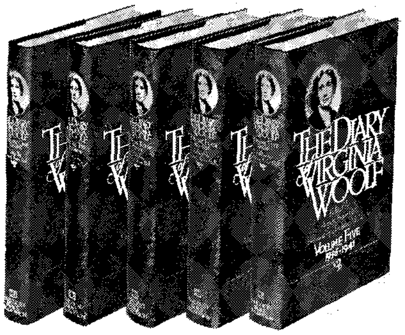
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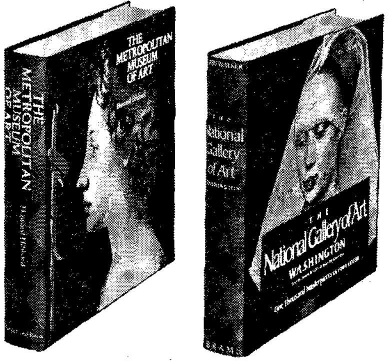
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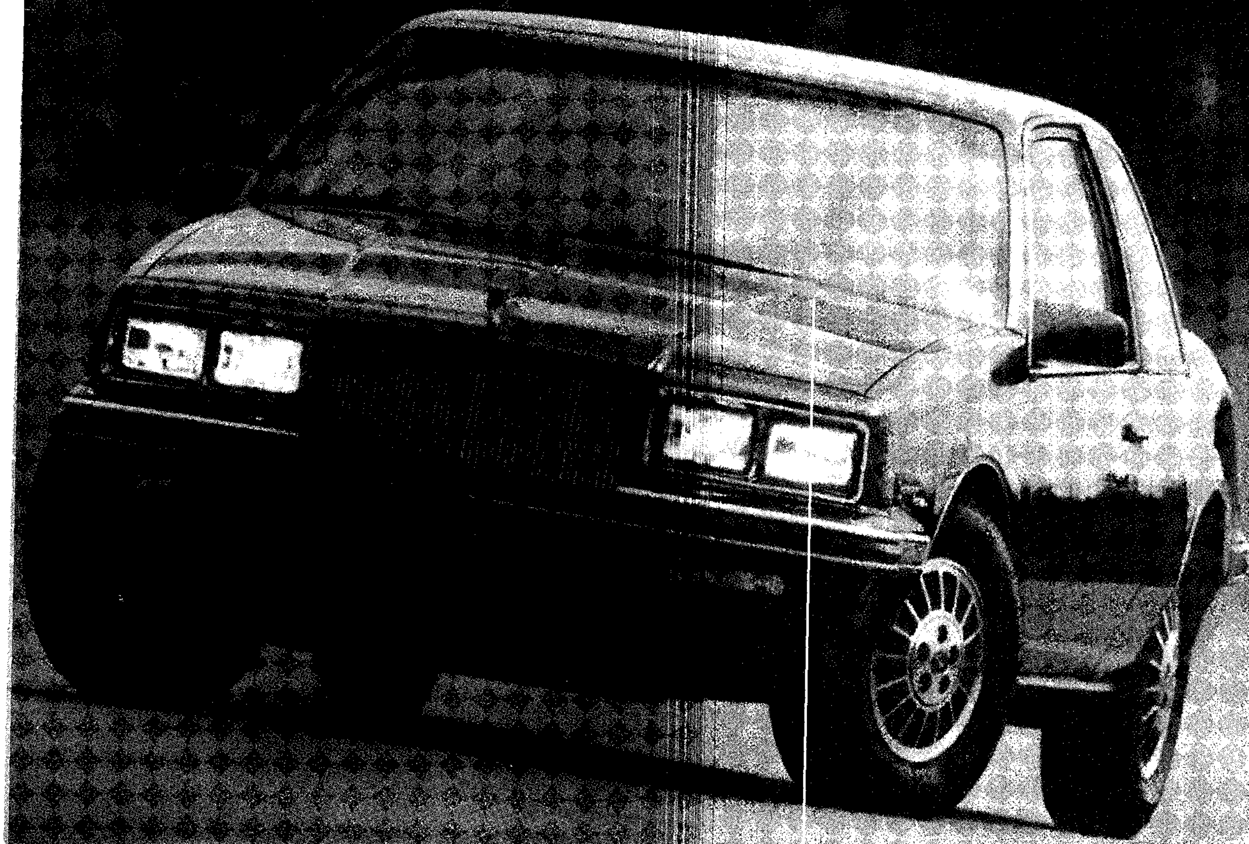

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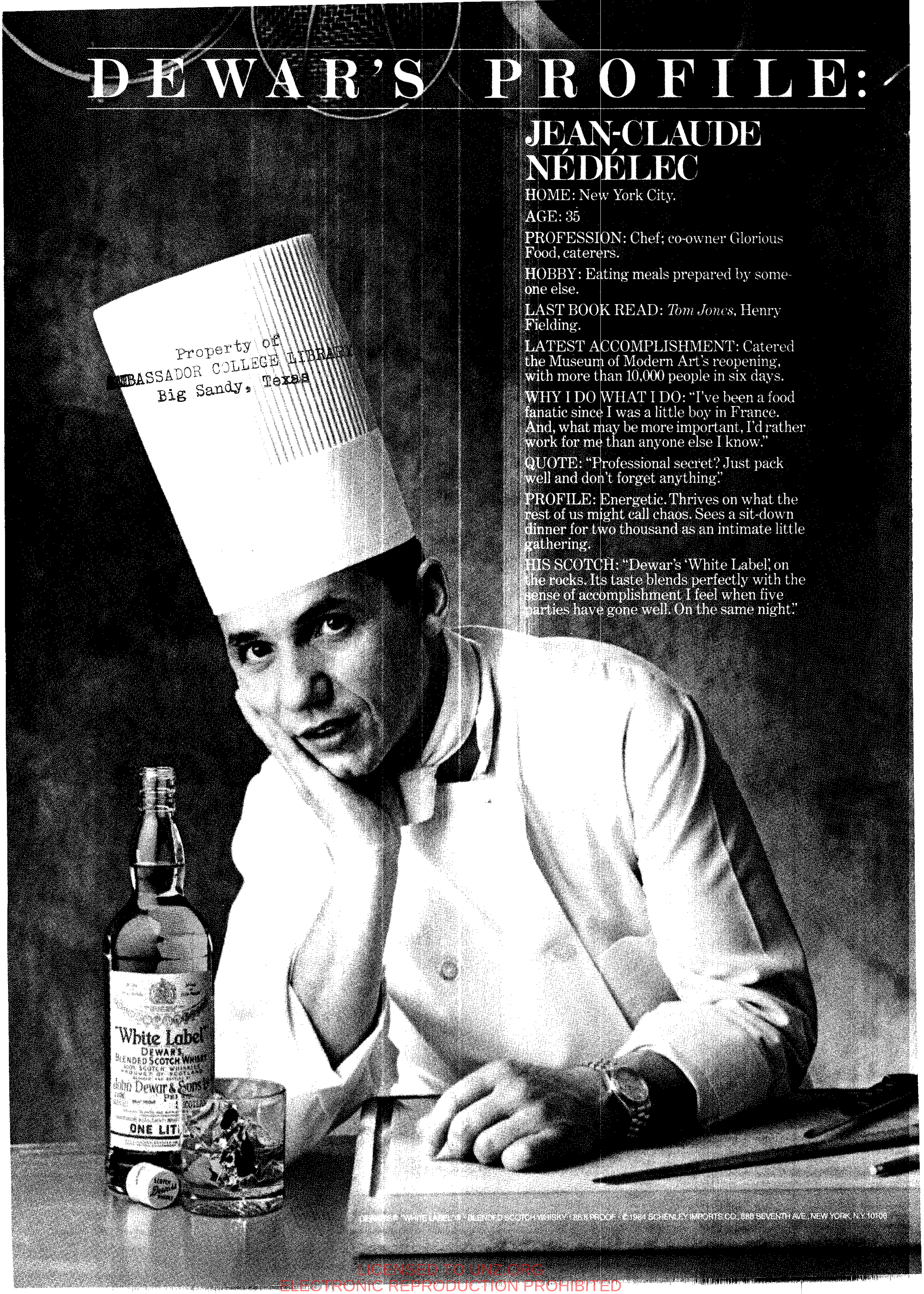

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